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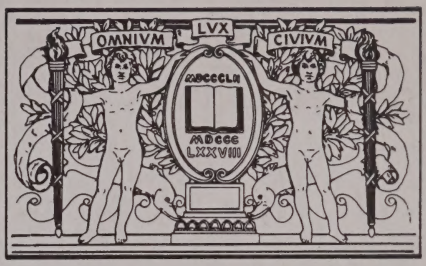

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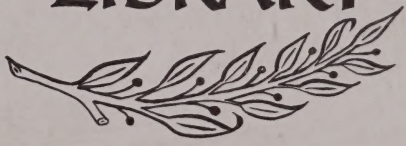

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2. *Cottage Residences, or a Series of Designs for Rural Cottages and Villas, with their Gardens and Grounds.* By A. S. DOWNING. New York and London. 8vo. pp. 187.

WE are glad to record the appearance of works like these; partly because they show, that there is already a demand for, as well as a want of, such guides in matters of taste, and also because the effect of reading such graceful and interesting essays is often to create a taste of the kind where none had previously existed. We find in this country, as we presume it is found in every other, that men always return from business and care, to look for their enjoyment in the presence of nature. There is a powerful instinct, which sends them homeward from those exciting pursuits, in which fortunes are gained or lost, to find that repose in quiet and contented activity, which no excitement on the stirring field of public action is ever able to bestow. Not only does the seaman come back from the ocean, thinking it a high privilege to sit down quietly in a cottage, the very one perhaps from which he ran away in his early days; the merchant, whether prosperous, or broken, if he has moral strength to throw off the burden, while he is yet able to bear it, applies him to the cultivation of the soil, where, if the

dividends are small, they are sure, which is more than can be said of any other investment, and where, without hazard of loss, he may secure that gain to his health and happiness, which no amount of wealth can buy. It is in pursuits of this kind alone, that politicians are able to break the force of their fall, and a fall is surely in store for them, unless they are cut off in the flower of their days. The wheel of public life is "all mutabilities and variations," and a constant succession of aspirants are lifted into the upper air for the sole purpose, as it would seem, of being dashed below. The country does not seem to take such reverses of public men very much to heart. The business of state finds new hands to do it, and all goes on as if nothing had happened; while the victims themselves, if they have the grace to reconcile themselves to the common lot, find that the green fields of retirement are better, on the whole, than the white mountains of honor, which they curse as heartily as David did those on which Saul and Jonathan had fallen.

But those circumstances which send a man into retirement, and place him in a condition for rural labor, do not necessarily give him the taste to improve his grounds, and make them grateful to the eye; so that he either consults his gain in all his efforts, or, if he does any thing for the gratification of the eye, is apt to be smitten with a fierce ambition of display, which is perhaps the most decidedly hostile influence that good taste has to encounter. This ambition is forthwith manifested in glorious architectural combinations. Athens and Palestine are laid under contribution to furnish columns and entablatures to disguise the honest mansion, but without success, for its homely, unpretending features look quietly out through all the pomp that surrounds it. We observe, that De Tocqueville and others, who notice this propensity in our countrymen, complain of these architectural ornaments, that they are made of perishable materials. To our eyes this is their crowning merit, and we should earnestly deprecate any change that should preserve them from swift decay. So much attention is given to the house, that very little can be spared for the grounds; or, more probably, the resources are exhausted in the process of building, and the mansion is compelled to stand finished, or not, as the case may be, without a leaf to cover its shame. In fact, this ambition of finery, which is essentially savage, is in-

consistent with a quiet, natural, and gentle taste. That is the result of a cultivation which disowns and scorns ambition, and it is such a taste only that can produce any results in gardening satisfactory to the eye. Many are conscious of errors and deficiencies, who cannot tell what it is that offends them. But those, who are in the habit of analyzing their own impressions, know that nothing is pleasant in the landscape, which is not in harmony with nature. Lavish decoration is, of all things, most unnatural; so that these ferocious displays of architectural ambition, to which many of our countrymen are addicted, must be suppressed and abandoned, before a true taste can flourish and abound.

If any have been sufficiently manly and enlightened to avoid the ridiculous mistakes into which so many have fallen, there still has been a difficulty, arising from the want of proper guides. It is not always that one, who desires to keep within the bounds of good taste, knows what arrangements it would require. He could easily detect offences against it in the arrangements of others; but it is one thing to criticize, and another to execute. Some men, who have a nice and just discrimination with respect to these matters, have nevertheless no gift at all to construct the buildings, nor to plan the grounds, which their taste would approve. If they refer to similar works in other countries, they may find such as are well suited, doubtless, to the wants and circumstances of their proprietors; but transfer them to this land, in servile copies, made without regard to the peculiarity of climate, the difference of the accommodation required, or the natural scenery that surrounds them, and the same villa, which is beautiful in itself and in representations of it, becomes, as imitations are apt to be, a vicious enormity, unsuited to the wants of the owner, and offensive to every eye. The proprietor exalts himself in his first ecstasies, at the sight of the Babylon he has built; but the suspicion gradually comes over him, that, after all, he has not realized his bright vision. He cannot say, that he is himself quite satisfied with his costly exploits. His neighbours are less delicate in their expression of feeling. They see no reason for suppressing the opinion that his attempt is a failure; and, after striving in vain to ascribe their unfavorable judgment to envy, or some unworthy passion, he at last confesses in his heart that 't is just, only lamenting that he must keep company, through

life, with the unsightly buildings and plantations with which he has cumbered the ground. One reason, no doubt, of our countrymen having so little local attachment, is to be sought for in this want of attraction in the outward aspect of their homes. When time and death have changed the inmates of the domestic circle, there is little in the exterior which one is willing to see on those pictures which the memory delights to draw.

We apprehend that it might be found on examination, that the houses and places in which the gratification of taste was least thought of, are those which make the happiest impression upon the eye. If the artist would draw an American landscape, he rejoices not in the tall mansion, with its Grecian *façade*, and its kitchen after the manner of a tail in the rear; but rather in the steep-roofed work of antiquity, with its projecting upper floor, in which the obvious purpose of defence, against the snowstorms and savages of former days, give it the grace of fitness, if it has no other. The cottage, which never rejoiced in whiteness, but patiently bears the complexion which sun and tempests engrained upon it, is also an agreeable feature in the prospect to the artist's eye; and even the log-hut, set in an indentation of the forest, with no works of art, save blackened stumps of trees around, figures to advantage, because it pretends to nothing. Much does the self-satisfied proprietor wonder why the practised eye should descend to subjects so unworthy, when his palace, as fine as cornice and column can make it, is towering at their sides. But he dies without solving the problem to his own satisfaction, for it is not within the compass of possibility, that he should understand the beauty of fitness, and adaptation to place and circumstances, which he has himself been at so much expense to disregard.

We think that there are signs of a better taste about us. It is quite in the order of nature that first attempts should be falsely ambitious. But they may serve as a warning, if not an example; and, as they are too frail in their construction ever to be sanctified by the moss and weather-stains of antiquity, they will soon give way to others, not built in the eclipse of good taste, like themselves. The reform, too, can be general; for the indulgence of good taste is not expensive. It rather throws contempt on idle display, hardly

ever admitting an ornament, simply because it is one, and always consults, in its arrangements, those wants of the possessor, which ambitious display is anxious to conceal and disregard. When good sense and good taste thus lead to the same result, and one may be consulted without any sacrifice of the other, there is no reason to fear that our countrymen will be blind to advantages once placed within their reach. It is not from any thing in their character that the false taste has grown; it is simply from ignorance of the true.

It is idle to make comparisons between this and other countries; but it is certain, that, in the facilities which it offers for these improvements, no one can excel our own. There is, indeed, a temptation growing out of this abundance. The great proportion of our country dwellings are made of wood, a material easily procured, and quite sufficient, so far as protection from the cold and dampness is concerned; but, on the other hand, exposed to the danger of conflagration, and sure of early decay. We are not certain, that its frailty is any objection to it in the minds of many of our countrymen. Such is the taste for adventure, and such the inducements to emigrate, offered by new and fertile regions, that there are few cases, comparatively, in which the son can be depended on to finish what his sire began; few, indeed, in which the son thinks of spending his days near the paternal residence of his father. Of course, but little concern is felt for the family mansion, which soon passes into the hands of strangers, or, if any interest in it remains, the least unpleasant change is that of time and decay. We rejoice to believe that this will be altered. The improved methods of cultivation now encouraged among us, are not means for increasing the fertility of the soil only, and making two blades of grass grow where but one grew before. They are rather civil and social improvements, enabling two members of the family to fix their residence where none could remain before, and, in process of time, to establish those local attachments, and gather those venerable and touching associations round them, in which our countrymen have been deficient, for want of the opportunity of forming them. In the neighbourhood of our cities, it is found, that a family can subsist on the returns of a few acres well tilled, better than on the produce of large farms, partially cultivated, as such estates are now. The

next result will be, that of building permanent habitations, on plans tried and approved by the experience of ages. The materials are everywhere abundant; and there are so many advantages, beside the gratification of taste, in these durable constructions, that houses of stone will hereafter become as common as frame houses are now. One good consequence of the waste and neglect of our forests, is to bring about this result. In our larger villages, at present, the cost of brick and wood is about the same; and, though stone is at present more expensive, the time is not distant when mechanical improvements will diminish the cost, and a large demand will create a proportionate supply.

The vegetation of our forests, also, is very favorable to that external embellishment of the grounds, which a dwelling requires, to make it pleasing to the eye. One error of our countrymen is, that they regard the house as the only or the chief thing; and, if they rejoice in what they consider a successful architectural exploit, they are as unwilling to veil its beauties by a single tree, as were our fathers, in the day when a grove, or a single trunk, might serve as a stalking-horse for an Indian marksman. This taste for nakedness, however, is passing away; and now the danger is on the opposite side; that of having trees set out in profusion, without regard to the shade required, or to those circumstances of position and adaptation, without which they sometimes disfigure the place which they are meant to adorn. In many public and private places we see them set in long files, as if the hint were taken from a military review. Where single trees and clumps judiciously distributed, would have a fine effect, the proprietor seems to borrow all his notions of beauty from the posts in a fence, or the buttons on a coat, and thinks it a serious misfortune if accident, or the decay of a few, breaks up his much-loved order. When he comes to the comprehension of the fact, that art can do no better than follow the lead of nature, and that it sins and fails, when it runs off into ambitious originalities of its own, he finds, that, with labor and expense comparatively light, and within narrow bounds, he can produce results of beauty, which he never dreamed of before, and on which his eye can rest with perfect satisfaction and delight. The sense of local attachment then, for the first time perhaps, opens upon his mind. Up to that time he has thought with pleasure of the fireside, and the

circle within the dwelling; but the prospect without the walls has never, in his seasons of absence, come up before him. Now the fireside has little to do with place; it can be transferred across the continent, or the ocean, without breaking its charm. But the taste, of which we have spoken, makes the home a place; it becomes a local habitation; it becomes an important element in that grace of life, the love of country, which is not only itself an honorable feeling, but also the parent of many others, which should not be strangers to any manly breast.

The author of the works before us has judiciously aimed to inspire a taste for such improvements, as are within the reach of the great proportion of our people. We want no rules for parks and palaces, and happily we have no reason to fear the painful variety and contrast of condition which such luxuries, and the poor cottages that surround them, imply. There is a moral taste, which can find infinitely greater satisfaction in a landscape, where the uniform cultivation and improvement of every part, shows that all are prosperous and all equal, if not in their possessions, in what is better, the taste to appreciate the beautiful, and the means of making it their own. The attempts and failures to which we have alluded, which are so common everywhere, show that the desire and the means are not wanting; and, when they are accompanied by the taste to employ them to advantage, we shall no doubt find, not perhaps villas meant for show, but habitations suited to give pleasure to the inhabitants, as well as to strangers; places not made to exhibit, but rather to enjoy.

The reason why early attempts at such improvements are unsuccessful, is sufficiently plain. The pioneer, who subdues the native forest, is apt to be of the opinion, that he sees something too much of nature; as his whole business is to root out the woods and shrubbery which she has planted. He feels no gratitude to her for the plantations, which it costs him so much labor to remove; least of all, can he be brought to think it an improvement, when his successful warfare is over, to replace the trees with others, and to sink art in nature again. The natural aspect is associated in his mind with the poverty and hard struggles of his early days; while the angular cornfield, the unshaded pasture, and the checkered garden, remind him of that prosperity and plenty, which have long been the day-dream of his soul. Now, as all

beauty depends in a great measure on association, it is perfectly natural, that, in all his attempts at improvement, he should consult that which it gives him pleasure to see. In the minds of his children these associations have never existed; there is nothing to prevent them from receiving light upon the subject; they accordingly welcome the suggestions of true taste, as soon as they are presented.

With respect to domestic architecture, our author says well, that fitness is the first thing to be regarded; fitness, however, not simply with respect to convenience, but to size, aspect, warmth, air, and other circumstances, which are all important, and should be secured, as far as possible, in the arrangements of the building. In a city there is less choice in this respect; but in the country, where it is wholly under control, the common practice is, to make the chief apartments front the public road, even if it give them a northwestern exposure, which is the least desirable in most parts of this country. It has been a common practice, too, from time immemorial, to build houses for summer only, as if the inhabitants were to remain torpid during that season, which stretches through so much of the year, as to make the summer a small interlude, which needs but little preparation. This, however, is passing away; and the danger now is, that of contracting and crowding apartments, so that there shall be no room for comfort in them at any season of the year. Considering what our climate is, and is likely to be, the chief apartment of the family should look toward the morning sun; and the same situation, which gives it that advantage in winter, will save it from the fierce blaze of the sun in the summer afternoons. Many rules are here given for securing the convenience of every part of the dwelling, all of which are judicious and important, but which it is not necessary for us to set down.

Mr. Downing dwells on the expression of purpose in a building, which is a point sorely violated in a great proportion of our architecture. Who can tell, in these times, when every thing is so desperately Grecian, whether he is looking on a church, a bank, or a town hall? The private dwelling carries its own testimony with it, in the aspect of its chimneys; but these are generally made to appear like necessary evils, when they might be made to contribute much to the ornament of the building. In this respect the

modern are very inferior to our ancient buildings. In some of the houses of the seventeenth century which yet remain, the chimney is graceful in its proportion, and offers a fine outline against the sky, while in modern houses it resembles a timber shooting upwards from the roof, studiously ugly, and as disproportioned as the art of man can make it.

We are less sure with respect to the colonnade, which this writer thinks an essential part of every inhabited building. It certainly is highly ornamental, and in a portion, though not, as he says, a considerable portion of the year, is a pleasant retreat for the family. Our summers are short, and there are few evenings in which one can be in the open air without danger. The same roof, which protects from the sun's rays at one season, may intercept them at another, when they would be welcome. If colonnades can be so arranged as not to darken the windows in the short winter days, they may be regarded as desirable in the climate of New England ; and if the external aspect of the building is the first object, no house can afford to be without them. There is no such objection to balconies, terraces, and bay-windows. These are beautiful always, and everywhere, not simply as ornaments, but as signs and expressions of the refinement and grace of life.

The greater portion of readers will hardly sympathize with the author in his opinions as to the proper color of buildings, though they are, on the whole, appropriate and just. The American eye has become so accustomed to the white villa or cottage, with its dark-green Venetian windows, and their bright contrast with the foliage that surrounds them, that it will seem like a heresy to say, that good taste frowns upon this kind of ambitious decoration. Nor are we sure that it is always so. Nothing is finer than the pale marble of the vase or statue, looking out from its leafy cavern. The small white cottage has something of the same effect. It is only when the building is large, open, and partially shaded, that it seems to stand forth as if desirous to attract the beholder's eye ; and in that case, it certainly is, like all ostentatious display, misplaced and offensive. The eye resents the attraction by which it is drawn toward them, and would fain sink them in the masses of foliage which almost every landscape supplies. As most houses require to be open and unshaded in front, at least, not to be buried in shadow, it

certainly is better to give them a color, harmonizing with the soft hue of the landscape, which may easily be done by almost any imitation of stone. Mr. Downing has given specimens of various tints of gray, drab, and fawn color, either of which is well suited to the purpose, and pleasing to every eye.

But without dwelling on these particulars, we wish to see a kind of rural architecture suited to this country. Every one is weary of the eternal Grecian, in which the architect is obliged to lower his roof till it is wholly unsuited to our regions of storm and snow; to suppress his chimneys entirely, or to hide them, with what art he may, in some ornamental part of the building; and, since the windows cannot be dispensed with, nor concealed, to put them just where they are wanted in open defiance of the rules which, in all other respects, he has treated with slavish regard. The Gothic too, so far as cottages are concerned, has nearly had its day. The sight of the well-fed, portly citizen in chivalrous armour would not be more unsuited to our present habits of thought, than the application of that style, with all its venerable associations, to the comfortable villa and the homely cottage, which always seem uneasy and out of place in such masquerades. The Tudor style, though much nearer to what is wanted in this country, and suggestive of associations, which, with such objects, are much more welcome, reminding us of the heartiness and hospitality which are or should be cherished in rural domestic life, still is not altogether in place in this new land. But there may be appropriate forms, not slavishly borrowed from any other, nor yet fastidiously rejecting any of their advantages, which shall be characteristic of life in this country, making the exterior expressive of that which is within; as, for example, the chimney, with the graceful column of smoke, shows that the cheerful wood fire is not yet given up; or the old fashioned *well-sweep* of the cottage, which shows, that modern improvements have not yet reached them.

We have not anywhere seen a style which is sufficiently appropriate to our uses, to answer for general imitation; and we fully agree with this writer, that it is not only desirable, but practicable, to produce an American cottage style, which shall be so well adapted to our wants, so harmonious with our landscape, and so grateful to the eye, as gradually to supplant all

others, and to become the prevailing domestic architecture in this country. In his fifth design, he has given a specimen of this kind, in the *bracketted* mode of building, which is sufficiently homely for any farm-house, and yet ornamental enough to be a beautiful object in almost any situation, particularly for the level ground, which is most common, and for which this plan is intended.

It is easy to see, that almost all the designs, which are given in this work, apply to buildings of a very unpretending kind. The body of the house, unfinished, resembles that of the barn. If the gable is furnished with Grecian columns, it will by no means be transfigured into a miracle of art ; nay, more, it will wear its disguise with the ass's ears, in the shape of chimneys, thrusting themselves roughly through. If, on the other hand, it be decorated with crocketted pinnacles, it will neither be a cathedral, nor a chapel, and will wear a discontented aspect, as if the pretension was forced upon it sorely against its will. But if the proprietor be content to have it appear as it is, a dwellinghouse of moderate dimensions, with arrangements suited to the wants and convenience of the inhabitants, it is easy, not only to accomplish his purpose without any sacrifice in these respects, but to make these very things, which are now necessary evils, enter into the plan harmoniously, and please, instead of offending, the eye. The bay-window, with its balcony, will be a beautiful ornament to the parlour, both without and within. The roof can be extended at the eves and the gables, and, with brackets cut in graceful forms, to support it, will answer good purpose as a decoration merely, apart from the protection it gives to the sides of the building. The chimneys, if carried up with a view to appearing in separate flues above the roof, will be less likely to smoke, than at present, especially if they are circular within. With respect to this last improvement, we are glad to find, that chimney-tops cut in stone are now furnished in our cities ; and bricks, in proper forms for the purpose, may be had in any part of the country.

The author well suggests, that, if the attention can be turned to that which is really beautiful in matters of art, it leads on to a better appreciation, and deeper feeling, of nature ; and, as the construction of a dwelling is one of those concerns in which almost every man engages with earnest-

ness, arising from the impression, that it is to be his home for life, it is on this point that he will be most open to suggestions on the subject. Ornaments, connected with convenience, will gain his attention, when, simply as ornaments, he would treat them with utter disregard. In the arrangement of his apartments he will see a grace in fitness and proportion. As soon as this perception dawns upon him, he will throw from him the savage taste for finery, and begin to consult some principle of taste in the selection of his furniture and the color of his walls. He will learn to take offence at that heedlessness, which confounds the simple with the showy, puts right things in wrong places, and blends in violent contrasts those which ought to be kept apart.

When a new sensibility is thus awakened to appearances within the dwelling, he will begin to look abroad and around it with more discrimination than before; and, if the sunflower and peony are near neighbours to the daisy and heliotrope, in his garden, he will begin to inquire within himself, whether either gains any real advantage from the immediate vicinity of the other. So, too, with the foliage of the trees that happen to be near. He will begin to notice the graceful dignity of the elm, the firm grandeur of the oak, the tender gloom of the evergreen, and the pensive leaning of the willow. Where, in former days, he saw nothing but fuel and timber, he will find value, apart from domestic uses, in the expression of their forms, and the images which they awaken in his mind. Nor will it be long before he undertakes, by his own efforts, to produce those combinations which make the most pleasing impression. He will ascertain by experiment, where the rich velvet of the locust, the cheerful green of the plane-tree, the autumnal scarlet of the maple, and the blood red of the oak, can be set with the best effect. Without the least interference with his graver cares, indeed with a recreation, which gives him more energy for those pursuits that exhaust the frame or the mind, he can go on with this work of improvement; which in every sense deserves the name, since he refines his own taste, and quickens his sensibility, not only to external nature, but to every thing in the moral and intellectual world. Even if he gained nothing for himself, but the satisfaction which it is sure to give, his children will grow up with tastes and perceptions, to which his early days were strangers; and all ex-

perience is false, if they are not better, as well as happier, in consequence of these powers and affections, which, growing with their growth and strengthening with their strength, will act with commanding influence on their destiny, not to make them artists or amateurs, but to raise them to the high standing of refined and cultivated men. Well may the children congratulate themselves on such an inheritance. It is more than wealth can bestow. Such a home is one of the dearest recollections they can carry with them through life; and, when they die, it is the last earthly vision which fades and lessens upon their hearts, as they depart to the land of souls.

The work before us, on the theory and practice of Landscape Gardening, is one which does credit to the writer; and the time is come when it is extensively needed in this country. There are few, comparatively, who have the means to employ professional skill, in laying out their grounds, though even this expensive accomplishment is fast growing in public demand; but there are very few, who have not brought up with them from youth some recollection of a garden, which, however simple, was the scene of their early enjoyment; and, accordingly, in arranging, in fancy, the paradise of their choice, they think of the garden as the chief luxury which wealth, when acquired, is to give them. As soon, therefore, as they feel able to realize the vision, they begin with their favorite plans; generally as coarse and rude as their first attempts in landscape painting would be, from their ignorance of the principles on which they should proceed. That defect may be supplied by such works as this, which suggest new ideas on the subject of beauty and the means of giving pleasure to the eye, which otherwise they would not have known. A great proportion of what has been done in this way is tasteless in proportion to its ambition; but the whole is but little; and there could not be a better time for such improvements to begin.

The natural style of gardening is now universally approved. We do not mean by that name an exact imitation of nature; there is often an error in this respect, similar to that which requires the sculptor to copy the exact costume by which his living original was deformed. What we want is, art following the lead of nature, and arranging and combining the different elements of the scene, in such a manner

as to show the different effects of art and nature, blended harmoniously into one. There are situations, however, in which it is best to leave nature as it is; making no attempts at alteration, and simply clearing away whatever interferes with the prospect, or offends the eye. There are others, in which the botanical arrangement is desirable; so that every tree and shrub must stand by itself, the effect depending upon the beauty of individuals, placed as near to each other as possible, without losing their singleness of form. In the picturesque style, there must be a much greater variety of combination; the perfection of individual forms is not necessary, since the foliage of trees and shrubs is meant to be blended with other verdure, and the main thing to be regarded is the expression of the whole.

The chief requisites for producing fine effects in landscape gardening abound to profusion in every part of this country. There is no finer object than a flourishing tree. It bears every variety of expression; from the plain and lowly, to the majestic and commanding. In every season, trees are ornamental to the landscape; whether bearing the tender green of spring, the rich masses of summer foliage, or seen in winter with their clear outlines drawn upon the sky. They can be disposed in every variety of arrangement, whether clumps, thickets, groves, or single trees, and placed in such a manner, as to hide the unsightly parts of the prospect, with open vistas for the finer points of view. In our new regions, where the forest seems already too abundant, foreign trees can be introduced, in contrast, to vary the monotony of green. In the open vicinity of our cities, a deeper shade would be more desirable to the inmate of the dwelling, and more pleasing to the eye. In all cases the trees should form the background, against which the mansion is seen. If its form and proportions are graceful, they are set forth to advantage by this arrangement, while every thing can be hidden by it, that requires to be concealed. On the lawn before the house, trees of unusual shape, or rich foliage, and flowers, can be sprinkled everywhere, taking care to avoid that formal regularity, which is never found in nature, and which is instantly resented by the practised eye. Trees of various height should be grouped with a view to the upper line of foliage, to break up its uniformity; and those of smaller growth, on the outer edges, to connect it with the verdure of

the ground below. The thick belt should never be used, like a palisade, to surround the enclosure; but the line should be varied with projections and recesses, which disguise the extent of the estate, and excite the imagination of the beholder. In every case of improvement, the scene has a natural character, and the aim should be to follow that suggestion, and produce the effect desired, by deepening the expression which it already bears. Hints for these purposes are furnished in this work, which are illustrated by sketches so abundant and well drawn, that there is no excuse for any one, who is disposed to arrange his grounds with taste, and who relies upon this guidance, if he fails to do it with success. But these leading principles must be studied, in order to know how to apply them. Improvements are not to be boldly and hastily made, without taking pains to understand their application. Whoever will give the subject the time and attention it deserves, will soon master them, and he will rejoice the more in the success of his efforts at improvement, because they are so much his own.

One of the greatest defects in the American landscape, is the unsightly boundary which separates estates, or parts of the same estate, from each other; and one of the first things to be done, in the way of improvement, is to substitute the hedge for the fence, which can be done to as much advantage here as in any country, since the perpetual decay of the wooden barrier balances its cheapness at first, and the hedge, after the care of a few years, fully answers its purpose, and makes few other demands. Some prejudice has been excited against the hedge by the unsuitable trees that have been employed. The hawthorn is entirely unsuited to our climate. Its rich green is parched to brownness by our summer suns, and a borer, also, has of late seized upon it as its prey. But there is no such objection to the buckthorn, which is equally beautiful; and if the want of sufficient spine is brought against this tree, the cockspur or white American thorn is a sufficient defence for any enclosure, easily raised to sufficient strength, and equal to any shrub for the depth and richness of its green. For ornament merely, nothing can exceed the arbor vitæ; and, for protection, the honey locust may be cultivated into a boundary, which neither man nor beast would be easily tempted to break through.

Many judicious suggestions are here given for improving

the natural surface of the ground; not to remove its unevenness and subdue it to a plain, but to heighten the native character of the scene by filling up rough hollows, removing unsightly hills and ridges, and bringing all the parts into easy connexion and full harmony with each other. Where the ground is impracticable for improvement, the various accessaries in which landscape gardening abounds may be easily thrown in, to soften abruptness, and melt down the discordant elements of the scene. With such means as this, the level surface, which is the most difficult of all others to manage, can be made to have the appearance of variety, without forcing nature by creating artificial hills and hollows, which would betray, by their embarrassed aspect, that they have no business there. Walks and avenues should be made in accordance with the surface. On a level surface the approach to the mansion need not be direct and formal. Some variety may be given by a graceful sweep, which will carry its own explanation to the eye; and those which run through the different portions of the estate should be rough or smooth, careless or labored, according to the scene through which they go.

There are many excellent suggestions for the treatment of water in landscape gardening; and, as ours is a land of rivers and fountains, where there are few estates of any extent, without a stream running through them, or so near, that a supply of water is at hand, such directions are greatly needed; since the improver is too apt to begin with artificial forms, and in the creation of them he effaces those natural features, which afterwards he would give much to restore. The straight watercourses and circular ponds, which he parades so ambitiously, as his taste grows more correct become wearisome to the eye. For a time he suspects all parts of the scenery, rather than his own expensive efforts; but at last the conviction forces itself upon him, that all he has been doing would have been better left undone. The streamlet should be suffered to wander, or, at least, seem to wander, at its own sweet will. The cascades and waterfalls should appear, as if the hand of nature formed whatever masonry may be hidden below. The sheets of water should not bear the marks of mathematical calculation; but the shores should have natural bays and indentations, and patches of verdure should occasionally overhang the edge.

We cannot follow the author through his remarks on the embellishments, which landscape gardening either admits or requires. They are sensible and well expressed, and will leave no apology, and perhaps no taste, for those costly enormities by which many ambitious places are disfigured. Jets and fountains perhaps will not be common, though in proper situations they are eminently beautiful and refreshing in the summer day; but rustic summer-houses, bridges, seats, and arbors, will everywhere be in request. There is no landscape in the country where they will not be an appropriate ornament, and the ease with which they are constructed places them in every man's reach. There is no greater public benefactor, than those who bring such indulgences home to the poor. They have taste, as well as the rich; and it is well for all that they should share in the power to indulge it.

We dismiss these works with much respect for the taste and judgment of the author, and with full confidence, that they will exert a commanding influence. For this purpose our recommendation shall not be wanting. They are valuable and instructive; and every man of taste, though he may not need, will do well to possess them.

Art. II. — 1. *Sketches Abroad and Rhapsodies at Home.* By a Veteran Traveller. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1836.

2. *At Home and Abroad.* By Roderick O'Flanagan. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1836.

3. *Pictures of Life at Home and Abroad.* By the Author of Tremaine. 2 vols. 1838.

4. *Sketches at Home and Abroad.* By Mrs. Jameson. 2 vols. 1839.

One of the chief advantages of the late Ashburton treaty, that great healing measure between England and this country, is the liberty which it has given to the expression of international opinion. This is quite as important in a moral sense, as

freedom of trade could be in a commercial one. While chances of a rupture existed, we were, on both sides of the ocean, obliged to maintain a strict conventional reserve, a kind of armed neutrality, as regarded our reciprocal views of our relative social systems. We were compelled to submit to the cruel privation of not speaking either well or ill of our neighbours, for such now are England and America to all intents and purposes. Blame would have been ascribed to prejudice. Praise would have been called truckling. We could neither find fault nor give approval. Forbearance became, more than ever, one of the decencies of life. Thus many of the follies of both the Old World and the New for a long time escaped whipping; while their respective merits were "unhonored and unsung." With the exception of one or two catch-penny productions, poetry and prose were doomed alike to silence. No ungenerous pasquinade or stilted panegyric was published, from any source worthy of even a passing notice. We, among the host of periodical writers, have been forced to lay aside many papers on British topics until now that the happy consummation of our long-cherished hopes allows us to speak out, in all the cordiality of friendly intercourse.

We are no longer restrained by delicacy, or the fear of misapprehension, from opening the sluices of censure, or pouring forth the streams of eulogy. An equalization of the currency, — to use a popular illustration, — has taken place. England may now, without wounding our sensitiveness or raising our ire, read us lessons on conduct, criticize our institutions, quiz our manners, expose our errors, — play the Dickens with us, in short; while we, on the other hand, may freely give the "retort," courteous or uncourteous as taste may dictate, and unhesitatingly enter on a task, which a few months ago we should have shrunk from undertaking at all.

With this brief preface we offer the following observations to our readers. To English and Americans both, as far as our circulation extends, they will display a state of society of a very peculiar and curious construction, widely different from that which prevails in the United Kingdom or the United States; one which leads foreigners, unacquainted with England, to most erroneous and unjust conclusions; one which it behoves travellers in Europe to examine and under-

stand ; at least all who share with us in that respect and regard for the English character, that is inherent in the race from which we have all sprung, and that inspires us with a deep interest in the honor of our common stock. We trust, however, that, as the truth of our remarks cannot be questioned, their spirit may not be mistaken ; and that, received wherever they may be, they will be taken in good part. It may be necessary to remark, that on the continent of Europe all British subjects, no matter from what part of the empire they come, are confounded in the general term *English ;* and in this sense we have used it. On the other hand, the English people apply the word *abroad* in common parlance as we do in this article, to the continent of Europe alone.

Few phrases are better calculated to excite a searching inquiry into cause and effect than the hackneyed one " at Home and Abroad." Yet the illogical profusion with which it has been applied and commented on in England for the last twenty years has not led to results of a value at all corresponding to the interests and the feelings involved in it. The scattered remarks of tourists and essayists, on the state of English society and the aspect of English character on the continent, have been most contradictory ; and, even when correct and to the point, the want of condensation renders them of little worth. But were some ingenious compiler to select from the records of modern travellers, the passages which bear on the subject, we venture to say that a volume might be produced, which would deeply shock the pride that Englishmen are so fond of calling national. Facts are stubborn things ; and with a host of them bearing on one point, and a vast number of concurrent authorities, it is impossible for the candid and truth-loving part of a nation to resist their evidence. And, as the English abroad derive many of their peculiarities from their previous condition at home, we will briefly and cautiously consider what manner of persons, while in England, those are, relative to whom, after they remove themselves to the Continent, we intend to say so much.

A country containing in round numbers 25,000,000 of inhabitants, 45,000,000 of acres of cultivated land, a grand total of capital represented by all the property of Great Britain and Ireland estimated at £4,000,000,000 ; paying annual interest on the public debt to the amount of

£28,000,000, with a disposable revenue of £26,000,000 more ; exporting annually produce and manufactures to the value of between 40 and 50 millions sterling, — and such a country, if there be any truth in figures, is the United Kingdom, — forms a field of vast dimensions for the exercise of speculative philosophy. The benefits and the abuses of power, the useful or baneful effects of wealth, the influence of rank, the results of industry, civilization, in fact, on a great scale of experiment, had never yet so many elements combined so advantageously for a fair and infallible testing of its merits and its faults. The insular situation of the country, protecting it from the contagion of foreign vices ; its great commercial relations with the rest of the world, facilitating the introduction of all foreign improvements ; a form of government universally admitted to be well adapted for their developement ; perfect freedom for religious thought; a wide latitude for political action ; a boundless range for every theory of morals, — such are the advantages of the British empire, towards the establishment of a social system, which, like the political constitution of the country, though not written down into a formal code, ought to present a whole of practical wisdom and virtue, for the people's pride and the world's example. It is not our intention to enter into the inquiry as to whether the result has or has not been attained. It would be indeed an extensive treatise that could embrace an analysis of the social system of England. Neither shall we examine at large the theories of the causes in which national character has its rise.

We therefore take the English character as we find it, whether creating, or arising out of, the institutions with which it is identified and coeval. The fluctuations which both have undergone for centuries, have nothing to do with our present inquiry. It is their actual and living aspect with which we have to deal. That the frame-work of society in England presents many points of weakness needs no demonstration to those who have impartially compared it with that of other countries. Nor does this by any means imply that imperfections " abroad " may not form counterparts to those (speaking in the English sense) " at home." But it is positively true, that, with many advantages superior to those of other countries, and those chiefly depending on a greater degree of wealth, the errors in the plan of social polity estab-

lished in England are more inimical than those to be found elsewhere to the social enjoyment which is the main ingredient of happiness.

To attempt to explain away the web of prejudices tangled round the English character, would be as fruitless as an effort to unravel the fibrous roots of the oak, its noble and appropriate emblem. Like them they form part of its very existence ; are fed by the same sap ; and are, perhaps, as necessary to the growth and greatness of the branching structure above them. The main strength of a nation very often consists in its prejudices. But that which gives strength does not always produce happiness. The wholesome training for muscular exertion is far from an agreeable appropriation of the hours intended by nature for domestic enjoyment. So, the culture and nourishment of a disdainful pride, — the cardinal sin of the English character, — though giving Britons power in a contest with their foes, militates sadly against the comforts of their intercourse with each other.

Were this national pride confined to the aristocratical orders its ill effects would be less flagrant. The high-pressure engine of refinement is always furnished with a safety-valve against the dangers of explosion. Good manners modify, if they cannot neutralize, the mischief of corruption. But, when the errors of the great are adopted by the vulgar, every part of the body politic feels it more or less ; and, as retail dealers adulterate wine, until what was at first only flavored becomes at last deleterious, so do the hucksters of gentility degrade the lofty bearing of high life. Reversing the process of defecation, the more it is filtered the more impure it becomes. What was dignity at court is arrogance in the city. The *Lafitte*, which was dashed with *Hermitage* at Bordeaux, is poisoned with brandy at the London docks. The puissant woof of oligarchical *hauteur* is unravelled to a coarse thread. And the proud class, which formerly gave its tone to the national mind, now sees itself confounded in the general dislike provoked by each vulgar gradation.

The deterioration of character, consequent on this abuse of an originally noble quality, is immense. It is not merely, that the ungraceful caricaturists of high rank become ludicrous and are despised. The evil does not evaporate in antic parodies ; it sinks into the public heart. No man but

the nobleman is proud of "his order" in England. He alone is alive to the dignity of his station; and it is therefore alone the order of nobility, and the family connexions among the gentry, who form with them an almost exclusive circle, that can uphold a free and unrestrained position. The inferior classes are to blame if this ever degenerates into undue assumption. If *they* knew their own intrinsic value, and maintained their place with independent originality, the structure of society would present a whole of masculine and refined proportions. But their grotesque imitation mars the entire plan, and drives them into extravagance of living and a burlesque affectation of style.

It is most frequently in the very highest orders, that we meet with an easy bearing. The persons composing them can venture to give loose to an unconstrained suavity, because they fear no rivalry. Their place is so marked by distinctive title, or by the technical "courtesy" which stands proxy for it, that they are safe from all undue familiarity or injurious misconception. But all, below the very highest order and above the very lowest, are in an eternal struggle for a superiority of conventional station, with millions of competitors. Meanwhile the amiable sociability of nature becomes perverted; the milk of human kindness is turned with drops of gall; and the waters of bitterness flood the whole extent of would-be fashionable life.

One of the most serious drawbacks to national improvement is the proneness of eminent individuals to flatter the mass. Some of the greatest writers of England have done the greatest mischief by inflated tributes to the national character. Bacon boasted that it was observed, that "of all nations, the English are not to be considered subject, base, or taxable," while the people quietly bore the yoke of an absolute monarchy and arbitrary exactions, with daily exposure to forced subsidies, benevolences, and wholesale confiscations! And be it remarked, that, about the same time, Grotius "observed," in his "Annals," that "the Englishman obeys like a slave, and governs like a tyrant."

Milton might be better excused than the illustrious panegyrist before quoted, when he spoke of the English as "men *ever* famous and foremost in the achievement of liberty,"—for his mind was, at the moment, ripe with the fulness of political freedom, the immediate flavor of which imparted

itself to his historical memory, and merged the past in the time in which he lived.

Addison, again, in pompous doggerel, exclaims, —

> "'T is Liberty that crowns Brittania's isle,
> And makes her barren rocks, and her bleak mountains, smile."

While Burke, to wind up those encomiastic tirades by his fulgent bombast, proclaimed, in the very heyday of borough-mongering corruption and public servility, that, "in England we have not yet been embowelled of our natural entrails. We feel within us, and we cherish and cultivate, those inbred sentiments, which are the faithful guardians of our duty, the true supporters of all liberal and manly morals; . . . . . because all other feelings are false and spurious, and tend to corrupt our minds, to vitiate our primary morals, and to render us unfit for rational liberty."

It was thus, that the greatest writers, of all shades of political opinion, poured down doses of flattery into the open throats of the intoxicated people, or held up this false character of perfection before them; on the principle which made the Vicar of Wakefield place his wife's flattering epitaph over the mantelpiece in her lifetime. No wonder that the national head of England, like the head of almost every other nation, and from the like causes, has been turned; that her sons came to believe themselves born with an instinct of virtue and wisdom; and that, in spite of statistical and moral proofs of increasing crime and social subserviency, they were and are the best and freest people in the world.

It is unquestionable, that from the class which is the least strict in morals, and the least independent in spirit, the hundred thousand English who yearly "go abroad," are drawn. The good, plain, honest-minded millions, composing the mass of the rural population, or the sober citizens, who frequent the temple for love of the Deity and humbly practise what the preacher recommends, furnish scanty contingents to the emigration; or they absent themselves from home for a period too short to entitle them to be classified among "the English abroad." Neither do the members of the higher orders, with few exceptions, domiciliate themselves in foreign countries for a period sufficiently long to give them a place among those continental colonists, with

whom we have now to deal. No. It is from that incongruous mass of individuals, who either float on the surface of society, or are wrenched from their moorings in it by some acts of imprudence or accidents of misfortune, that the towns of France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany, are thronged, enriched, animated, and, with regret we must admit, often disgraced. For that promiscuous crowd, being held together by no firm cement of religious feeling, no solid foundation for real principles of conduct, frequently falls into a pharisaical licentiousness, marvellous to the natives, whom it unceasingly reprobates as publicans and sinners.

There is, probably, no subject of vital interest to the community, on which the generality of Englishmen are so thoroughly agreed, as the imperfection of the system of English education, in the universities, public schools, and private seminaries. For half a century the press has teemed with treatises on the subject, which has repeatedly attracted the attention of Parliament, and has, indeed, been a matter of national complaint from the days of Milton. The educational plan of the public schools has been in a trifling degree improved. But it still continues essentially narrow and illiberal, even in reference to the time when they were instituted; inadequate and absurd as respects the present. Independent of the deficiency, in many points, of moral instruction, which is the mainspring of education; setting aside the evils of fagging, flogging, and bullying; it can scarcely be denied, that the absence of all instruction in the living languages of Europe is altogether inexcusable at the present day. And to this glaring defect must be attributed much of the inconvenience, and not a few of the errors, into which Englishmen fall, or are betrayed, during their continental travels.

To classify by their motives for emigration, the English who inhabit the Continent, — taking into view the many gradations from the men of fortune to the mere adventurers, — would be quite impossible. But it may be safely asserted, that not one in a hundred of those who quit England for the first time, possesses a just notion of the people among whom they are about to pitch their tents for a season, or, it may be, to settle themselves for life. There is matter neither for wonder nor reproach in this. It has

been the consequence of the advantage taken of the insular position of England, to cherish a general state of ignorance among the people, in regard more particularly to their "lively neighbours," as the French have been long, with contemptuous courtesy, called.

We will not accumulate quotations, to prove how British poets have fostered the error. But the following portrait, (from Johnson's "London,") coarse and exaggerated, even for the period of its appearance, is very nearly the model on which an untravelled Englishman to-day would build his notion of Frenchmen and French character.

> "All that at home no more can beg or steal,
> Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
> Hissed from the stage, or hooted from the court,
> Their air, their dress, their politics import.
> Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
> On Britain's fond credulity they prey;
> No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
> They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or [*catgut scrape*].
> All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
> And, bid him go to hell, to hell he goes."

It is thus that a false picture of the Continental, but more particularly of the French, character has been held up to the English mind, throughout centuries of rivalry and war; and it is by slow degrees, indeed, that the true colors are beginning to appear. The English, going abroad with erroneous opinions, actually make the newly seen people what they were predetermined to find them, as prophecies so often bring about their own fulfilment. For the French, acute, prompt, and clear-sighted, discover at a glance how they are looked on by the new comers; and, from a spirit of counteracting reciprocity, they treat as fools, those who believe them to be rogues; and turn to their own profit the ignorance by which they are condemned without trial.

It is a great mistake to judge of the character of a nation by its treatment of foreigners. This is a case of exception. It is as often a consequence as a cause. And it should be borne in mind, when one thing follows another (like the effect we have just traced from what provoked it), that every sequence is not a consequence. Darkness follows light in the succession of the laws of nature. But one light may succeed to another, without any violation of natural results. So, when foreigners act towards Englishmen in ways

that appear unworthy, the latter would do well to reflect, that their own conduct may have been the provocation; and that, when even a totally different course from the usual one occurs, they ought not to suppose it a variation from the national character, assumed for some sinister purpose. But Englishmen, newly launched on the sea of travel, rarely pause to take an observation. They are too much filled with the considerations of self, to allow time for any other. And they pursue their course, thinking nothing more required for a prosperous voyage, than gold for their ballast and self-importance by way of sails.

The English population abroad fluctuates considerably; and occasional exceptions are found to the general features it presents. But it is marvellous to mark the strong family likeness which pervades the mass; and, to see how very similar the construction of society, and the habits of temporary, or permanent settlers, in any one given place, are to those in any other.

The English character is so much based on imitation, that it rarely shows the striking contrasts which constitute originality. We see whole masses of English men and women apparently the same in habits of thought and action. Each class apes the one next above it, in dress, manners, and opinions. The very costume is the same in all the ranks. The lady hands over her old gowns to the lady's maid; who, in her turn, disposes of them to an inferior servant; and so they go down, as long as the rags hang together, till the beggar in the streets wears raiment of the same cut and pattern as that of the duchess.

Not so on the Continent. Both in great matters and in small independence is much more prevalent. Every rank has its respective style of dress, and would consider itself disgraced by adopting another's. The servility of tone, inspired by deference to colossal fortunes, has little comparative nourishment. The mind is not cramped by the routine drudgery of classical study, unmitigated by general literature and the arts. Virtual equality is the prevalent principle. Each man follows his own bent. There is a constantly occurring variety of character and manners. Every one, in fact, seems more or less an original. But in England it is the high patricians who give the tone to all below them. Rank after rank, becomes infected with their *morgue*. The

middle classes are tainted with it throughout. And that portion of them, who are by prescription admitted to the banquets of the great, are like the prolific tribe of insects called Aphides, which receive their color from the quality of the plant on which they feed.

The conclusion to be drawn from these remarks is, that although, in reference to each other, the English people are very much alike, they appear to other people, whom they so little resemble, a nation of originals; while foreigners have so many distinctive, personal peculiarities, that, even when individually contrasted with each other, every man may be called an original.

English families living abroad, are, in a great majority of instances, possessed of a certain income, derivable from some sure source at home, sufficient for their support, independent of any professional or chance pursuit, connected with the foreign country they may fix in. And this fact accounts for that air of entire independence and indifference, so common among them, in reference to the people among whom they fix themselves.

It is next to be observed, that not one, perhaps, in a thousand families, starts from home, with the intention of remaining, for life and death, in any one given place abroad, or with any perfectly defined place of settlement. Pleasure, economy, and the education of children being the great objects of almost all, the voyage they start on is a voyage of discovery; and their choice of a residence is almost always the result of chance, the probability and great likelihood of a change being always in their mind. From these causes, it results that scarcely any of the emigrants have any strong hold on any particular locality, from ties of affection or dependence. They hire their houses, either furnished by the month, or unfurnished for short terms, — "three, six, or nine years" being the almost invariable wording of the leases; and few tenants contemplate, when they sign their agreements, a longer sojourn than the shortest of those periods.

The consequence of all this is, to make those temporary tenants looked on, by themselves and others, as mere "birds of passage"; to give them loose habits of domestic arrangement, and uncertain feelings towards those they associate with, whether it be the natives or their own compa-

triots. None of the links that form a social chain exist in a community so constructed. Independent of each other as to pecuniary resources, unconnected in interests, divided in opinions, and without any common plan of social polity, they are bound together by ties of gossamer. Coming from a country the wealthiest in the world, in all the external and superficial advantages of life, — that is to say, in comforts, conveniences, and elegancies, — they look little below the surface of things in the land they go to live in; and they see so much inferiority in these outward and visible signs, as to satisfy them that they are themselves of a race far superior in all the better attributes of civilization. They rarely examine the qualities of heart and mind, which raise the people of the Continent to so high a level of enjoyment, — the absence of factitious wants, the philosophy of domestic management, the richness of home affection, that blessing that passeth show.

From this mistaken view, and the contempt it generates, comes indifference towards others, and too often carelessness of themselves. They acknowledge no immediate standard of moral conduct, no tribunal of public opinion, no neighbourly "board of control." Every one forms a line, — and few a straight line, — of conduct for himself. Every one constitutes himself a judge, — and rarely a just one, — of his neighbour. An undisciplined extravagance pervades the whole. All the little passions are let loose, without any of those counteracting checks that influence a community which is restrained to a certain circle, and which knows that to bear and forbear is not only an impulse of generosity, but a duty of self-preservation. The English abroad, are united by no such salutary principle. To swear eternal friendship on a week's acquaintanceship, and to cast off a constant associate on an hour's notice, are every day events. The familiarity which they practise with each other has none of the delightful tone of a long-cherished intercourse. It is but a necessity of their false position. Here to-day and gone to-morrow, they have no time to let companionship ripen into confidence. They must force an intimacy into unnatural growth; and, either mistaking or misnaming its nature, call it friendship. Such friendship as this, is a flower which gives no fragrance in its blooming; and which is torn up and flung to the winds without a sigh.

When the English settlers choose their locality, the great objects of their solicitude are to select the persons whom they are to know, and to avoid those whom they should not know. Wedded to the system which unhappily prevails at home, *appearance* is the test which regulates their choice. Little inquiry into the real respectability, the essential "whereabouts," of those around them, is entered on. But many questions are put, as to the fortune, the connexions, the way of life (that is to say, the dinners and *soirées*), of the various families. Letters of introduction to some members of this society most generally put them in the way of gaining information. But, ten to one, the information is false or prejudiced, influenced by pique, or jealousy, or some other element of the uncharitableness, which taints the whole. The bewildered inquirer is thus often led into serious scrapes, rushing into intimacies which it soon becomes advisable to break up, and avoiding acquaintanceships which it becomes too late to cultivate when they are discovered to be desirable. These evils are inevitable in the larger cities, where there are materials for selection; for the English society is sure to be split into *cliques*, and *coteries*, and sets, avoiding and despising, or affecting to despise, each other.

In the smaller towns, where the settlers can make no choice at first, but must visit *all*, they are sure to discover, before an interchange of cards takes place, or at any rate at the very first *soirée* they "assist" at, that quarrels, calumnies, and fierce estrangements disfigure the whole round of social life.

Quickly disgusted with this state of things, in which they are sure, by and bye, to become participators, in their own despite, they seek out a less objectionable circle. Picking up some chance visiters among the native residents, (invariably, by the way, called "foreigners" by the English abroad,) they make fawning advances to those, the best portion of whom stand aloof from, while the disreputable laugh at — and live on them. It is really mortifying, to every one of Anglo-Saxon blood, to observe the estimate formed of the English character by "foreigners," who attribute to the nation at large, defects which are but conventional results from the false positions of individuals.

It may be safely said, without disparagement or libel, that an immense majority of the English abroad have never been in habits of extensive or familiar intercourse with the nobility at home. The exclusive system of the latter class puts a bar between itself and that which furnishes those Continental contingents. And when they find themselves all at once in the "fatal facility" for titled acquaintanceship which the Continent affords, is it surprising that they play fantastic tricks, while they travesty high life? When such persons get into daily intercourse with a crowd of Continental *noblesse*, it is by no means strange that they should misunderstand the latter and forget themselves. They cannot argue by comparison. They know nothing of the philosophy which teaches that wealth and poverty should not be estimated by positive proofs alone; that what men want is as much to be taken into account as what they possess; and that the nobleman of small income on the continent, may be in reality a richer man than the affluent Lord in England. Seeing nothing of the great wealth, or the patronizing arrogance, which was associated with their notions of nobility, they consider it as shorn of half its beams. Ignorant, or unbelieving, of Dryden's definition,

> "The nobleman is he, whose noble mind
> Is filled with inborn worth,"

they view as a defect the unconstrained suavity, which is the most pleasing attribute of high rank. With the vulgar-minded (but with them alone) "familiarity breeds contempt." And those imbued with that worst vulgarity which is born of the want of self-respect, believe a haughty bearing to be the legitimate type of birth and title. They are thus led into a labyrinth of errors. Worshipping the symbol rather than the faith, the absence of the one is taken as evidence of the want of the other. The good breeding of the foreign noble is considered want of dignity, — that favoite word of the under-bred; and the unembarrassed simplicity which they hold so cheap, is thought less indicative of polish and fashion than their own painful uneasiness to be at their ease.

But, notwithstanding this, they defer to and worry with their intimacy the very persons whom they so undervalue. And why? Simply from their pride, in having a stupid marquis

or antiquated duchess on their visiting list ; in being able to write to their friends, and to say to themselves, — ay, even to themselves, for that is audience enough for vanity, when no larger is at hand, — that they associate with nobility.

And when a travelling group of English aristocracy passes through, or a straggling family stops for a winter in some small capital, or rests for the summer in a watering-place, what *empressement* is lavished by those who live on the excitement of wriggling into high society ! How the servile herd, more base than the *servum pecus* of poetry, flock round each new arrival, and load the table with visiting cards and invitations ! How they strain every nerve in bending sycophancy ! Piety, modesty, learning, and all the other really respectable qualities of our nature, might lie neglected for ever, by those whose attentions would be given to the most worthless of mankind, in a direct ratio with their place in the table of precedence, or their rank in the Red Book.

The system of society adopted and acted on by the English abroad must naturally be much affected by the example of those, who stand officially and by prescription at its head. And the greatest check to their less reputable tendencies is, undoubtedly to be found in the respectability of conduct of the English diplomatic and consular corps.

It must be admitted that the class we now speak of have great claims on indulgence, if individuals in it do at times show a little unbecoming pride. Their forbearance is tried with sore temptations. They are very much spoiled by other people, and they have so much in their power, in the small matters of social intercourse, so much to communicate or withhold in the way of news, they are so often appealed to as arbiters or deferred to as dictators, that they may be excused if they occasionally descend from their stations of political utility, to be the patriots of a *set* or the pets of a *coterie*.

The British mercantile settlers, a large and influential body of men, may be designated, by wholesale, as the phalanx which redeems the errors and sustains the honor of national reputation, on the long-extended line of Continental coast, from Cronstadt to Cadiz. We have no means of ascertaining the numbers of this class of emigrants. But, though they

bear a small numerical proportion to the whole, they combine a vast amount of its intelligence and worth. It is lucky for England, that the enterprise and industry of the community at large have induced so many fair representatives of her nobler qualities to push their operations into foreign countries, and, by the proofs they afford of national integrity, to neutralize the impression forced on the Continental mind by the spurious "gentility" of their idle and ill-conducted countrymen. The high standing of the English commercial houses of Antwerp, Bordeaux, Hamburg, Oporto, Leghorn, and other towns, is notorious. But their commercial credit is not greater than their social value. They generally rank with the foremost of the native firms in influence. They accumulate large fortunes with unblemished character. A dishonest failure is rarely heard of among them. They form an admirable race of citizens in their adopted countries; and they hand down from father to son the proud consciousness of their English, Scotch, or Irish origin, even when losing after successive generations the accent or peculiar manners of the stock they spring from. Were all the English abroad of this stamp our task might end here. But we have still other portions of the picture to describe, before we completely develope the contrasts of light and shade.

The professional tribes of England are not slack in sending out supplies to swell the crowd of make-shift adventurers. We are happy to state, that, among those necessarily confounded under that head, many exemplary persons are to be met with. But, although these exceptions are more than are actually required to prove the rule, they are by no means so numerous as to leave it doubtful, that they *are* the exceptions.

"Law, Physic, and Divinity" being overstocked at home, a plentiful surplus of long-tried practitioners is drawn off to the Continent, consisting not only of those who, from various occult causes, find it convenient to "change their skies," as Horace says, but also of the junior members of sundry degrees of merit, and not unfrequently of the looser pretenders to professional distinction, unhonored with any degree at all. This last observation applies more particularly to the English medical men, who swarm in the Continental capitals, and of whom two or three are sure to be gathered

together in almost every town, where a few hundred of their compatriots have a local habitation. But we have also heard of impostors, in the guise of clergymen, holding forth from the pulpit and dealing out damnation to their fellow-men, with all the confidence of official competency, being all the while unauthorized to preach even the healing consolations of the Gospel.

We know not on what principle law is granted the precedence in the copartnership which unites the three professions according to the common phrase. But in compliance with precedent, (the great incubus upon our jurisprudence, be it observed in passing,) we allow the profession of the long robe its admitted priority. To make *honorable* mention of all the English lawyers, who for five and twenty years past have practised conveyancing (in its multifarious shapes) on the Continent and on their countrymen, is not within the limits of any conscience less elastic than Indian rubber. We cannot stretch ours, as a vast majority of those worthies would stretch a point. Here and there a "gentleman" attorney, — *rara avis* in Paris, — is no doubt to be found. And very valuable is such a phenomenon to many, who owe a banishment from their native land to those misfortunes and miscalculations, which too often confound the victims with the wretches by whom they have been robbed or ruined. But in many, if not in most, instances, the prowling practitioners, who make foreign countries the scene of their skill, and their banished fellow-Britons their prey, are creatures who have been struck from the roll, or who have escaped from "the rules," — our legal readers will understand these technical phrases, — and who earn a dirty livelihood abroad, at the expense of unfortunate persons, who have been forced from home by the malpractices of themselves and their like. This class of impure animals, which scents out the embarrassed emigrant as the crow scents carrion, forms but a small item in the total of the English abroad. The mischief they do is chiefly confined to their fellow-countrymen. Acting as go-betweens with the spendthrift and the money-lending-agents in the expedients by which profligacy drives a trade, and to which honest poverty is often driven as a means of subsistence, these harpies play a subordinate part in the drama of Continental disgrace. But the technicalities of the

stage may well be applied to them in carrying out the metaphor. They are the prompters, scene-shifters, call-boys, and property-men, of the *ci-devant* and *soi-disant* men of property, who sustain the principal characters in the vast strolling company of the English abroad. But the humane and philosophical measure for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, which has of late years passed through the British Parliament, has at once removed a reproach from English law, and struck a death-blow to much of the demoralization on which its lowest practitioners throve so long.

In dealing with physic (which comes next in order on the professional muster-roll), or rather let us say with physicians, we have more delicate ground to touch on, and more of it to go over, than during our passing incursion into the preserves of the law. The game we have now in view is far more plentiful. We believe we are rather under than over the mark in stating the English medical men in Paris alone at between fifty and sixty. There must be, consequently, some hundreds of them scattered over the various countries of the continent. Now, to any one of common sense, it is a matter of indifference, whether those gentlemen practise their profession under the authority of a diploma or by virtue of a license ; whether they have a university or a collegiate degree ; whether they be mere bachelors of physic or regular M. D.'s. Intuitive talent will raise the humblest in title, or the least eminent in routine, far beyond the empty quackeries of the schools. A clever apothecary is preferable to a stupid doctor. And many are to be found, who, from wielding the pestle and with just classical learning enough to read the *Pharmacopœia*, have left far behind in the professional race men, who have Homer and Horace by heart, who could analyze the ἱερὰ πικρά, and kill *secundem artem*.

Admitting this, we shall not be suspected of scholastic prejudices, in conscientiously denouncing the floating mass of false pretension, which, under the denomination of "the faculty," is mixed up with the English abroad. In every *coterie* a doctor or doctors will be found. No family can dispense with the advantage of their skill, or, as the case may be, be exempt from the evil of their ignorance. It is almost impossible to distinguish between the empiric and the man of science. The self-dubbed physician has the field as open to him as

the regular graduate. The mere compounders of drugs lay claim to all the honors of medical science abroad ; and, like the Burgundians of old, proceed to the slaughter under the badge of Saint Andrew, the patron of the one and the special privilege of the other.

Checks are at times attempted by foreign governments against the influx of ignorant practitioners, but in vain. The English abroad resist to the death. They *will* follow their own system, and fee their own executioners. They are in this case to be pitied, certainly. The foreign physician lets them die ; the English doctor kills them. It is but a choice of evils ; and, like the Romans of old, they prefer falling at once, by the hands of their own freedmen, to lingering under the tardy butchery of the stranger.

But the case is too grave for a joke. There is nothing so sad as serious comedy. And among the professional buffooneries, every day played by those travelling quacks, such heart-rending consequences arise, so many widows and orphans and bereaved parents are the victims of their ignorance and cupidity, that while we thus place them in the literary pillory we cannot laugh at their grotesque appearance ; and, affixing the brand with the gravity of Tristan, we will not assume the levity of Petit Jean.

Fatal as is the practice of those doctors, in so many instances, against their patients, their professional wars against each other are far worse. Petty feelings should have small results. Envy ought to explode in mere ill-nature, and not take the bolder flight of persecution. But the latter is the almost invariable concomitant of the jealousies among the medical corps abroad. As soon as a new practitioner of any merit is seen to enter the sacred circle of established practice, he is beset on all hands by the intrigues of his brothers in physic, who often become his brothers in *law*. No stone (morally speaking) is left unturned by that portion, who are only (physically) fit to break them on the roads, for the purpose of ruining the interloper, who dares to trespass on their "beat." That he is duly licensed to slay is no security to him. He is looked on as a poacher, even though he has taken out his certificate. And no abuse of power, under the ancient game-laws of Europe, could exceed the worrying efforts which are at times put forth against the obnoxious new comer. All the *tracasseries* of local restriction are invoked ; every possible

technical obstruction brought into play. And it often happens, that a really able man is driven from the field by the dunces, to whom their unhappy patients are thus for a while turned over, bound hand and foot, for execution. In most of the Continental capitals, however, one English medical man of talent and experience is pretty sure to be met with, possessing discrimination enough to make allowance for variations of climate and modes of life, and to know that the practice of London or Liverpool may not exactly suit the climate of Lisbon or Naples.

The Episcopalian division of that "supernatural society of God, angels, and holy men," called, according to Hooker's definition, "the Church," is, in its natural parts, that is, the churchmen, largely represented on the continent of Europe. Whether the spirit of holiness accompanies them in their traverse of the British Channel, we do not undertake to decide. But that it departs from a great many of them, as soon as they touch the foreign strand, is a fact at once incontestable and grievous. We deprecate the slightest intention of irreverence, in speaking of the Established Church. Our respect for its integrity cannot be shaken by the misconduct of some of its disciples. And, even if the whole body of the English clergy abroad were infected with the dissipation, which turns so many of them from the right path, "the Church" would rest secure. Notwithstanding its self-confident torpidity, the innocent integrity of her who is its present head will protect it, like the angel, who hovered as a safeguard over the sleeping camp; while the wisdom of Parliament, in weeding out its corruptions, will give new life to all that is wholesome in its doctrines and practice. And nothing in that practice requires a more decided check, than the abuse of the privilege, which allows such swarms of beneficed clergymen to abandon their home duties, leaving

"the cure without the care,"

for the purpose of absenteeism, during the long and culpable indulgence which leads to so many scandals.

To record those various exhibitions of immorality, and what is, in a worldly sense, even worse than immorality, an indecent contempt of exposure, would be an invidious task, and would, perhaps, after all, be but an encouragement to that morbid longing for notoriety, which urges clerical as

well as lay offenders to violate decorum. But it is certain, that the disputes among British clergymen on the continent of Europe, during the last quarter of a century, would furnish matter for an appendix to Cobbett's History of the Reformation, — acute, searching, and most unfair as it was, — that would give almost as much pleasure, as the work itself, to the enemies of *l'Hérésie Anglicane*. One real good might result from such a compilation. By thus embodying in a general view the many isolated instances of scandal, a spirit of resistance might be aroused among the scattered congregations, who submit to, or at times become parties in, the misconduct of their pastors.

This last-mentioned evil is, after all, the main one. It is the mixing up of lay disputants with the quarrels of the divines, that casts so deep a slur on English character. Those persons, who have not travelled much out of England; who form their notions of clergymen from their own amiable and modest vicars and curates, and of clerical conduct from what is practised in the rural parishes at home; can form no adequate idea of the contrast presented by so many of the wanderers in other lands. But we can vouch, from close personal experience, that those instances of disgrace are, nevertheless, far more than overbalanced by abounding examples of respectability. But the misfortune, in cases of this nature is, that it is the exception which is always the most prominent. The man who forgets his cloth is always he, who is *en évidence* before the world. He brawls in the streets, and bullies in the vestry; turns the pulpit into a forum of dispute, and, by pamphlets and sermons, drags others into his quarrel. Instead of a minister of peace, he becomes a demon of discord. His track is too often to be traced in the deadly feuds and bloody encounters among those, whom he has succeeded in setting by the ears. While the ministers, who quietly perform their professional duties, and devote their leisure hours to the family or friendly circle, are unheard of beyond the towns they adorn by their virtues, and, overborne by the notoriety of some petty place, infested by such as those, whose misdoings we have faintly sketched.

The gangs of sporting characters, the "play men," the *levanters* from the race-course, or the *legs* from the clubs, who leave England in periodical flights, to settle for a sea-

son in some Continental town, or cross the Channel on some particular pursuit of plunder, do not do half so much mischief to the national character, as the hypocrites who parade their sanctity, and by their conduct bring their profession into disgrace. The *chevalier d'industrie* is generally a man who pays his tradesmen's bills, rarely gets drunk, eschews local squabbles, and — sticks to his business; which is, to prey on the uncautious or unwary, or, in default of other victims, on his own kind, like fishes of the same tribe, who devour each other. A good appearance in the world is of great importance to this class of men; and it is very rarely that one hears of their flying from a town with their bills in arrear, or that, while they sojourn in it, they are mixed up in the quarrels of their countrymen. They herd together. They are not admitted, generally, into the upper circles; and the lower ones afford no temptation for their practices. They can scarcely be said to form a feature of English character. Come from what country they may, "play men" very nearly resemble each other in habits of life. We, therefore, exclude those *industriels* from our collection, as Plato, but for a different reason, excluded merchants from his republic; and, leaving the question of classes for some less wholesale inquiry than our own, we resume our desultory observations on English Continental society.

The difficulty of expressing one's self clearly in the language, which the very children of the new people we mix with talk *so* fluently, puts all foreigners in some degree out of temper, and it may be out of conceit, with themselves, on the threshold of the country they are about to penetrate. When a man is no longer at his ease, he is thrown off his guard. Awkwardness and *mauvaise honte* are the parents of many mischiefs. He, who is laughed at when he speaks, does not give his audience fair play when he thinks. An Englishman landing in France, in this dissatisfied mood, — and he particularly, from predisposing causes already pointed out, — is sure to take his revenge, by striving to despise the natives, to whom he appears ridiculous. Unable clearly to explain his wants, he finds out, or fancies, deficiencies in them. And thus his ignorance produces action and reaction, with discomfort to himself and injustice towards others.

It is under the influence of prejudice like this, that the Englishman, more than any other foreigner, hurries on his Continental tour; and, one evil generating another, the further and faster he goes the greater is his incapacity for fairly judging, and the less his chance of being fairly judged. It is quite wonderful how few Englishmen appear ridiculous at home, in comparison with the numbers who *are* so abroad. In the latter case, scarcely one in a score seems to be in his proper place. To use a common but expressive phrase, almost every one seems to have *a screw loose*. And so, in reality, it is. The want of regular and rational occupation, the perpetual effort to turn into new channels for employment, the incongruous pursuits, and the frequent failure attending them, set the whole machinery of the English *man* out of order. Instead of a screw, it may be fairly said, that all the screws, and wheels, and springs of the national character are in a state of dislocation. So that scarcely any individual, so situated, can be taken as a fair specimen of what his fellows, or himself, would be at home. And thus foreigners, who attempt to form an estimate of the English people from that portion of it which they habitually see, are, if we may be pardoned a poor pun, *as much abroad* as they are.

And no wonder that foreigners should be deceived and mystified, for there is really no more puzzling masquerade than the spectacle of thousands of human beings, who in their own country (whatever their faults of vulgar ambition) have been almost all fitly employed, undergoing all at once an unsuitable and unseemly change.

When we consider how many of the faults of England are carried abroad by those persons, it is strange to observe how few of its virtues they take with them. And, when these latter do in isolated instances appear, it is in such *travestie* as marks the assumption of historical characters by the motley maskers in a fancy ball. Thus is seen the industrious energy of English habits degraded into ignoble speculations, and a thousand shifts and expedients for making money by derogatory means. Many men, whose previous career had formed them for exertion, attempt its continuation in this new field; but miscalculation, of one kind or another, almost always carries failure in its train. Others, accustomed to the regular expenditure of a fixed income,

finding, that, on the same plan, they are far richer abroad than at home, are lured into stock exchange transactions, seduced into private play or horse-racing, and become ruined from the sheer evil of having more money than they require for their accustomed wants.

But the absorbing mischief is, that absolute position of idle "gentility" in which every Briton of the smallest pecuniary independence finds himself, when settled on the Continent. No matter what he has been at home, — whether in commerce, wholesale or retail, a manufacturer, a farmer, an *employé*, — abroad he is a gentleman, by courtesy at least; and he finds abundant facilities for assuming the nominal attributes of this too common designation. Every Englishman or American, who does not absolutely carry on some traffic for the earning of his daily bread, on the Continent, is an Esquire by courtesy, and a gentleman by implication. Dropping into these dignities, by the mere accident of their location, as a squatter of the far West becomes a proprietor of the soil by the simple act of pitching his tent on it, it may be supposed, how awkward these Lords of the (chance) creation find themselves. It is much easier to assume a virtue, than to adopt a *tone*. The expenditure of a few hundred dollars, or the giving of a few dinners, may gain for the donor the reputation of generous hospitality. A judicious bully may make himself pass for brave. A woman constitutionally cold may palm herself off as chaste. But to play a first-rate part, without previous rehearsal; to *act* the gentleman, in short, is the most difficult effort of talent, either on the shifting stage of society, or on what is technically called "the boards." The numberless failures of the Continental company are, therefore, nothing wonderful. And lamentable exhibitions have we seen of the ridiculous, so lofty as almost to reach to the sublime; of meanness, so low as to leave no lower depth; in efforts to force a footing into those glittering coteries, where all is puff and paste, — like the *soufflés* of the *salle-à-manger*, or the *jewels* of the ballroom. But, forming a contrast to these vulgar aspirants, are to be found, if searched for, large numbers of retiring persons, who, with the advantages of "gentle blood," education, and real respectability, are satisfied with the enjoyment of some small and select circle; or, who, in default of that, keep aloof from society altogether.

To live within one's income is almost considered as a cardinal virtue by the natives of the continent of Europe. Domestic economy may be possibly carried too far in France, Germany, and Italy, to square with English notions of fashionable enjoyment. But for real home happiness that system is assuredly the best, which makes show subservient to comfort, and which regulates the outlay of money by the gratification of personal tastes, rather than by the exigences of public opinion. The difference of feeling in this respect is exemplified by the fact, that "foreigners" never submit to a standard of general appearances, while, among the English abroad, few attempt to resist it. If, for instance, the happiness of "foreigners" depends on the possession of a carriage, or a box at the theatre, or a good table, or expensive dress, they indulge freely in that one particular enjoyment, to the exclusion of all others, in case they have not means sufficient to accomplish all. With the English, on the contrary, it is all or none. If they sport an equipage, they feel called upon to give dinners, balls, and routs. An opera box exacts a whole suite of expenditure. Every thing must be in what is called *keeping*. And this, be it observed, not for one's own comfort, or one's own liking, but for mere appearance' sake, and to escape the strictures of the Mrs. Grundys of the victim's particular world.

The consequence of this absurdity is, continual embarrassment and frequent disrepute. Many accessary errors add to these evils. The comparative cheapness of wine and other luxuries leads to a profuse expenditure, which more than meets the difference of house-keeping in England. Three dinners abroad for one at home, with a superabundance of champagne and claret, instead of port and sherry in moderation, soon leave the balance in the wrong side of the book; and the Amphitryon becomes too often a defaulter and a fugitive. The horses, carriages, and furniture come to the hammer; the reputation is broken up with the establishment; and all that remains is the empty fame of an undiscriminating hospitality, lavished on thankless partakers, and furnished at the expense of confiding creditors, with little personal cost but that of one's own character.

But many of the regular and bill-paying portion of the English abroad are at times conspicuous for bad taste, which is, in its effects, almost as injurious as bad conduct. A general arrogance of manner towards the natives of inferior degree goes far to render them unpopular. Tradespeople and servants are treated with an ungenerous disdain. The consequence is, that the English are worse supplied and worse attended than it is well possible to imagine. Their bearing towards the lower classes is, however, not less offensive, than a too frequent forwardness of demeanor in the higher circles. At the various Continental courts, it is a common reproach, that English people, without the least chance of being received at their own, thrust themselves forward, to the exclusion of the noblest and most honorable of the natives. If foreigners hate the English, it is not entirely for the mischief they have received at their hands. To have been beaten by them in war is not half so galling as to be insulted by them in peace. It is lamentable to the real cosmopolite, to see how few of the privileges of citizenship the English in general have acquired abroad, after five and twenty years of association.

And now, in looking back on what we have written, with a conscientious certainty, that, however severe it may appear, there is no exaggeration in it, we fear that it may lead to the conclusion, that we are unqualifiedly hostile to the English system of emigration to the continent, a system which the frequent and rapid intercourse with Europe is gradually causing to be adopted by inhabitants of the United States. We must, therefore, explain that such is far from our feeling. We think, on the contrary, that all the better purposes of civilization are eminently advanced by the free intercourse so long existing between the various countries of Europe. Nothing else could be so conducive to the expansion of the national mind of England, dammed up as it had been by so many previous years of war and isolation. But so great a good is not to be obtained without a high price; and that, in the present instance, is paid at the expense of a whole generation. The large masses of English, who have already taken the lead in exploring the unknown ways of Continental life, are like the early settlers in a new found district, who hew their path to information through desert depths, misled by false lights, and meeting

many mishaps, by carrying their own habits of thought and action into uncongenial regions. The parallel is not meant to go further. The comparison applies only to persons, not to places. Otherwise the figure should be reversed; for, certainly, the general tone of social life on the Continent, compared with that of England, or of the New World, is like a cultivated field contrasted with a half-cleared swamp.

It is true, that there are enjoyments to be found in England utterly unknown elsewhere. But, taking the whole social plan into view, every unprejudiced Englishman will allow its striking insufficiency for persons of moderate income and of middle station. It is on the Continent, that one must learn the art of making small means square with elegant desires. The opportunity for learning this lesson, and the certainty that its practice will be gradually introduced into the British isles, are enough to counterbalance many of the evils pointed out in this paper. But it is the children of the emigrants, who must reap the advantages of their expatriation. Very few indeed of the grown-up persons, who quit the long-indulged habits of English life for a residence abroad, are satisfied with or improved by the change. The perverseness of national prejudice will not allow them to profit by what is opened out to them. But the children, who are born on, or brought over early to, a foreign soil, acquire, by an instinct of adaptation, what no experience can teach. The accomplishments, ease, and independence of foreign manners are insensibly engrafted on the stem of English feelings. It is astonishing how young persons, so situated, seem intuitively to select the better parts of their own national character, and to blend them with those of the foreign people, with whom they are associated, but not confounded, from the cradle up. And when those persons, on their education being finished, are called on to return home, their example must inevitably tend to soften the character of their nation. A better understanding on the great questions of international intercourse, on the true principles of foreign policy, on social analogies or anomalies, will be the consequence. Intermarriages with foreigners will lead to more liberal ideas of national distinctions. A thousand kindly sources of feeling will be opened; and the wells of public opinion will be no longer poisoned by prejudice. All

these, and many concomitant blessings, may be looked forward to with certainty. Such advantages, however, are to be derived only at a distant day, from a state of things, the evils of which form at present an inevitable necessity.

Art. III. — *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.* By Henry Hallam, F. R. A. S., Corresponding Member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in the French Institute. Paris: Baudry. 1839. 4 vols. 8vo.

Some years have elapsed since the publication of this work, and, as it is now widely known and highly esteemed, it may seem that its character is sufficiently determined, and that any extended notice of it is unnecessary. In this country, however, its republication is of recent date, and the number of persons who have had opportunity to examine it is comparatively small. A work of such a character is not likely to attract immediate attention among a community of readers, who are deluged with reprints of the more ephemeral productions of the English press; and the few who are able to appreciate it, are more likely to wait for the chance of obtaining an English or French copy, than to read it in a coarse and clumsily executed American edition. But we will not complain of the demerits of the reprint, since to contribute in any way to the circulation of such a book is to render essential service to the cause of letters on this side of the Atlantic. Some account of its contents may be useful to this end, though the means are here wanting, which could be found only in well-stocked libraries, for a full examination of its statements and the general merits of its execution.

It is remarkable that, before the publication of this work, no English writer had attempted to give a general history of letters, or a particular account of the literature of his own country. No one was willing to undertake a task, for the due performance of which so many qualifications were required, and from which so much would naturally be expected. Accurate learning, much general information, a fair ac-

quaintance with all the sciences, a perfect mastery of the languages of modern Europe, a discriminating taste, a sound judgment, and a pleasing style, are some of the essential requisites for success in such an enterprise, and therefore very few persons could engage in it without incurring the charge of undue presumption. Only the veterans in the literary field could grapple with such a gigantic undertaking, and, even with them, the issue would be very doubtful. They might rather diminish than increase the laurels, which they had earned in less ambitious efforts. More than two centuries ago Lord Bacon perceived the want of a history of letters, and marked out the plan on which it should be prepared; but the task became no whit less difficult, when that mighty intellect had displayed the importance of the work, and established the principles for its execution. One of his pregnant sentences forms the appropriate motto of the present history, for it describes in few words the general scheme, on which the writer has conducted his labors. We may spare criticism on the plan, which is recommended by such authority.

With the exception perhaps of Dr. Southey, no living English writer appears better qualified than Mr. Hallam for supplying the deficiency, that was pointed out by the great Advancer of learning. His previous writings, if they did not display that wide range of general scholarship, which is essential to success in a task like the present one, afforded good evidence, at least, that he undertook nothing without thorough preparation for it, and that any work from his pen would be elaborated with the utmost care. The "Constitutional History of England," and the "History of Europe during the Middle Ages," were generally admitted as standard works, from the very day of their publication. They were classed at once among "the books, which no gentleman's library should be without;" they became an essential part of the reading of every well-educated man. And the reputation which they have obtained is a just tribute to the judgment, learning, and discretion of the writer; for it is not founded on any captivating qualities of the subject, on any studied graces in the treatment of it, or on any subserviency to the passions and prejudices of the day. Mr. Hallam is a political writer without undue bias from the spirit of party and sect, a pleasing one without the affectation of rhetoric

and eloquence, and a learned one without any unnecessary display of erudition. The subject which he has now treated is one of more general interest than those discussed in his previous publications; and, as the work was known to embody the labors of many years, it was received with curiosity and respect, and is likely to establish for him a wide and enduring reputation.

A leading characteristic of these volumes, as well as of those formerly published, is the grave and dignified impartiality of the writer. We do not allude merely to the absence of party spirit, any indications of which in a history of literature would be not only offensive, but absurd, though too many precedents for their admission into equally improper places might be found in contemporary publications. British writers have too frequently allowed the exciting and distorting influences of modern politics to blind the judgment of the critic and to warp the fidelity of the historian, even when the subjects discussed, or the facts narrated, were apparently removed to the safest distance from the appropriate arena for such disputes. The fouler exhibitions of this malignant spirit of politics have even soiled the pages of ancient history, and bespattered the notes to a Greek play. The parentage of anonymous publications on miscellaneous subjects may often be traced, so far, at least, as to determine whether the writer belongs to the school of the Quarterly, the Edinburgh, or the Westminster Review. As the cool and dispassionate temperament of Mr. Hallam preserved him from this error in a great degree, even when traversing the dangerous ground of English constitutional history, we might well expect, that his good sense would guard against it in the treatment of his present subject. But he is entitled to much higher praise for impartiality. His taste is singularly just and catholic. It is not warped by modern associations, nor blinded by national feeling. His estimate of French literature, for instance, is fair and liberal, forming quite a contrast to the judgments of many of his countrymen, who are very slow to recognise high merit on the other side of the channel. Voltaire's opinion of Shakspeare is but the counterpart in absurdity of many English criticisms on Corneille and Racine. Towards the latter, indeed, Mr. Hallam appears to us to err by excess of praise, prompted perhaps by a sense of the unjust award of former judges on the English bench.

We find it difficult to admit, that, in point of style, "he is second only to Virgil among all poets," or that his female characters "have the ideal grace and harmony of ancient sculpture, and bear somewhat of the same analogy to those of Shakspeare, which that art does to painting;" but we cordially echo the assertion, that "it is a very narrow criticism, which excludes either school from our admiration, which disparages Racine out of idolatry of Shakspeare." A critic would hardly subject himself to this reproach, by maintaining that the female characters of the French poet are too often insipid, and that his versification lacks spirit, and is too uniformly sweet and monotonous.

It is probably more difficult to be just towards the men of science, the metaphysicians, and the political writers of a former age and another church, than to criticize with fairness the elegant literature of a different language. Science advances with slow but sure steps, and it is as easy to detect the mistakes of a former century, as it is flattering to our own pride to expose them. The boundaries of philosophy, ethics, and theology, run into each other, and a Protestant writer may be pardoned for viewing with suspicion the casuistry of the Jesuits, while a countryman of Locke and Newton may very naturally triumph over the errors of Descartes. But our author's resolute impartiality avoids even the more secret and excusable causes of a biassed judgment. He is careful always to obtain the right point of view, — neither to view the past through the atmosphere of the present, nor to allow acknowledged excellences to be shadowed entirely by neighbouring faults. If his judgments are ever impugned, therefore, it must be for natural incorrectness of taste or a faulty discrimination, rather than for borrowed prejudices.

The literary criticism contained in these volumes is of great merit. It is neither commonplace nor affectedly profound. So much has been written upon the poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that it was difficult to offer any thing further, which should bear even the semblance of novelty and truth. But Mr. Hallam's remarks, even here, have all the air of freshness, which naturally invests a virgin subject, and his disquisitions upon the great Italian poets, and even upon Shakspeare and Milton, are among the most ingenious and interesting portions of the work. This task had been an easy one, if his taste had allowed him to

indulge in the misty speculations and fine-spun theories, which too often form the staple of German criticism. An endless thread of this sort may be spun by any one of an ingenious and fanciful turn of mind, but it will not sustain the lightest touch of scrutiny. Naturally averse to this dreamy kind of writing, Mr. Hallam's remarks bear a strong impress of good sense and correct taste, and are adapted rather to please and convince, than to bewilder or astonish the reader. It may not appear the highest praise to say, that the criticism is sound and judicious ; but so much *æsthetical* cant, formed upon foreign models, is in vogue at the present day, that it is truly refreshing to find a subdued, temperate, and unambitious tone once more adopted in the school of taste. Paying the tribute of hearty admiration to his favorite authors, our historian is still not carried away so far by his enthusiasm, as to indulge in the rash and extravagant assertions, in which some writers labor to display their sensibility, but which lead one to doubt the sincerity of the very feeling which they are designed to prove. He ventures to point out faults even in Shakspeare, and in nearly every instance to qualify praise with some censure. His carefully regulated judgment appears as much in his notices of individuals, as of books. The Boswellian disease of inordinate admiration never fastens upon him, nor, on the other hand, does he ever appear ambitious of Johnson's favorite character of "a good hater." With such characteristics, it appears, that, if Mr. Hallam is not always a brilliant companion, he is at least a safe guide.

We have spoken of the variety and extent of the reading and general information, which are necessarily embodied in a work of this character. An examination of the volumes bears out the remark, and would seem to prove, that the preparation for them must have been the labor of a whole life. With great candor, the writer has allowed the whole of Bacon's remark to stand as the motto of his work, though it hints at the fact, which might, it is true, be naturally inferred under such circumstances, that, in so vast an undertaking, the whole of the information given, must not be viewed as the fruit of original research. Speaking of the number of books to be examined, for the purpose of a history of letters, Bacon remarks, that the end must be obtained, "*non eorum perlectione, (id enim infinitum quiddam esset,) sed*

degustatione et observatione argumenti, styli, methodi, etc. In this way, (he continues, with his usual glowing imagery,) the literary spirit of a former age, as if by an incantation, may be evoked from the dead. If the limitation was necessary in his age, how much is the necessity increased by the almost endless multiplication of books in later times! Mr. Hallam mentions some subjects, such as mathematical science and anatomy, on which his observations are derived from secondary sources; and, when characters of books are inserted with a reliance upon other judges, without direct examination, the reader is usually warned of the fact. Such frankness marks the high-minded scholar, and inspires full confidence in his fidelity as a guide. After all these limitations, the work is a singular monument of literary industry, a vast storehouse, in which are garnered the rich accumulations of an active scholar's life. With Italian, French, English, and modern Latin literature, the author seems to be equally familiar. He is less acquainted with Spanish books, and his knowledge of German is evidently partial. The nature of the work imperatively required a full acquaintance with theology, speculative philosophy, ethics, political science, ancient literature, the drama, poetry, and belles-lettres, and on all of these the writer speaks with equal confidence. We could hardly expect more, even from the prodigies of German industry.

In executing such a work, there was evident danger of overlaying it with erudition, and presenting only the lifeless form of general literature, without any of its vivacity and grace. A writer intent only upon the display of his acquisitions would surely have fallen into this error, from which the refined taste and freshness of thought and language, displayed by Mr. Hallam, have effectually preserved him. The volumes abound with curious information, tasteful criticism, and elegant disquisition; and, considering also the miscellaneous nature of the contents, affording pleasant cates for every kind of appetite, we hardly know of a more readable book. If any portion is open to the charge of dullness, it is the rather diffuse analysis of some ponderous works on ethical and political science, for which the previous studies of Mr. Hallam may have created in him a liking, that many of his readers cannot be expected to share. He probably forgot the extent of such matter, when he wrote the remark in

the preface, that this should not be considered as a book of reference on particular topics, but as an entire and synoptical work. Most persons would rather refer occasionally to such copious abstracts, than read them continuously. One source of interest he has voluntarily resigned, by omitting entirely the biography of authors, and alluding but very seldom to any peculiar traits in their characters, or remarkable incidents in their lives. It is true, that much gleaning in so wide a field would swell the book beyond reasonable compass; but we incline to believe, that a somewhat larger portion of narrative than he has admitted, would throw light upon many of the topics discussed, and much facilitate the reader's progress. The lives and writings of literary men have such an intimate connexion, that in some cases, as in that of Descartes, for instance, we cannot gain a full knowledge of one, without some acquaintance with the other.

The practice of the French and Germans has been to introduce much general speculation into the history of letters. A full consideration of the general causes affecting the literary character of any age or country is blended with much ingenious theorizing on the possible results of a different combination of circumstances, and on the degree in which external influences may be resisted, or evaded. We cannot entertain much regard for such speculations. Though a proud title, that of "the philosophy of history," is claimed for them, they have been sadly abused in our times, and their utility, to say the least, is not very apparent. It is far more likely, that one's patience will fail in the perusal, than that the writer's fancy will be exhausted in the manufacture of such lucubrations. After an event has taken place, it is very easy to lay down general principles, in virtue of which it may be demonstrated, that it *must* have happened precisely in that way, and in no other. The only question is, whether such a connexion between cause and effect would have been discovered before the event happened. If so, it is a great misfortune, that the theorist was not born in the very age and country wherein his abilities as a prophet might have been manifested. M. Cousin has studied the philosophy of this subject so thoroughly, that he has even discovered a method of writing history *a priori*, founded on the original principles of the human mind, and the necessary connexion between ideas. He has demonstrated his theory

in reference to the past, though we believe he has not yet written out his narration of every thing which is to happen, even to the end of time.

Mr. Hallam has cautiously avoided such fanciful speculations, so that it has even been objected to his work, that it is not so much a history of literature, as a *catalogue raisonné* of books and literary men. If he has erred at all, it is undoubtedly on the safe side, and we are sure that the real value of his work is enhanced by such a course, though it may not at once acquire so brilliant a reputation, as if written on a different model. We feel certain that the writer has gone honestly to work, — that the story is fairly and fully told, — without mutilation or coloring, in order to suit a preconceived theory. This assurance is worth all the elaborate fancies, that the most ingenious speculatist ever framed. To inspire perfect confidence is one of the highest results at which a writer, who aims at instruction, can hope to attain. There is little profit in receiving information, when one is obliged to doubt and question at every moment. Let the facts be honestly set forth, and the reader may speculate for himself. If the lesson be not an obvious one, it is probably not true. If it requires to be supported by nice deductions and fine-spun reasoning, arguments of equal tenuity will be able to overthrow it. The writer can claim a power of framing general conclusions superior to that of his reader, only on the ground, that he knows more than he has seen fit to communicate. If so, he is to blame for unnecessary secrecy. Let him keep back the inferences, and divulge the facts. Such was the plan, at least, on which the ancients wrote history, and their other writings show no inaptitude for contriving the most comprehensive theories.

We do not mean, that Mr. Hallam is wholly averse to general speculation. His work is something more than a mere dictionary of books and names. It bears the marks, throughout, of a comprehensive, acute, and thoughtful mind, that cannot watch the succession of facts without being struck with the connexion between them, though he usually puts only the clue to the maze of causes and effects into the reader's hands, and leaves him to trace out its remoter windings. Some of the general remarks, for instance, on the great events which took place in Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and their effects on the literary

spirit of the age, and on the circumstances which caused the rise and progress of certain schools of philosophy and letters, are ingenious and profound. But they are everywhere made subsidiary to the leading object of the work. Facts are not overlaid by theory, nor wrested into unnatural conformity with it. The history suggests general reflections, instead of furnishing them ready made. It is a vast repository of materials, on which the future speculatist may build.

But it is time to look more particularly into the contents of these volumes. The work commences with an introductory chapter on the general state of literature in the Middle Ages, up to the end of the fourteenth century. As the writer had treated this subject at length in a former work, a very brief sketch is here given, which, however, supplies many curious additional facts, that have been brought to light by recent researches. The history and antiquities of the Middle Ages have been studied of late with great zeal in Europe, the interest which attaches to the subject being partly a cause and partly a consequence of that great revolution of taste, which has brought the Romantic school in literature into such general favor. Fragments of the popular poetry of those times have been hunted up with great eagerness, and, though we cannot but believe, that its intrinsic merits in most cases have been even ludicrously exaggerated by the zeal of philologists and antiquaries, it is still very interesting, from the light which it throws on the origin and growth of the modern languages of Europe. Mr. Hallam has given a brief, but clear, summary of the results of recent inquiries respecting the formation of the Italian, Provençal, and French languages from the Latin, and of the English from the Anglo-Saxon, and has pointed out the sources of information for those who wish to pursue the subject. His account of the remarkable change in versification, from the metrical verse, marked by quantity, in use by the ancients, to the rhythmical poetry, measured by the accent or emphasis, adopted by the moderns, appeared novel to us, from the very high antiquity ascribed to the latter system. Traces of it, he observes, may be found in the second century, and even much earlier, long before the ancient arrangement by quantity had become obsolete. The two systems existed contemporaneously for a considerable period, the one among the instructed classes, and the other in the songs and

popular poetry of the day, as its jingle was more pleasing to the ears of the vulgar. A necessary inference from this statement is, that "the distinction of long and short syllables, even while Latin remained a living tongue, was lost in speech, and required study to attain it." If this be so, it is strange that no more definite explanation has reached us, of the means by which the quantity of syllables was indicated in the pronunciation. The mode of reciting ancient verse is still a mystery; for no difference of emphasis, or tone, can make a syllable of many letters appear short, and it is extravagant to suppose, either that poetry could be read aloud only in a kind of chant, or that it could be distinguished from prose only by the eye. If the mode of pronouncing words agreeably to quantity was a part of the education of the higher classes, the common people being unacquainted with it, it is strange that we do not find some rules and directions concerning it laid down in the books. It should have formed an obvious topic of speculation and precept, and the total silence respecting it, observed even by the critical and rhetorical writers, is inexplicable. If the common people were ignorant of it in the second century, there is no reason to suppose, that they were better instructed in the days of Augustus; and Mr. Hallam seems to favor this conclusion. But is it credible, that, to the ears of the great body of the people, Virgil and Horace wrote nothing but prose?

Commencing with the fifteenth century, the plan of Mr. Hallam's work includes, in great part, the history of that great awakening of literary spirit in Europe, which is usually called "the Revival of Letters." With more propriety might it be denominated the revival of a taste for the Latin, and subsequently for the Greek, classics. The search after manuscripts, the elucidation of the text, and a painful imitation of the style of the ancient writers, formed almost the only employment of the learned. Science had few votaries, and the nascent literature of their own age and language was viewed rather as a relaxation, than as a broad and honorable field of exertion. Italy alone boasted of three great men, whose writings had purified and strengthened the vernacular tongue, and whose native prose and poetry furnished as bright models for study and imitation as the imperishable remains of Roman and Grecian genius. But these very writers were hardly aware of their own success.

They threw carelessly aside the treasures which they had collected above ground, and continued to delve in the Latin mine. Boccaccio wrote Latin with more care and diligence than he did Italian, and Petrarch prized his poem of "Africa" more highly than his sonnets.

The men who first set the example of this passion for ancient literature, were undoubtedly persons of refined minds and a pure taste, though too many of their eminent successors appear to us, at least, only as laborious pedants. The former were weary of the subtile and vain disputes of scholastic philosophy and theological literature, and of the barbarous Latin in which they were carried on; and to their refined perceptions, the elegance, harmony, and correctness, the faultless purity, of ancient Roman poetry and eloquence came like the revelation of a new world of intellect. The classics occupied their whole minds, and they naturally disregarded the contemporaneous literature which was beginning to spring up around them, — the ballad epics of Germany and the poetry of the Troubadours, for instance, — in which strength was attended with rudeness and impurity, and a luxuriant fancy borrowed no grace or polish from art. Familiarity with Latin, and a competent knowledge of Greek, became the common badge of all the learned. By means of the former, scholars of different countries corresponded with each other, and a clannish and emulous feeling was kept alive among them, without the necessity of learning their respective vernacular languages, which they seem to have considered almost as barbarous dialects, fit only for the vulgar. It was a fortunate circumstance for the progress of learning, that the scholars dispersed through Europe possessed this substitute for a common language, without which, in that age, communication with each other had been difficult, and in many cases impossible. They were few in number, comparatively, and widely scattered among the nations; and without this means of intercourse many of them would doubtless have lived and died in perfect seclusion. Another advantage was, that each university was thrown open to pupils of all countries, and learned men of every clime could be invited to take a share in instruction. The practice of giving lectures, conducting correspondence, and writing books in Latin, has been long since abandoned; and the consequences have been very favorable to the diffusion

of learning; but it may well be doubted, whether they have equally aided its progress. It were idle now to discuss the project of a universal language; for the age in which alone, if at all, it was practicable, has long since passed away. But the substitute for it, which was possessed for a long period by European scholars, exerted a greater influence, than is commonly attributed to it, in promoting the revival of a literary spirit, and aiding the progress of science throughout the civilized world.

In searching for the causes of the enthusiasm for antiquity, which manifested itself particularly in Italy in the beginning of the fifteenth century, Mr. Hallam attributes much to the pride, which the inhabitants of that country felt in their descent from the Romans; and he alludes to the story of Rienzi, as a proof of the ardor which might be kindled by ancient recollections. But it may be doubted, whether this feeling was strong and permanent enough to exert so much influence on the pursuits of the learned, and whether classical studies were not rather a cause, than a consequence, of the proud sense, which the Italians entertained of their high parentage. Besides, though the scholars of Italy led the way, the enthusiasm soon spread into other countries, and became as vivid and lasting there, though it was fostered by no national associations. A more natural explanation presents itself in the contrast, to which men of taste must have been keenly sensible, between the polished specimens of Roman genius, and the rude literature and other half-barbarous studies of that age. A perception of this contrast evidently animated the exertions of such persons as Petrarch and Poggio, and probably kindled equal zeal in many of their contemporaries. Born in this way, the devotion to classical studies was kept alive and strengthened by a less honorable feeling, — by the pride which scholars felt in an exclusive means of intercourse with each other, and in a pursuit so far removed from the taste and occupations of the common people. In every subsequent age, also, the pride of scholarship has centred particularly in these studies, an acquaintance with them being made to constitute, often very improperly, the only distinction between an educated and an uneducated man. No exclusiveness of this sort was ever maintained by the votaries of science. It was enough, that their pursuits were tolerated by the side of an employment, distinction in which formed the chief triumph of the learned.

The exaggerated estimate of ancient genius undoubtedly caused the neglect, with which the first blossoms of modern literature were received. Some of the most remarkable productions of the human mind, like Dante's great poem, attracted but little notice for many years after the death of their authors. Mr. Hallam says, that, for a hundred years, it was thought unworthy of a man of letters, even though a poet, to write in Italian. A more important effect of this classical zeal was manifested in erecting a standard of taste, and establishing principles of criticism, on which the literature of after times was formed. Greek and Roman associations reigned paramount for a long period in the schools of taste. An undue importance was attributed to method, polish, correctness, and purity, while vivacity, strength, and naturalness were held in lighter esteem. The effect of establishing such a standard of excellence was felt particularly in Italy and France, where the enthusiasm for antiquity, nursed by the pride of descent and consanguinity of language, was first felt and most widely diffused. It was less perceptible in England, where classical studies never flourished in an equal degree. The elaborate and artificial style of the Italian prose writers may be traced to this cause, which produced its most striking effects, however, in forming the pedantic taste and solemn stiffness, which characterize the literature of the age of Louis the Fourteenth. The separation between the Classical and Romantic schools of criticism, may be considered as beginning in the fifteenth or in the eighteenth century. In the former case, the taste of the educated classes was formed entirely on the ancient models, while the popular poetry was adapted of course to the feelings and associations of the multitude, to whom it was addressed. The two schools stood side by side, but not in opposition. But in later times, the relative importance of classical studies has sensibly diminished, even with the learned. The Middle Ages have assumed the dignity of antiquity in our eyes, and the poetry, which once formed the amusement of the populace, is now the object of the scholar's anxious research and careful study. The opposition between the two kinds of taste has become obvious and striking; it is waged with equal arms, and Romanticism, aided as it always is by the popular voice, threatens to push its old rival wholly off the throne.

Leaving this rather worn subject, we come to a few more

general remarks of our author on the prevailing trains of sentiment and opinion, which shaped the public mind at the close of the mediæval period. Our readers may like to possess Mr. Hallam's opinion on one of the most interesting topics which here come into notice, and we therefore extract the passage.

"The popular taste had been also essentially affected by changes in social intercourse, rendering it more studiously and punctiliously courteous, and especially by the homage due to women under the modern laws of gallantry. Love, with the ancient poets, is often tender, sometimes virtuous, but never accompanied by a sense of deference or inferiority. This elevation of the female sex through the voluntary submission of the stronger, though a remarkable fact in the philosophical history of Europe, has not, perhaps, been adequately developed. It did not originate, or at least very partially, in the Teutonic manners, from which it has sometimes been derived. The love-songs again, and romances of Arabia, where others have sought its birthplace, display, no doubt, a good deal of that rapturous adoration which distinguishes the language of later poetry, and have, perhaps, in some measure, been the models of the Provençal troubadours; yet this seems rather consonant to the hyperbolical character of Oriental works of imagination, than to a state of manners where the usual lot of women is seclusion, if not slavery. The late editor of Warton has thought it sufficient to call 'that reverence and adoration of the female sex which has descended to our own times, the offspring of the Christian dispensation.' But, until it can be shown that Christianity establishes any such principle, we must look a little farther down for its origin.

"Without rejecting, by any means, the influences of these collateral and preparatory circumstances, we might ascribe more direct efficacy to the favor shown towards women in succession to lands, through inheritance or dower, by the later Roman law, and by the customs of the northern nations; to the respect which the clergy paid them (a subject which might bear to be more fully expanded); but above all, to the gay idleness of the nobility, consuming the intervals of peace in festive enjoyments. In whatever country the charms of high-born beauty were first admitted to grace the banquet or give brilliancy to the tournament, — in whatever country the austere restraints of jealousy were most completely laid aside, — in whatever country the coarser, though often more virtuous, simplicity of unpolished ages was exchanged for winning and delicate artifices, — in

whatever country, through the influence of climate or polish, less boisterousness and intemperance prevailed, — it is there that we must expect to find the commencement of so great a revolution in society." — Vol. I. p. 101.

Most of the circumstances here assigned as causes seem rather to be manifestations of the very change of opinion, the origin of which is sought to be explained. The question is, why were the women admitted to inherit lands, or why did the clergy show them more respect, or the nobility esteem servitude to them as the highest distinction of a true knight? Mr. Hallam appears to underrate the influence of the only cause, which is sufficiently general and powerful to account for this striking alteration of sentiment. It is true, that the Christian doctrine does not directly prescribe respect and forbearance towards the weaker sex, but its indirect influences, especially in that form, — the Romish faith, — which was then almost universal in Europe, were highly favorable to the advancement of woman in society. The worship of the Virgin Mother necessarily redounded to the advantage of her sex. In hymning the praises of the blessed Mary, the priest and the devotee were led by an easy transition to the kindred excellences of female saints and martyrs, and then to the general qualities of the female character, which always affords the brightest patterns of unbounded faith, meekness, fortitude, and love. An imperfect understanding of the Gospel scheme could not wholly obscure the truth, that these gentler virtues, most unlike the strong and stern qualities of man's ruder nature, still occupied a much higher rank than the latter as Christian graces. In this way, without the force of direct commands, the silent influence of our religion constantly leads to a higher appreciation of the weaker sex. Woman has gained estimation, and even reverence, wherever the Gospel has been preached.

Besides, the natural constitution of the sexes, when its effects are not restrained or modified by positive institutions, makes the strong a suitor to the weak. The passion of love, when custom or law does not allow it the unnatural right of manifesting itself through harsh authority, or brute force, humbles man into a suppliant, and dignifies woman with the power to grant or refuse. Hence, to do away the prejudices, and the absurd institutions, derived from Paganism and Oriental manners, was to restore woman to the use

of a natural advantage, by which Providence has balanced the superior strength of the other sex, and to give her an immediate superiority. In other words, when opinion establishes the rightful equality of the two, so that man is debarred the privilege of strength, woman at once becomes his superior, — his sovereign. He must bend at her footstool, and execute her behests. Now, Christianity teaches the natural equality of the whole race, and by doing away with Pagan institutions, and thus directly rescuing females from the condition of slaves, it indirectly raised them to a higher state. Men fell into natural subjection to them, and became proud of their chains. We trust that this solution of the problem, which we honestly believe to be the true one, is satisfactory to our fairer readers.

Mr. Hallam thinks, that a respectful deference to woman first began to appear as an element of European manners in the south of France, and near the close of the tenth century. It is very probable, that the condition of the sex was sensibly ameliorated at a much earlier date, though it is impossible to affirm this with certainty, as we possess so few indications of the state of manners and domestic life in those ages. Very naturally, the imperfect civilization of the times, with the constant wars and intestine commotions which accompanied and followed the fall of the Roman Empire, greatly retarded the change, which the spread of the Christian religion was slowly bringing about. Real gallantry at last appeared among the people, who have ever since boasted of it as a peculiar trait of their national manners, and at a time when various circumstances were preparing the way for an outburst of religious enthusiasm. Somewhat later, poetry and romance, by inculcating a deeper vein of sentiment, and lending more varied, fanciful, and exaggerated expressions to passion, powerfully contributed to the progress of female ascendency.

Chivalry and some kindred subjects are here briefly considered by our author, but though the topics are tempting, we must pass on to the graver portions of the work. The history is divided in chronological order, with a minuteness and strict adherence to the plan, which are rather perplexing, from the frequent change of subject and the scattered position of the materials. Thus the introductory chapter is followed by a general account of European literature from 1400 to 1440, and then the circumstances of most

importance in literary history, and the books published, are ranged into decennial periods, and considered in this fragmentary way up to the end of the century. After 1500, another division, into subjects, is added to the chronological arrangement, and philology, science, philosophy, theology, poetry, the literature of taste, &c., are separately treated, usually by half centuries, up to the end of the work. Hence, when an author wrote on several subjects, and published at different periods, one is obliged to look at half a dozen places in the several volumes, in order to gather a full account of his writings. Lord Bacon's "Essays" are considered in one division, his larger philosophical works in another, and his "History of Henry the Seventh" in a third. Some of Shakspeare's plays fall into the latter half of the sixteenth century, and the remainder into the first half of the seventeenth; in a third place, we find a notice of his Sonnets, and in a fourth one of the two longer poems, — these being separated from the plays by the division of subjects. Mr. Hallam's general scheme of distribution is a good one, and, as we have said, it has the weight of Lord Bacon's authority; but it seems to be too rigidly followed out. It were better to treat of one author in full, in that half century in which his principal works were published, and under that subject to which he chiefly devoted himself.

The brilliant period of Lorenzo de' Medici, when Florence became for a time the Athens of the civilized world, is sketched by Mr. Hallam with the brevity, which his limits required, but with a glow of language, that marks the natural attractions of the subject. The names of Politian, Ficinus, and John Picus of Mirandola are enough to cause one to pardon much to the political faults of the prince who patronized them, and of the city which gave them a home. They were men who enriched genius with learning, and if they allowed the one to pass out in extravagance, they prevented the other from degenerating into slavishness and pedantry. If the Platonic enthusiasm of the two latter displayed itself with too little regard to the limitations of reason and good sense, much excuse for them may be found in the circumstances, which first kindled their ardent feelings and gave too wide a range to their speculations. The study of Greek, a taste for which followed so soon upon the revival of Latin literature, enabled them to pass from the elegant but meagre

disquisitions of Cicero, to the eloquent and suggestive dreams of the Platonic philosophy. Their own minds were bold and inventive, and they found ample nutriment for speculation in the dogmas of their own church, and the mingled philosophy and theology of the Grecian sage. They were shielded from the charge of heresy by the recondite nature of their studies, and the lofty flight and mystical expression of their doctrines. Their taste first led them to the study of Plato, whose full-robed and gorgeous speculations in their eyes far outshone the dry technicalities and verbal subtilties, to which the philosophy of Aristotle had been reduced. Afterwards, the license of speculating on such lofty themes began to be fascinating in itself, apart from external decorations, and they learned to mingle the still more fanciful doctrines of the later Platonists, — the Alexandrian school, — with the original teachings of the master. The casual coincidence of these dogmas with some parts of the Christian scheme has often contributed to their popularity, and made them an object of study with those whose minds were naturally inclined to religious mysticism. This partial agreement was sufficient to shield the system that Ficinus published, from the attacks of a bigoted and ignorant priesthood; but his friend and pupil, Picus of Mirandola, whose ardent temperament and thirst for knowledge had involved him in the mysteries of Oriental philosophy and the Jewish Cabala, was not so fortunate. The nine hundred theses on all subjects, metaphysical, theological, magical, and cabalistical, which he published at Rome, and offered to defend against all comers, roused the suspicion of churchmen, who could not understand them. A great clamor was raised, and he was obliged to retract and explain to a considerable extent, before the Pope pronounced him free from censure.

Mr. Hallam remarks, that the whole Platonic theology of Ficinus "appears a beautiful, but too visionary and hypothetical system of theism, the ground-works of which lay deep in the meditations of ancient Oriental sages." It belongs to a class of speculations, which have exercised more or less the aspiring and fanciful minds of every age. The eager curiosity of men respecting the nature and origin of the human soul, its connexion with the Deity, and the possibility of a chain of intermediate intelligences, has caused the formation of a great number of systems, imposing from the

grandeur of the subject considered, captivating from the gorgeous dress in which the doctrines are usually conveyed, but heating and unsatisfactory in their effects, and having no support either in reason or revelation. Indulgence in such fancies seems to incapacitate the mind for calm judgment and sound reasoning, and for any application of the common laws of scientific inquiry. In reading the exposition of them, one is at a loss to know whether the writer puts them forth as serious doctrines, which are to be examined and admitted, or rejected, on the strength of the reasons advanced, or as mere poetical dreams, which may please the intellect for a time, in the same manner that the taste and fancy are gratified by fiction and romance. Revelation affords no materials for them, and seems even to discountenance their formation. The teachings of Christianity are exclusively practical in their aim, though, to a certain extent, speculative truths, great facts, are made known, as a basis, or sanction, for the moral precept. Mere curiosity is never indulged, for the object of religion is not knowing, but doing. The immortality of the soul, and the being and attributes of a God, are revealed as furnishing objects for pious meditation, and incentives to virtuous conduct; but no information is vouchsafed respecting the mode of a future life, the manner of spiritual existence, or the relation which the enfranchised spirit will bear to the Deity. The ambitious mind may speculate upon these questions, but it will speculate in vain. The entire want of success in the inquiry is apparent at once to the cool observer, though it is hidden from the wild imagination and excited brain of him who is engaged in the profitless pursuit. Gleams of the invisible world seem to open upon his straining eyes. Things around him appear to lose their reality. The words of Scripture no longer convey a plain precept, or narrate a simple fact; they are invested with a hidden meaning, and darkly indicate the secrets of a higher state of being. An ambitious and erratic philosophy thus passes over into an insane illuminatism, and he, who began as a scientific inquirer, ends with bringing forward the absurd pretensions of a miracle-worker and a prophet. Spiritual impostures have germinated alike in the cell of the fanatic, and in the closet of the over ardent and daring seeker after speculative truth.

Picus of Mirandola is one of the most remarkable in-

stances of a great mind, unhappily perverted by such delusions. As a prodigy of early attainments, no parallel can be found for him, except in the half fabulous story of the Admirable Crichton. He came to Florence when he was but twenty-two years old, having at that early age exhausted all the metaphysics and theology that were taught in the schools, acquired a knowledge of Hebrew and other Eastern languages, and made for himself a name among scholars and men of taste by the graces of his Latin composition and Italian poetry. He had come to loathe the philosophy then commonly taught in the schools, and, under the instruction of Ficinus, studying more closely the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, he became convinced, that they were but different expositions of the same system, and were both derived in the main from the books of Moses, which appeared to him to be the common storehouse of all science and art. This notion inspired him with new zeal for the study of the Oriental languages, and especially of the Cabalistic books, whence he derived the greater part of his celebrated theses. Though many of these books, which he had sought out with great pains, were but modern forgeries, he believed that they contained a true revelation, and furnished the only means for demonstrating the divine mission of the Saviour, and explaining the mysteries of Christianity. His great plan, which he did not live to finish, was but an expansion of that of the later Platonists, being intended to reconcile all differences of doctrine, and to unite all theories in one grand eclectic system. He died at the early age of thirty-two, leaving a wide reputation as a prodigy of youthful talent and learning, and a warning example against those pursuits, on which he had expended his marvellous industry and genius, without profit either to himself, or to his fellow-man.

The Platonic Academy at Florence, which engrossed so much of the favor of Lorenzo de' Medici, and of which Ficinus and Picus were the distinguished ornaments, hardly survived their deaths; but the disposition which it had created for wild and fanciful speculations in theology and philosophy, continued to be perceptible in the schools for nearly a century. The mystics and theosophists henceforward occupy a prominent place in the history of philosophy, till the labors of Bacon and Descartes exposed the fruitlessness and vanity of their theories, and established the method and principles

of philosophizing for modern times. The history of this speculative movement in the fifteenth and a part of the sixteenth century is curious, as it shows the first effect of the new-born zeal for letters, and the increased study of the languages, on the philosophical tendencies of the age. The knowledge of Greek and Hebrew disinterred many old opinions and theories, which now appeared with all the freshness of recent inquiries, and enriched what had seemed hitherto as an exhausted ground of speculation. On the first opening of a new store of systems, the points of similarity, which they exhibit with each other, and with theories previously known, naturally come first into notice, and the primary effect is to encourage the introduction of Eclecticism into philosophy. In this way, the Alexandrian school arose, forming a connecting link between the ancient systems of the Greeks, and the theology of later times, and of other countries. The comprehensive view of other theories, which forms the groundwork of an Eclectic philosophy, encourages lofty expectations of the ultimate ends to be obtained; and the forced and allegorical interpretations, which are rendered necessary by the attempt to reconcile conflicting doctrines, lead to a mystical form of thought and language. Enthusiasm and mysticism are the twin children of an Eclectic spirit in the schools of speculation. The Platonic Academy at Florence commenced a movement, which was at once a revival and a continuation of the efforts of the later Platonists, and which would have produced equally great results, if the rapidly increased learning and intelligence of the age had not earlier checked its progress. Maturer study and reflection bring out the points of contrast and the antagonist principles of different theories, and expose the futility of any attempt to melt them into one. The invention of the art of printing, and the reformation in the church, with the consequent enlarged freedom of thought and inquiry, were destined to produce better fruits in philosophy, than the mere revival and conglomeration of old errors. Descartes showed, that the whole work must be commenced anew, on a different foundation, and with fresh materials; and Bacon established the method and the principles, on which the new structure was to be reared.

The character and labors of the most eminent men of letters during the first century and a half after the invention of

the art of printing appear in strong contrast, in some respects, with those of a similar class in our own age. In comparing them together, we are at first struck with what appears to be the superior industry of the former, and their greater devotedness to the cause. The men of this generation seem like dwarfs, following in the footsteps of giants. Scholars then worked without any of the rich means and appliances of study, which now enable a schoolboy to accomplish in a month, what then required the toil of years. Grammars and dictionaries were either to be prepared for the first time, or could be found only in a rude and imperfect state. Separate and full treatises on collateral subjects did not assist the student with a rich store of subsidiary information. But modern scholarship, with its ample apparatus, and all its accuracy and refinement, looks puny and trivial, when one contemplates the gigantic monuments of toil, that were left behind them by such men as Budæus, Scaliger, Turnebus, and Stephens. Weighing the two classes of scholars together, seems to be like an attempt to balance the ponderous folios, which inclose the learning of those times, against the light and elegant duodecimo volumes, with large-print text and a generous breadth of margin, which gratify the luxurious tastes of our contemporaries. Both in London and Paris, a little army of commentators and other laborers were recently employed on a new edition of Henry Stephens's Thesaurus, one of the earliest Greek lexicons, as it certainly is one of the largest. The original work was perfected by one man, and was by no means the only, or even the chief, labor of his life, while the modern edition employed so many hands, and was several years in progress. A fanciful writer might compare the modern editors to a swarm of insects, hovering over the carcass of a lion. It may be noticed also, that competent judges do not find the new edition so far superior to the original in fullness and accuracy, as might be expected from the great facilities for rendering it a perfect work.

The division of labor, and the distraction of different employments, are undoubtedly the cause of this apparent inferiority of modern days. The scholars of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries cultivated the ground well, because they worked only a small field. They were well acquainted with the Latin and Greek classics, because they had no occasion

to study any thing else. Science was hardly created, at least in the extended modern signification of the term. How many branches of it exist now, and how comprehensive and varied, a general knowledge of which is essential to every well-educated person, though he may choose to concentrate his own efforts, in the main, on a single department of letters, or one object of research. The accumulated productions of the human mind during three active centuries lie around the scholar in endless profusion, and, as it is ever more easy and delightful to receive than to create, it needs no little self-denial to turn away from such a banquet, and devote one's labors to a single and narrow task. Besides, in a former age, the work was to be commenced from the very foundation, and every inch of an individual's progress carried forward the limits of general knowledge for the whole race. Now, it requires much time and toil to reach the starting-point of fresh inquiry, and many are employed on a secondary task, — in working over again, putting into new shapes, and reducing to a shorter compass, the stores of learning inherited from former centuries. There is as much activity of mind as ever, but the fruits of it do not all appear on the surface. But it must be conceded, that the labor of working up to the present boundaries of knowledge does not favor the disposition or the capacity to extend those limits. A new science, a new object of study or effort, is prosecuted with much greater zeal and success in the earlier years of its history, than after it has made considerable progress, and is established as a regular department of education.

The published correspondence of such men as Erasmus, Scaliger, and their learned contemporaries, shows the singular acerbity with which their literary controversies and personal disputes were managed. The whole vocabulary of abuse is applied with a vigor and earnestness, from which even the editors of political newspapers in modern times might derive a lesson. Judging from the specimens that we have of their letters, and other controversial writings, it does not appear, that the "still air of delightful studies" was favorable to gentleness of disposition or patience under wrong. Perhaps it may be laid down as a general truth, that men who are more conversant with books than with society, who are more accustomed to use language on paper than in conversation, do not weigh the force of harsh terms, or observe

the proprieties of dispute with that caution, which characterizes the speech of persons, who mingle much with the world. It requires more effrontery to speak with freedom, than to write with it; and reproachful language committed to paper is dwelt upon and studied, till it rouses all the angry passions of him to whom it is addressed. When the matter in dispute borders upon theological ground, the violence with which it is urged is naturally increased, and this circumstance explains much of the haste and warmth, with which the controversies, that we are now speaking of, were conducted. Nearly all the actors in them were excited by the strife in words that accompanied the Reformation, and it is well known with how much heat this great religious quarrel was carried on. Many of Luther's publications are summarily characterized by Mr. Hallam as "bellowing in bad Latin."

The remarks of our author on the Reformation and its effects are very brief, but they are well considered, and display very favorably his cool and impartial judgment. The theme lay in his path, for the influence of this great religious movement is very apparent in the history of letters in general, to say nothing of the store of publications which it directly occasioned. We extract a paragraph, that contains an ingenious and striking comparison.

"We cannot give any attention to the story of the Reformation, without being struck by the extraordinary analogy it bears to that of the last fifty years. He who would study the spirit of this mighty age may see it reflected as in a mirror from the days of Luther and Erasmus. Man, who, speaking of him collectively, has never reasoned for himself, is the puppet of impulses and prejudices, be they for good or for evil. These are, in the usual course of things, traditional notions and sentiments, strengthened by repetition, and running into habitual trains of thought. Nothing is more difficult, in general, than to make a nation perceive any thing as true, or seek its own interest in any manner, but as its forefathers have opined or acted. Change in these respects has been, even in Europe, where there is most of flexibility, very gradual; the work, not of argument or instruction, but of exterior circumstances slowly operating through a long lapse of time. There have been, however, some remarkable exceptions to this law of uniformity, or, if I may use the term, of *secular variation.* The introduction of Christianity seems to have produced a very rapid subversion of ancient prejudices, a very conspicuous alternation of the whole channel

through which moral sentiments flow, in nations that have at once received it. This has also not unfrequently happened through the influence of Mohammedism in the East. Next to these great revolutions in extent and degree, stand the two periods we have begun by comparing; that of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, and that of political innovation wherein we have long lived. In each, the characteristic features are a contempt for antiquity, a shifting of prejudices, an inward sense of self-esteem leading to an assertion of private judgment in the most uninformed, a sanguine confidence in the amelioration of human affairs, a fixing of the heart on great ends, with a comparative disregard of all things intermediate. In each there has been so much of alloy in the motives, and, still more, so much of danger and suffering in the means, that the cautious and moderate have shrunk back and sometimes retraced their own steps, rather than encounter evils which at a distance they had not seen in their full magnitude. Hence we may pronounce with certainty what Luther, Hutten, Carlostadt, what again More, Erasmus, Melancthon, Oriander, would have been in the nineteenth century, and what our own contemporaries would have been in their times. But we are too apt to judge others, not as the individualities of personal character and the varying aspects of circumstances rendered them, and would have rendered us, but according to our opinion of the consequences, which, even if estimated by us rightly, were such as they could not determinately have foreseen." — pp. 283, 284.

Among the more valuable portions of Mr. Hallam's work are the clear and full notices of the philosophical writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The summary given in each instance is necessarily brief, but it is distinct and precise, so far as it goes. The historian is content to act in his only proper office, which from the nature of the case is a secondary one, — to develope the views or the system of another, without interlarding it too much with his own opinions, or forcing it into a preconceived scheme of philosophy. He never uses the theory of another only as a pretext for expounding his own. Frequently he confines himself to the humble task of making an analysis or abstract of a particular treatise, and allowing the reader to form his own conclusions respecting its truth and value. The influence of a system is estimated from effects actually produced, from known facts in the subsequent history of speculation, and not from a dogmatical view of the necessary consequences of

certain opinions. In the amount and clearness of the information afforded, Mr. Hallam's work is far superior to Dugald Stewart's agreeable but sketchy "Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy." It does not contain so many pleasing disquisitions, nor is it written with such copiousness and elegance of style. But the parts are more justly proportioned and coherent with each other, and the history is more definite and complete in itself. Stewart too often takes for granted the reader's general acquaintance with the subject, and therefore considers it only in fragments, or under certain aspects. He touches here and there upon the main topic, but does not consider it methodically and at length. His dissertation affords some very pleasant reading, but is unsatisfactory as a whole, and is almost useless as a work of general reference. Mr. Hallam's book is less ambitious in its aim, but it is more complete and instructive.

The account of Lord Bacon's writings, and of the chief characteristics of his philosophy, is carefully labored, and fully sustains the justness of the preceding remarks. The topic was a perplexing one to manage, not that it is difficult to offer something new respecting it, for though trite it is not exhausted; but because so many clashing opinions and superficial views are entertained respecting the nature and the value of the Baconian philosophy. Few subjects are so much talked about and so imperfectly studied. It is no trifling task to master its details and become thoroughly acquainted with its spirit and general bearing, though fragments may be gathered, and crude and imperfect notions imbibed, in every quarter. It is important to recollect, that we possess only a part of the system, which was laid out with such wonderful breadth and method in the *Instauratio Magna*, but which the author did not live to finish. It may be questioned, whether he ever expected to finish it himself, even if he had hoped for a longer life and greater leisure, than he was destined to enjoy. His scheme covered the whole ground, reaching up not only to the actual, but to the possible limits of human knowledge, and, notwithstanding the great progress of science since his day, we are still far from realizing his magnificent anticipations. Laboring at once on several portions of the grand plan, endeavouring not only to establish the theory, but to exemplify it by his own discoveries, and frequently interrupted

in his studies by the active business of life, it is not strange, that some difficulty should be found in piecing together the parts of his unfinished work, and ascertaining the whole reach and aim of his philosophy. It is easy to gain a general but vague idea of his system, to show the direction in which it leads, and to comment on a few of the pregnant and instructive maxims, which are found in its details. But it does not admit of being summed up in a single aphorism. It probably did not dawn upon Bacon himself as one idea, capable, indeed, of numberless applications, and leading a thousand ways, but all referrible to a single point. Those who speak of induction and experiment as his sole method, of physical science as the only field, and of practical utility as the solitary aim of his speculations, have but a very imperfect idea of the Baconian philosophy.

The great merit of Bacon does not consist in his overthrow of the philosophy of the schools, any more than that of Socrates depends on the refutation of the Sophists. Both these great minds were more skilful to create than to destroy, and their fame rests on their success in animating and directing the efforts of their followers and successors, and on the consequent positive accession of human knowledge and happiness. Even in Bacon's time, the authority of the Aristotelian philosophy had visibly declined. Within the moss-covered walls of the universities, indeed, its adherents still maintained their ground ; but the barrenness of the system was perceived, and it continued to be taught only because nothing but mystical speculations or arbitrary hypotheses were offered in its place. The subtilties and vain refinements of the scholastic logic and philosophy were still exercised in the theological field, but science gained nothing in this warfare of words, and the futility of the dispute was generally manifest. The *Instauratio Magna* begins with remarks on the decayed condition of philosophy and natural science, as an admitted fact. "The very authors," — we paraphrase rather than translate the words of Bacon,— "the very authors who have arrogated to themselves a dictatorship in the sciences, and decide with so much confidence on all subjects, when they come to themselves after a short interval, begin to complain of the subtilty of Nature, the dark recesses in which truth is hidden, the obscurity of all things, the intertexture and complexity of causes, and the weakness

of human intellect; appearing none the more modest for this, — that they chose to refer their failure to the common unlucky fate of men and things, rather than confess their individual weakness." The wisdom which we have inherited from the Greeks, he continues, has become a kind of scientific play, and is proper only for boys. It is fertile in controversies, but barren of fruit.

A particular examination of the state of the sciences at this period, would cast another shade over this gloomy picture. Astrology, alchemy, and natural magic were still favorite objects of inquiry and research. There were glimmerings of dawn in the science of the heavens, but the true theory was not yet separated from the false. It was one guess among many. The sailor steered his vessel by the compass and the pole-star, and not by regular observations of the heavenly bodies. Still he went boldly on his course, and geography as a science had made rapid strides. Everywhere but within the scholastic institutions men were weary of the prevalent systems of philosophy, and wished for a better, but knew not whither to turn. With such aids and lights on his path, Bacon commenced his task of legislating for science, — of governing a kingdom that existed as yet only in the far-reaching sagacity of his own mind. The task seemed much like that of Plato, establishing laws for his ideal republic, or of Sir Thomas More, directing the affairs of Utopia. But how different the result! To illustrate his precepts by a running commentary of examples, we must have recourse to the most brilliant discoveries of modern times, — to the Optics of Newton, the experiments of Lavoisier on the gases, those of Davy on the alkalies, of Watt on Steam, and of Franklin on electricity. The younger Herschel, in his excellent "Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy," has recently completed a survey of modern science, and of the methods by which, enlightened by past experience, inquirers are now conducting their researches; and his work, though not an intentional, is still the most instructive commentary on the *Novum Organon*. If the historical survey were extended a little farther, if one should examine the failures of scientific effort, the false theories and exploded hypotheses, of the last two centuries, and thus ascertain the causes of error, he would complete the illustration of another branch of the Baconian philosophy.

It is this forecast of mind, this comprehensive and clear view of science, not as it was, but in the state which it was destined to attain, that gives the most vivid idea of the commanding genius of Bacon. He did not deduce rules from practice, as the Greek critics founded a theory of Epic poetry on the examples of Homer in the Iliad and the Odyssey. The history of the past displayed a warning, but offered no guidance, and he looked to the future only for a satisfactory trial of his method. He aimed to effect a complete survey of the field of human knowledge, and by comparing the work to be done with man's capacity for investigation, to determine what efforts were to be prosecuted, and what relinquished from the impracticability of the end proposed. To adopt his own illustration, he wished no longer to wander darkling on the plain, but to mount the watchtower of a higher science, — *speculam altioris scientiæ*, — whence the whole field could be seen in one view, and the bearings and relations of all its parts be clearly defined. He had full confidence in the future, and the gloomy lessons of experience could not shake his trust. "As for the possibility," he observes, "they are ill discoverers, who think there is no land, when they can see nothing but sea." From his elevated position, not only did his eye catch the first beams of the rising sun, long before it was visible from the plain below, but he beheld the vast region on which it shone. Its high mountains, and pleasant valleys, and broad fields, rich with the promise of harvest, were all extended before him, and he viewed the country and mapped it out for the benefit of coming generations, who were to enter in and take possession. It seems, therefore, that Cowley, in his quaint fashion, has aptly enough expressed the nature of the service, which the great Improver of Learning rendered to his fellowmen.

> "Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last;
> The barren wilderness he passed,
> Did on the very border stand
> Of the blest promised land;
> And, from the mountain-top of his exalted wit,
> Saw it himself, and showed us it."

One quality, which has added to the popularity and consequently to the influence of Bacon's writings, is the impressive character of his style. His imagination was often misled by the false taste of the age, but its power and grandeur

could not be entirely perverted or hidden. It sometimes flashes with the greatest brilliancy, when the subject appears to afford the least scope for its appearance, and it is always at hand to minister to his intellect, or to lend force and authority to his teachings. His philosophy is constantly enveloped in the most splendid imagery, which hangs round it like the drapery round the limbs of an ancient statue, only giving higher ideas of the strength and symmetry of the form, which it partially conceals. His wit often degenerates into conceit, and his fancy is discursive and lawless; but these qualities lend vivacity and point to the aphorisms, in which his most striking thoughts are conveyed, and give them a stronger hold on the attention and memory of the reader. On the whole, the style of Bacon is unique, and it certainly cannot be recommended as a model for philosophical writings; but it gives a vivid idea of the strength and comprehensiveness of his genius, and it has aided and widened the influence of his speculations. Mr. Hallam appears to be little sensible of its power, for his remarks upon it are confined to a censure of the strange and rather fantastic nomenclature, which Bacon attempted to introduce into science. We may admit the awkwardness of the terms thus invented, without losing our admiration of the general qualities of the master's style.

We have said, that it is impossible to sum up the Baconian philosophy in a single proposition. No one word offers the key-note of the whole system. No single theory is presented with a show of sweeping generalization, aided by which we can resolve the errors of former inquirers, and be guided in future by a safe path to a certain result. Mr. Hallam justly observes, that Bacon obtained "a triumph over arrogant usurpation without seeking to substitute another; and he may be compared with those liberators of nations, who have given them laws by which they might govern themselves, and retained no homage but their gratitude." In consequence, his name is not specially connected with any one speculation or method, and his philosophy cannot be brought at once to any simple and decisive test. It must be studied as a whole, in the same comprehensive spirit in which it was conceived. Its theme is as broad as the whole field of human knowledge, and its parts are elaborated with equal care, without being forced into unnatural connexion, or arbitrarily included under a single principle. Every one knows

that induction, as a method of study, is at least as old as Aristotle. But Bacon first perceived its full importance as a means of scientific inquiry, analyzed it, and determined the proper rules of its application. We are familiar enough with the modes of its present use; but how many instances can be found of its successful application as an implement of science in the ages before the time of Galileo and Bacon? It was easy to hit upon, for it was in common use by the vulgar, after a rude fashion, in their ordinary concerns. But it was not in favor with philosophers and men of science. They were ambitious of a higher *organon* of investigation. Fanciful hypotheses, hasty anticipations of the truth, long-drawn deductions from principles arbitrarily assumed, endless commentaries and explanations of the writings of men, who were supposed to have mastered all science only because they lived nearer to the infancy of the human race, — every thing, in short, but patient observation and methodical study, was used as a means of increasing the stores of human knowledge. Bacon showed the way to success by reversing their methods, and teaching humility as the first lesson. He was humble in the choice of means, for he recommended beginning with particulars, and rising by degrees to general propositions, — a course which had hitherto been viewed with contempt. But he inculcated self-dependence, by repudiating the authorities which had long reigned paramount in the schools. He did not wholly reject the Aristotelian logic, but he limited its use to verbal disputes, and proved that it was inapplicable to discovery and invention. He claimed no superiority for physics over speculative science, but he divided their respective territories by a broad line of distinction, and restricted each to the employment of its own proper means of investigation. He discouraged mere speculation in natural science, because it was fruitless; but he also showed the absurdity of merely accumulating particular facts without any principle of order or selection, as from such no useful inference could be drawn. This distinction is best illustrated by himself, though we are again obliged to paraphrase rather than translate the quotation. "Those who have hitherto treated the sciences, have been either empyrics or dogmatists. The empyrics, like ants, only heap up their stores, and use them for food. The speculatists, like spiders, spin their webs out of themselves.

The middle course is that of the bee, which gathers materials from the flowers of the garden and the field, but works them over and digests them by its own faculties. Not unlike this process is the true business of philosophy, which does not depend either wholly or chiefly on the original power of mind, nor yet does it gather materials from natural history and mechanical experiments to be stored away entire in the memory, but to be refashioned and digested by the intellect." *

The philosophy of Bacon is not exclusively utilitarian in its aim or tendency. He did not restrict the ends or uses of science to the physical well-being of mankind. But he rebuked the arrogance and vanity of the Stoical school, who confined themselves to frothy declamations concerning virtue and the true nature of happiness, and neglected the real improvement of the race. It is undoubtedly true, that the inductive method properly so called, as explained in the *Novum Organon*, has a primary reference to physical science, and, through that, to the increase of human power, and the multiplication of bodily comforts. How highly Bacon estimated such results is apparent from the way in which he speaks of the three great inventions of modern times, — the art of printing, gunpowder, and the mariner's compass. These three, he observes, have changed the appearance and condition of things over the whole earth, — the first in literature, the second in war, the third in navigation. Innumerable changes have followed these inventions, — "so that no empire, no sect, no star seems to have exercised so great power and influence over human affairs, as these mechanical contrivances." † But the inductive method is but one part of the Baconian philosophy, and the *Novum Organon*, very incomplete in itself, when perfected, was destined to fill up only a portion of the scheme described in the *Instauratio Magna*, which was meant to include all the objects of human knowledge. Ethical science occupies one division of the treatise on the "Advancement of Learning," and the whole spirit of this work is opposed to any narrow views of the objects to be studied, or the ends to be gained, by the scientific inquirer. Mere practical utility is nowhere held up as the only purpose to be answered by the advancement of knowledge. Not unworthy in itself, it was not broad

* *Novum Organon.* Lib. I. Aphorism. xcv. † *Ibid.* Aph. cxxix.

and dignified enough to be considered by Bacon as the proper limit of endeavour. It is everywhere taken for granted, that knowledge is a sufficient good in itself, and, the desire to attain it being presupposed, the writer's chief care is to guide the student into the proper path, and to direct his efforts. This high appreciation of learning for its own sake cannot be better exhibited than in his own solemn and weighty words.

"Lastly; leaving the vulgar arguments, that by learning man excelleth man in that wherein man excelleth beasts; that by learning man ascendeth to the heavens and their motions, where in body he cannot come, and the like; let us conclude with the dignity and excellency of knowledge and learning in that whereunto man's nature doth most aspire, which is immortality or continuance; for to this tendeth generation, and raising of houses and families; to this buildings, foundations, and monuments; to this tendeth the desire of memory, fame, and celebration, and in effect the strength of all other human desires. We see then how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power, or of the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years, or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter; during which time, infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities, have been decayed and demolished? It is not possible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar; no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years; for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but lose of the life and truth. But the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages; so that, if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits; how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other." — *Advancement of Learning,* pp. 100 – 102.

This is not the language of one who held that inventions and improvements in the arts, the gain of power and the increase of leisure and enjoyment by means of steam-engines, spinning-jennies, rail-roads, and the like, were the highest good to be obtained, and the noblest achievement of knowledge.

Ships and commerce have made large additions to our dominion over the material universe, and to our physical comforts. But Bacon certainly did not consider the power and happiness thus obtained, as the greatest contribution of science to the well-being of mankind.

The question, which has excited some controversy, whether the philosophy of mind falls within the scope of Bacon's inquiry, and is to be prosecuted by his method, can be easily answered, when we have fairly determined what that philosophy is, and what forms its proper object. The first branch of it is Mental Science, or the Philosophy of the Mind, properly so called. Psychology is the latest term in common use, and is perhaps the most convenient one. Here we are concerned with the human mind, as a subject of observation and experiment, as the supposed seat or origin of various phenomena, that admit of number, arrangement, and classification. These phenomena, again, are not produced fortuitously, or at random, but are subject to fixed laws, more or less obvious, that may be definitely expressed. The phenomena are often complex, also, and need to be analyzed and reduced to their simplest elements. We speak of the science as confined entirely to the mind, without forgetting that one important point in it is the question, whether there be any such separate existence as the mind, distinct from matter. If this question be determined in the negative, it would appear, at first sight, that no division can be made, — that there is no room for any science separate from that, which treats of the laws and properties of bodies. Yet the subject is not really affected by the determination of this doubt. Every one is conscious of thinking, reasoning, willing; of pleasure, love, and hatred; and these qualities or phenomena are wholly unlike bulk, figure, extension, and other qualities usually attributed to matter. Now, we do not need to assume in the outset, that there is a separate existence or entity, in which the first class of these attributes inhere. There is no doubt that the two sets of phenomena are perfectly distinct from each other. There is no danger of confounding *them*. Avoiding all hypotheses, therefore, it may be said that psychology treats of those properties which we learn from consciousness; physical science of those that we know through the senses.

If this view is correct, if psychology is a science founded

on the observation of facts, and proceeding by successive generalizations, then the Baconian method is as applicable to it as to any other. It was so considered by Bacon himself, as appears from his very explicit language. "For human knowledge which concerns the mind has two parts; the one that inquireth of the substance or nature of the soul or mind; the other that inquireth of the faculties or functions thereof." And again; "For we as much collect a history, and form tables, concerning anger, fear, shame, and the like, and also concerning examples from civil life, and as much concerning the intellectual operations of memory, combination and partition, judgment and the others, as concerning heat and cold, or light, or vegetation, or such things." If further proof were wanting, we might refer to the writings of Berkeley, Hartley, Reid, and others, as affording many happy instances of the successful application of the inductive method to this part of the philosophy of mind.

The other branch of mental philosophy is far more comprehensive, and embraces all that is usually denominated Metaphysics. All science proceeds from one generalization to another; and must end therefore at a point, — in a science that surveys the bases of all the others, determines their proper relations, and binds the whole into one orderly system of knowledge. It is true, that the word is commonly used in a more loose and popular sense than the one here indicated; but the definition is sufficiently broad to include all the questions usually discussed by metaphysical writers, and it coincides exactly with Bacon's division of the science. "Of Natural Philosophy the basis is Natural History, the stage next the basis is Physic, the stage next the vertical point is Metaphysic." This last is concerned only with first principles; it deals with a class of questions lying at the roots of other sciences, but usually passed over by the inquirer on the main subject, either from a fear that the discussion will lead too far from his proper track, or that the problems are insoluble, or that the solution may be taken for granted without affecting the remainder of the inquiry. Thus the psychologist studies the phenomena of mind, and the law of their arrangement, succession, and mutual dependence, putting aside, as we have done above, the question respecting the real nature of the thinking principle, and the efficient cause of the changes which it exhibits. So the student of

physical science investigates the properties of bodies, and their mode of acting on each other, leaving quite out of view the problem respecting the essence of matter, and the *formal causes*, or internal constitution, of particular bodies, by virtue of which they exhibit their appropriate qualities, and are what they are. The latter portion of this problem, indeed, Lord Bacon seems to consider as forming the chief, if not the only, business of the metaphysician, though his province is now commonly understood to include the whole of the inquiries thus waved by the psychologist and the man of science, together with some others, that we proceed to notice. The ancients, it may be remarked in passing, unwisely confounded the two branches of investigation, and fancied that they were studying nature, when they were only cavilling about abstruse questions of the kind above mentioned. Their physics were all metaphysics.

Ethical philosophy treats of the rights and duties of moral beings. It considers man as a responsible agent, the subject of moral laws as absolute and imperative as those of an organic nature, which govern his material existence. But every question respecting duty and merit presupposes the free agency of man. Laws relating to conduct imply obligation and responsibility, and neither of these can exist without the power of determining our own actions. The dark problem of the freedom of the will, therefore, lies at the gate-way of all ethical inquiries, and most writers on the subject are content to hurry by it as an ugly phantom, with which, they thank their stars, no one but a metaphysician has any thing to do. Even the mathematician, in the axioms which form the basis of his science, and especially in the infinitesimal quantities, which he finds so useful at every stage of his progress, leaves behind him curious and subtile problems for the metaphysical inquirer to solve. The theologian, so far as he is concerned with natural religion, refers a portion of his difficulties, and those which lie the nearest to the starting-point of his inquiry, for the same person to consider and resolve.

Lastly, at the root of all science lies the question respecting the nature, orgin, and certainty of knowledge itself. All study and research proceed from certain postulates, the truth of which is implied at the outset, and at every step of our progress. We rely on the fidelity of the senses, on the in-

formation afforded by consciousness, memory, and the organs of observation. No inquirer thinks it necessary to examine the foundations of belief in general, for his own science is not more concerned than any other with the common basis of investigation. He is content to rest upon the common ground, leaving it to others to ascertain what the nature of belief is, and why it is granted in some cases and withheld in others. But this fundamental inquiry is a problem that we cannot wholly wink out of sight. The answer to it must deeply affect our views of the dignity of human nature, and the certainty of human knowledge. It is possible to indulge a comprehensive skepticism, that affects not merely our trust in one proposition or one science, however important, but undermines the whole fabric of belief, and creates doubts respecting our capacity for progress of any kind. The broad problem respecting the origin of knowledge has been agitated again and again by a class of inquirers reluctant to abandon the attempt altogether, yet half conscious that it transcends the farthest reach of their faculties. How is experience possible? — is the question, according to Kant, that lies at the threshold of every system of metaphysics, which pretends to be called a science. His own solution is a mere evasion of the difficulty, and the problem remains, as before, a proof, that philosophers do not always succeed in dispelling the doubts, which their own speculations have raised.

If this view of the province of metaphysics be correct, it follows, that, far from being excluded from Bacon's inquiry, it covers the very position which he hoped to attain. It coincides very nearly with his *philosophia prima*, wherein he hoped to find the vantage-ground, from which to complete his survey and trial of all systems and all knowledge. It is the science of first principles, and of the highest generalization, being, to adopt his own metaphor, the stage next to the vertical point of the pyramid of truth. It underlies all the other sciences, constitutes a point of departure for them, and, if any important discoveries within its province are ever effected, it must materially affect their principles and mutual relations. But, in this particular, it is hardly wise to entertain any sanguine expectations. The problems of which it consists have been constantly agitated from the infancy of the human race down to the present time; but it would be hard to point out one difficulty that has been removed, or

one point that has been finally determined. Fortunately, they lie out of the path of the common inquirer, or they may be avoided by him without detriment to his further researches. If they are removed from this independent position, and mingled with common investigations in science, they invariably perplex and mislead the student. Standing by themselves, they may task the ingenuity of the disputant, and exercise the faculties of the lover of hardy speculation. If the attempt to solve them ends only in disappointment, the inquirer may console himself with the equal failure of those who have gone before, and with the indirect gain to his own powers of investigation, while engaged in the trial. We assent entirely to the remark of a writer, who was certainly not prejudiced in favor of this abstruse science, that "the chief value of such speculations will be found to consist in the exercise which they afford to the faculties, and the delight which is produced by the consciousness of intellectual exertion."

The question respecting the actual influence of Bacon's genius on the progress of science since his time, is a curious one, and is discussed with ability and learning by Mr. Hallam. But we must pass over this portion of his remarks, and come to the account of the writings and philosophical merits of Descartes. Dugald Stewart has given to this celebrated man the proud title of "Father of the experimental philosophy of the human mind." We can hardly admit that he deserves such a lofty appellation, though his services were great, and his influence on the course of speculation in Europe was conspicuous, and, for the most part, beneficial for more than a century, and can hardly be said to have ceased at the present day. Literary history presents few more instructive examples of the reciprocal workings of thought and action, than that which is found in the life and writings of René Descartes. His active life, — a busy and eventful one, — was designed, as he affirms, to be a preparation for his philosophical labors, and these last, in their turn, modified and directed his conduct and fortunes. His vocation was a peculiar one, and was selected very early in life; and he educated himself for it with great care, not only in the academy and the closet, by books and lectures, but also in the crowded camp, on the battle-field, in the amusements of a great metropolis and the dissipation of a court, and,

finally, in entire seclusion from the world. He gave an account of his life, and the progress of his studies, in the "Discourse upon Method," the first of his philosophical publications. The narrative is a curious one, and we may rely in the main on its candor and truth, though it is doubtful whether his early career was governed exclusively by a single principle, and directed with such unity of purpose, as he represents, and as it probably appeared to him, when reflecting upon it in the latter part of his life.

He was born in 1596, of a noble, though not a wealthy family in Touraine. At an early age, he was sent to school at La Flèche, to profit by the instruction of the Jesuits in the scholastic philosophy, which was then in vogue. The weakness of his health, particularly a complaint in his chest, procured for him a dispensation from the regular exercises of the seminary, and a permission to employ his leisure as he saw fit. This liberty he eagerly improved by reading every book that came in his way, whether good, bad, or indifferent. The result was unfortunate. He discovered such a conflict of opinions in science, so much disputation and uncertainty in philosophy, and such imperfect aids to investigation in the systems of logic which were then in use, that the pursuit of truth under the guidance of former inquirers seemed a hopeless task. Mathematics afforded him some relief, and he studied this science with ardor and success. But the field here was too narrow for his ambitious and grasping intellect, and he sought in vain for demonstrative evidence in the other sciences.

He resolved, therefore, to give up his books, and to seek for the elements of a better philosophy in active life, — to study henceforth only the great volume of the world. He thought that men must regulate their daily conduct on more correct data and by sounder principles, than could be found in books, or they could not succeed so well. By mingling in their pursuits, and quitting the beaten paths of study, he might ascertain their rules of conduct, and apply them for his own guidance in erecting a new system of knowledge. If we may trust his own account, these were the meditations of a boy of sixteen.

At this age, he quitted La Flèche and went to Paris, where he remained for four years. A portion of this time he spent in study, devoting himself chiefly to mathematics,

and laying the foundation of those discoveries in geometry, which are among his most important contributions to science. The remainder of the period he gave up freely to the amusements and dissipation of the metropolis. At the age of twenty he entered the army as a volunteer, and in the employ of Prince Maurice of Nassau, and, subsequently, of the Duke of Bavaria and the Emperor Ferdinand the Second, he saw much service and became fully acquainted with the military profession. He was present at the great battle of Prague, and on that and other occasions is said to have distinguished himself in arms. Yet he disliked the employment, and had a particular aversion to tumult and bloodshed. This dislike enabled him the better to keep his original purpose constantly in view, and to make all his experience subservient to the great object of constructing a new system of inquiry and belief. Becoming weary of military life, he resigned his commission, and spent several years in travelling. He visited Denmark, Hungary, and Italy, and spent a year or two at Paris, and as much at his birthplace. With a temperament naturally sanguine and enthusiastic, constant meditation on his magnificent plans so heated his brain, that he was in danger of becoming insane. He had remarkable dreams for three nights in succession, in which it seemed that the great road to truth, the object of his constant search, was pointed out to him by divine aid, and a method indicated for establishing all science on an immovable basis. When he waked, of course, he could remember nothing distinctly, but he vowed that he would make a pilgrimage to Loretto, if he should ever be so happy as to recover these mysterious revelations. The same feverish turn of mind was perceptible in his devotion for a time to the doctrines of the Rosicrucians, a sect of mystifying quacks, who first came into notice about this period. But he soon detected the emptiness of their professions, and quitted them in disgust. At the age of thirty-three he went to Holland, intending to fix his abode there, and prepare for the world the fruits of his meditations and varied researches.

And what had he gained from his extended travels, his renunciation of books, his military service, his twenty years' observation of men and things? At first view, it appeared that all had profited him little or nothing. He had found that common men engaged in active life were no wiser than

books and philosophers ; that opinions differed as widely in the mass, and fluctuated as rapidly in the individual ; that all persons relied on probabilities, because they could not attain to demonstration ; and that they did not arrive at a knowledge of the truth, because they were drawn away from its pursuit by the alluring chase after authority and pleasure. Still, it seemed that he had derived from his experience some advantage in the discipline of his faculties, and the perception of the causes of the errors committed by others ; and he now wished to live in perfect retirement, that he might have leisure to mature his thoughts, and to prosecute his researches. He confided the secret of his retreat to one friend only, that his necessary correspondence by letters might be kept up, and changed his habitation frequently, that he might avoid the search of others, and any interruption from visiters, whom he detested. He was naturally timid, and the persecutions that Galileo was undergoing, deterred him for a long time from publishing any of his speculations. Overcome at last by the solicitations of friends, who knew the importance of his researches, he gave to the world his treatise "upon Method," first published in 1637.

The character of Descartes appears with as much distinctness in this short treatise, as in the preceding sketch of his early career. He was a bold and independent thinker, with a mind exercised by the severe discipline of mathematical study, and freed through his long intercourse with the world from the prejudices of the closet and the narrowing influences of exclusively scholastic pursuits. His boldness inclined even to arrogance, and he was not always willing to allow to others the same freedom of inquiry which he claimed for himself. He easily detected the fallacies and assumptions of the philosophical systems which were then current, and he aspired to erect one in their place, which should stand on as firm a basis, and be secured with as much method and strength, as the science of the geometer. The structure was to be entirely his own, and to include none of the forms or the materials of the theories which it was intended to displace. He had observed, he says, that works executed by one hand were more regular, and the parts more harmonious and better fitted to each other, than those which united the contributions of different minds and successive ages. The political constitution of Lacedæmon excelled that of the

other states of Greece, because it was the work of one mind, and came perfect from the conception of a single artificer. "I had remarked, also, that, in forming opinions on obscure subjects, it was unsafe to be influenced by the example of the greatest number, for one was often more likely to find the truth than many. Instead of choosing, therefore, among the judgments of others, I thought it right to form an opinion for myself. But as those who walk by night proceed with slow and cautious steps, I resolved to look carefully around, so that if I did not advance fast, there might at least be no danger of falling." He determined, therefore, to admit nothing except upon clear and certain evidence, to avoid precipitation in forming his judgments, to divide difficult questions into several parts and examine each in succession, and to treat all subjects of investigation in a certain order, beginning with the simplest, and rising by degrees to the more difficult and abstruse.

These rules are sufficiently simple and obvious ; but it would be difficult to find any speculative writer, before the time of Bacon and Descartes, who successfully reduced them to practice. There was no great merit in the mere enunciation of them even at that period ; but to adhere to them with great closeness and fidelity in the exposition of a new theory of knowledge, affords proof of no ordinary strength and discipline of mind. The methodical and cautious manner in which he conducted his researches, and his strict adherence to the principles which he had established, had a happy influence on the formation of his style, which is a model of correctness, perspicuity, and good taste. He was rather imperious in disputation, and he certainly showed no lack of confidence in his own powers when he proposed his scheme for a thorough reform in philosophy. But his language at the commencement of his work was sufficiently subdued and modest. "I may be deceived," he says, "and these may be nothing more than glass and pebbles, which I am here offering for gold and precious stones. I know how subject we are to errors, and how doubtful is the favorable testimony of friends. I do not intend, therefore, to point out a universal method of seeking after truth, but to describe the road on which I have travelled. The narration will at least serve the purpose of a history or a fable ; among some things which it will be well to imitate, others may be found, which ought carefully to be avoided."

The philosophy of Descartes deserves attention and respect, not more from the mixture of important truths with the errors which it contains, than from the excellent spirit in which it was conceived, and the uniformity and careful adherence to principle, with which it was carried out. If we except the writings of Bacon, which were published but a few years before the "Discourse upon Method," and which Descartes probably had not seen, it was the first steady assertion of the right of free inquiry in speculative science, after the bondage of thought for ages. It was the first distinct repudiation on the Continent of the infallibility of the ancients, the superiority of their modes of inquiry, and the authority of the established schools, — the first attempt to found a theory of science on independent research and the dictates of common sense. It differed from the philosophy of Bacon, in that its own principles were reduced to practice, and an attempt was made to execute the work, for which the former proposed only to show the way. Bacon invented a method, while Descartes erected a system. Viewed as a whole, this system was defective and unsound, though it contained the germs of many truths. It had the inherent vice of an entire theory, which Bacon himself exposed in the most pregnant and forcible terms.

"Another error, of a diverse nature from all the former, is the over early and peremptory reduction of knowledge into arts and methods; from which time commonly sciences receive small or no augmentation. But as young men, when they knit and shape perfectly, do seldom grow to a farther stature; so knowledge, while it is in aphorisms and observations, it is in growth; but, when it once is comprehended in exact methods, it may perchance be farther polished and illustrated, and accommodated for use and practice; but it increaseth no more in bulk and substance." — *Advancement of Learning*, p. 55.

Misled by the example of the geometer, Descartes selected what may be termed the *a priori* method in speculation, — adopting a principle or a fact as the basis of the inquiry, and reasoning down from that to inferior truths. The chain of his philosophy begins with his own existence, and proceeds to the reality of a First Cause, the being of a God, on whose veracity the whole strength of the subsequent convictions is made to depend. He began by doubting every thing, by refusing to admit the validity of mathematical evi-

dence, the existence of outward things, of his own body, or even of himself. Universal skepticism, he maintains, is the true point of departure in philosophy, for this alone can save us from the admission of error, though it does not carry us forward a step on the road to truth. How can I rise from this abyss of unbelief? I doubt every thing; but to doubt is to think, and thought implies existence. *I think; therefore I am.* Hence, it appears that my own existence may be taken as a sure basis, on which to build a system of belief. I will begin with this, resolved to admit nothing as a philosophical truth, which may not be deduced from it by strict and accurate reasoning. But I have already supposed the non-existence of the outward world and of my own body, and it is evident that my own being is not affected by the want of them. The essence of my being, therefore, consists in thought, and is wholly independent of place, body, or any material thing. This being or entity, then, of which thought is the essence, is more easily known than the body, and may be conceived to exist, though the body were destroyed. What is it? A thinking being, — that is, an existence capable of knowing, doubting, affirming, denying, and susceptible of pleasure and pain. But I may have experienced all these states without knowing any thing of the qualities or laws of matter, and therefore the study of matter can avail me nothing in the study of my mental constitution. Whatever is admissible by the senses, whatever can be pictured by the imagination as an outward thing, cannot be subservient to the knowledge of mind.

The next step in the theory, the proof of the being of a God, we had occasion to examine at length in a recent number of this Journal, and therefore we pass over it at present.* Having established the fact, that a perfect being exists, Descartes immediately deduces from it a ground of belief in the reality of the external world and in the legitimate inferences of the understanding. For a perfect being cannot wilfully deceive his creatures, and therefore the faculties with which he has endowed us, when exercised within their established limits and confined to their proper objects, are worthy of trust. In other words, we are not liable to any errors but those which arise from the imperfect or unguarded use of the

* See *North American Review*, Vol. LIV. pp. 120 *et seq.*, 362 *et seq.*

senses and the understanding, and which may be ascertained and corrected by due care and diligence. According to this system, it is obvious, that even the intuitive convictions of the reason, — the axioms of geometry, for instance, — do not merit confidence for their own sake, or because they are absolute and universal, but we rely upon them through our trust in the wisdom and goodness of God. The fallacy of this method is very apparent; for the credibility of intuition is made to depend upon a preceding argument; and, whether demonstrative or not, this argument owes its only efficacy to the intuitive convictions on which it is built. More briefly, intuition is admitted on demonstrative evidence, though the demonstration itself is founded upon an intuition.

The great merit of the Cartesian theory consists in the distinct recognition of personal existence, as implied in every act of the understanding, and in the admirable argument for the immateriality of the thinking principle. These are the great services which the author rendered to the philosophy of mind, and they certainly go far to justify the praise, which is awarded to him by the historians of the science. The distinct enunciation of these truths by Descartes, and the publication of the works of Bacon, make the commencement of the seventeenth century an era of great importance in the history of opinions. Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, and Descartes himself had already commenced the brilliant career of modern discovery in physical science. The two whose character and writings we have briefly noticed, accomplished as much for the philosophy of mind. Differing widely from each other in doctrine and in the systems of knowledge which they respectively advocated, we find a similar spirit pervading the works of both, the same contempt for the puerilities of the scholastic philosophy, the same freedom and originality of thought, and equally broad and generous views respecting the scope of human endeavour and the future progress of truth. Their labors have been partially superseded by that happy law of progress, which causes the mediocrity of one age to surpass the greater originality and power of its immediate predecessor. But their works will continue to be studied, as occupying a prominent place in the history of philosophy, and as curious monuments of the power and fertility of human genius.

Mr. Hallam's work is so rich in topics of interest, that we

have already gone beyond the proper limits of an article, in rather desultory remarks suggested by only a small portion of his labors. We close with the expression of gratitude to him for undertaking an important and difficult task, and of respect for the ability, learning, and taste, with which it is executed.

Art. IV. — *Journal and Letters of the late Samuel Curwen, Judge of Admiralty, &c.; an American Refugee in England from* 1775 *to* 1784, *comprising Remarks on the Prominent Men and Measures of that Period. To which are added Biographical Notices of many American Loyalists and other Eminent Persons.* By George Atkinson Ward. New York. 1842. 8vo. pp. 580.

But a few months ago, we did our best to introduce to public notice a very modest biography of one of the most respectable of the American loyalists during the Revolution.* Believing that the time was past when the topic could not be touched without giving rise to angry passions, we undertook to treat it, as we should any question of mere historical interest, with mildness and impartiality. The idea of harbouring vindictive feelings against individuals long since deceased, who were sufficiently punished during their lives for whatsoever offences they may have committed, is ridiculous. If we understand ourselves in the least, our disposition is to do to the unfortunate class of whom we speak, nothing less than strict justice; to weigh with deliberation every argument that may be urged in their favor, and to censure, if this be necessary, only where censure appears to be a duty. In such a spirit we took up the life of Mr. Van Schaack. In the same we now take up the book before us. And if, in the treatment of the two, there should be any difference perceptible, the cause must be found not so much in us, as in the works themselves. Of the individuals concerned, we knew equally little before these attempts were made to bring them forward to the public observation.

* See *North American Review*, Vol. LV. pp. 97 *et seq.*

Judge Curwen was a native of Salem, in Massachusetts, and was descended from a family of wealth and respectability in that ancient town. His intercourse was, therefore, with persons of whom those who live in the vicinity necessarily know something, and he is connected with events that still interest all of us at this day. He appears to have lived much in the society where the liberty doctrines were voted rank heresy, and to have sympathized with those advocates of the British sovereign's prerogative, who, like himself, basked in the smiles of government favor. To be sure, the number of these was not, relatively to the whole population, very great, but it was considerably larger than most of the present generation are apt to imagine. Nearly all of the judicial bench, most of the leading members at the bar, all the officers attached to the custom-house, a considerable number of the graduates of Harvard University, many leading merchants, and most of the fashionable gentry, must be ranked upon the Tory side at the commencement of the struggle. Comparatively few persevered in their principles, at the cost of banishment and the confiscation of their property. But some did so, and it has been one of the objects of the editor of this book to gather in it such information relative to their fate, as might still be of general interest. Efforts of the same kind have lately been made in other quarters, and all with very indifferent success. Probably if their history were known, it would be comprised in few words. Like trees, transplanted after they have attained maturity, they experienced a blight of their prosperity and vigor, which no length of time could entirely remedy. The most fortunate repaired to other possessions of Great Britain, there to contribute to the formation of new systems of colonial vassalage, in return for the royal bounty not very graciously accorded to them ; whilst the remainder struggled on, in the home of their preference, with insult and neglect whilst living, and died at last unpitied and unknown.

Judge Curwen was one of those who had the good sense not to sacrifice himself entirely to an ungrateful step-mother. The volume before us is made up for the most part of extracts from his Diary, through which, with some assistance of the editor, we learn the following particulars respecting him. He received his education at Cambridge, and afterwards engaged with various success in commerce. He

however embarked with zeal in the expedition against Louisburg in 1745, and served as a captain in one of the New England companies during the siege. In 1759 he was appointed Impost Officer for Essex county, which office he filled for fifteen years. This must have been up to the period of his leaving the country as a refugee, when we are told that he was also Judge of Admiralty. Under such obligations as these favors conferred, it can be matter of no surprise, that his name should be found in the list of those who offered to Governor Hutchinson an address of sympathy upon his departure from the colony. Some of these addresses (for there were several of them), which raised a violent flame in the colony against the signers, are republished in the present volume, together with the recantation that was made by a portion of them out of terror at the popular indignation. Of that portion Judge Curwen was not one. And, as a consequence of his perseverance, he was obliged to fly for safety, first to Philadelphia, and thence to the mother country. There he remained until the war was over. But, finding things not to his liking in Great Britain, and his property having been saved from confiscation, and himself from outlawry, at home, he in 1784 made the best of his way back to Salem, where he dwelt in quiet seclusion, until his death, at a very advanced age, in 1802.

Having thus given an abstract of all the material points in the life of the gentleman who is the subject of this book, before we proceed to extract such passages from the Diary as appear worthy of notice, we would dwell a moment upon the manner in which the editor has performed his task. Of his diligence and fidelity we can say much in commendation; but we must admit, that we have been unable to keep pace with him in the sentiments, which he everywhere rather insinuates, than expresses, of the American Revolution. And we are not sure that he has paid even that exact attention to his style, which should free it from those ambiguities and inaccuracies too often committed in America from mere carelessness, for us to feel justified in overlooking them altogether. We propose to give examples in explanation of each objection as we go on. And first, we will quote a passage from the Preface, where, speaking of the subject of the memoir, he says;

"Another inducement for [to?] the publication is furnished

by the incidental light thrown upon the character of his brethren in exile, of whom scarcely any now survive, but whose numerous descendants feel a deep sense of the injustice, to which most of them, in a season of great popular excitement, were unfortunately subjected, who, under less adverse circumstances, had filled with honor civil posts of high trust, and led to victory our arms in the provincial wars. As the just fame of such as have distinguished themselves in important public concerns has ever been esteemed among the most valued treasures of civilized nations, that of these loyalists, banished for opinion's sake, seems to call for a proper vindication at the hands of an impartial posterity, while the contrast of their later with their earlier fortunes presents strong claims to the sympathy of mankind.

"The success of recent publications in the department of historical writing having induced the belief, that the period has arrived, when a sealed book may be opened, and a dispassionate examination had of the circumstances connected with that portion of our history in which the character of this proscribed class of our countrymen is involved, this work is offered, with the hope of removing, to some extent, if not fully, whatever obloquy has been unjustly cast upon their names, and to show that they were, in many instances, not the less actuated by lofty principle, than those who embraced the popular opinions of the day, and adopted measures which resulted in such transcendent success." — pp. iii, iv.

Had this passage contained the expression of but a single casual opinion to be found in the book, we should not have deemed it worth while to take it up. Much allowance should always be made for the influence which any favorite pursuit will have at some moments in vitiating the judgment of the person engaged in it. But, to excuse such cases, that judgment should at least be seen to be always sound, where the particular bias is not strong enough to prevent its action. We do not perceive that this is the fact with Mr. Ward. The error which he commits in the Preface, reappears in almost every page of his composition in the volume ; and it is for that reason we feel that we must, however reluctant, do our best to expose it. He surely needs not to be told, that his doctrine, if adopted, would destroy the standard of right and wrong in public conduct completely. If the only fault of the loyalists was, that they had to contend with adverse circumstances, and the injustice of a popular excitement against them, but for which they would have been high in honors

both civil and military, then it must follow, that the chief merit of their persecutors, as he styles them, consisted in their power and their ultimate success in doing wrong. The whole matter is thus reduced to a mere game of chance. But we understand men to be free agents, and that in all cases, where they are called on to act in public affairs, there is a choice between absolute right and wrong to be made, wholly independent of circumstances, prosperous or adverse. Even though we may not incline to doubt the purity of the motives under which they act, yet, in awarding praise or blame, we must try their conduct by some positive standard of excellence previously existing in our own minds.

If the editor had only claimed for the refugees honesty in the maintenance of their opinions, we should have had no disposition whatsoever, in many instances, to dispute it. Mr. Van Schaack's biographer asked for nothing more, and to that extent we were happy to be able to contribute to his gratification. But, when Mr. Ward goes further, and says, that the loyalists were "actuated by principles not less *lofty* than those who embraced the popular opinions of the day, and adopted measures which resulted in such transcendent success," we must demur to the use of the word *lofty* so applied, as well as to any comparison being made at all between the classes thus brought together. We must protest, moreover, against the use of all those terms, which imply that either popularity or success had any thing whatever to do with the merit of the opinions of the patriotic party. Such an insinuation does too great injustice to the men, who, through suffering and danger to their own lives, and to all they held dear in this world, established an independent government in the United States, for us to be willing to pass it by unnoticed. Success may, indeed, have given a share of brilliancy to the result in the eyes of the world, which did not absolutely belong to the principles at the foundation of the struggle; but had that result been different, misfortune could have done nothing to tarnish their intrinsic purity. The question was one of liberty or servitude. Had the decision of it been in favor of the latter, it might, perhaps, have exalted the refugees to temporary power at the expense of the country, but it could not have changed the nature of their conduct. Their reputation with posterity might have then been even less enviable than it now is.

The next passage, from the spirit of which we entirely dissent, is to be found in the Introductory Memoir.

"There does not appear to have been any cause for dissatisfaction in the colonies at that period (1763), and there was no complaint of the invasion of the rights of the people by any of the governments. Soon, however, the disturbance in England reached America, and the cry of 'Wilkes and liberty!' in London, was echoed in Boston, and resounded through the colonies.

"Accounts were received before the session of the legislature of Massachusetts, in 1764, that a bill had passed the House of Commons, imposing duties on articles heretofore exempted, which afforded a good opportunity to bring the officers of the crown into disrepute, should they attempt to carry the law into effect. All who were desirous of keeping up the authority of law, were branded with the name of *Tories;* their characters were assailed in the newspapers, and they were charged with promoting measures to restrict the natural and chartered rights and liberties of the people."— pp. 19, 20.

The first insinuation in this passage is, that the disturbances in England, consequent upon the outrage committed by government upon Mr. Wilkes, were the origin of the discontent which was manifested in the colonies upon the news of the passage of the Stamp Act. Or, in other words, that it was a spirit of dissatisfaction with government in general, communicated by sympathy from the mother country, that led to the difficulties in America, rather than any well-founded objection of principle to that measure. There is but one thing in this charge that surprises us; and that is, that an American should make it. For Hutchinson, the very author whom the editor blindly follows, admits, that the feelings of the colonists and their principles had always sided with the party called the *Whigs* in Great Britain. It need be no cause of surprise, therefore, if the cry of 'Wilkes and liberty!' did ring in Boston, when the principles of liberty were attacked in his person on the other side of the water. A similar cry had rung in the same place, when Charles the First undertook to make himself an arbitrary monarch there, and when James the Second lost his three kingdoms for a mass. But that had nothing to do with the passage of the Stamp Act. It had nothing to do with the grand discovery of Mr. George Grenville, that the colonies could be made to furnish part of the means with which to meet the annual

expenses of Great Britain. The same political obtuseness, probably, led to the attacks upon the colonies, which had prompted that upon Wilkes; but these were faults for which they only must be held responsible, who committed them, not they who were bound by their own principles to endeavour to correct them.

This naturally leads us to the other insinuation, contained in the extract already quoted. And this is, that the Stamp Act was opposed, not so much because it was an unauthorized stretch of power, submission to which would have tended to the subversion of every safeguard of civil liberty, as because "it afforded a good opportunity to bring the officers of the crown into disrepute." And, to grace the whole, it is added in a tone of complaint, that those, who were in favor of keeping up the authority of this most illegal law, "were branded with the name of Tories, and were charged in the newspapers with promoting measures to restrict the natural and chartered rights of the people." Very well. And was not the charge strictly true? And did not the persons, who took the course described, richly deserve the appellation they received, if, by that appellation, be understood, a disposition to sustain the prerogative of the sovereign, at the expense of the rights of the subject? Assuredly, if this is one of the examples of the *lofty* principle actuating the Loyalists, which we hear of in the editor's Preface, the American people will scarcely be disposed, even at this day, to aid him in removing any share of the obloquy, that has been cast upon their names.

The truth of the matter is simply this. The editor has most unfortunately suffered himself to be led astray, by putting implicit confidence in the third volume of Hutchinson's History. This has infected every thing he has written. He has even gone further, and allowed himself, we are willing and anxious to believe, accidentally, and with no evil design, to misstate the purport of the letters written by several distinguished gentlemen in Massachusetts, to solicit the publication of that volume. The passage we allude to is to be found at the close of the biographical notice of Hutchinson, appended to the body of the work, and runs as follows;

"Governor Hutchinson deserves great honor for his labors in regard to the History of Massachusetts, which he published from its settlement to the year 1760. In so high estimation was it

held, that, at the expiration of more than half a century after its publication, successful efforts were made by the most influential persons there, to obtain the unpublished part of this history, which they pronounced, '*a work of inestimable value, resting on the solid basis of utility and truth; the accuracy and fidelity of which were universally felt and acknowledged.*' These efforts of the government of Harvard College, the Historical Society, of Judge Davis, Governor Gore, Dr. Kirkland, Dr. Lowell, and James Savage, Esq., who secured the private circulation of five hundred copies before publication, and whose sentiments on the leading subject are at variance with those of its author, are proud testimonials of the character of Governor Hutchinson in the field of his labors and sacrifices, and amidst the descendants of his persecutors." — pp. 456, 457.

Now it may be owing to careless writing, or it may be intended, — we will not say which, though we believe the former; — but the natural inference from this passage certainly is, that the gentlemen and the societies named, applied the words marked in emphatical characters, not to the published part of the History, but to that which was unpublished; and, that they spoke with equal knowledge of the value of both. The fact is well known to be directly contrary to any such hypothesis. It must be obvious to all, that the application of any similar phrases to a portion of the History, in which the author himself was a very prominent, and not altogether a dispassionate, actor, would not be deemed quite so appropriate, as if it was confined to the earlier part, where no such objection to his fairness or impartiality can be made. We will undertake to vouch for "the descendants of his persecutors," that they never intended, by their compliments to what they had seen, to be understood as indorsing the libels upon their ancestors, contained in what they had not seen. Some of these same libels are copied *verbatim* by the editor, as biographical notices of the persons to whom they refer, without qualification or exception. We think this is giving to the book a degree of authority, which it does not deserve, and which no one, on this side of the Atlantic, who procured its publication, designed to confer. It certainly was an object of some interest to obtain it, and we very much wish, that another and similar effort could be made to procure the Autobiography, which still remains in the hands of Hutchinson's family. But we do not mean,

for all that, to be summoned to testify to the accuracy and fidelity of what we have never seen.

This is not the time, even were we disposed, to go into the question of the merits or demerits of that third volume. We expressed our own opinions of it in this journal not long after its publication, and we see nothing in that notice, which the lapse of time, or any other reason, leads us to regret having written.* Of Hutchinson, as a man, we cannot entertain the exalted opinion, which the editor expresses. We believe, that he was respectable in private life, but selfish, grasping, and profligate, as a politician. Above all, we know that he was born an American, had been cradled in the nursery of republican principles, had raised himself to general consideration among his fellows by the support of them, and that he sacrificed them for a mess of pottage. Imported governors might have written home, as they did, what they pleased, and we should have felt no surprise or indignation at it; but that a child of our own raising should have courted favor with the minister by advising restrictions upon the liberty of his brethren, is altogether too much for our philosophy. Whatever may have been the morality of the means, by which the discovery of this fact was made, it has nothing to do with the act or its motives. They must always stand forth in their naked deformity, as a warning to all crafty and aspiring politicians, of the punishment that may await them, when they leave the path of right.

We have now done with that very disagreeable portion of our task, which consists in finding fault with the spirit of an editor. We shall dismiss our notice of the literary execution much more briefly, and then proceed to make some comments upon the Diary and Letters of Judge Curwen himself. What we object to in the style is mere carelessness, by which the sense is either perverted, or imperfectly conveyed. The following examples may suffice.

"He [Judge Upham] possessed, in a remarkable degree, that rare talent, fine powers of conversation, of which Lord Bacon laid down the true rule, and indulged occasionally in a happy vein of satire." — p. 520.

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* See *North American Review*, Vol. XXXVIII. pp. 134 *et seq.*

A very slight change would have avoided an awkward confusion between Lord Bacon and the Judge at the end of this sentence.

"Isaac Wilkins, of Westchester, New York, son of Martin Wilkins, Esq., who in infancy, at the decease of his father, an opulent planter, and an eminent man of the island of Jamaica, was brought to the province, and received the best education the country afforded. The former married Isabella Morris, a sister of that eloquent patriot and statesman, Gouverneur Morris." — p. 555.

As three persons appear to be spoken of in the first sentence, the use of the words "the former," as applied to two, is confusing.

"Col. Pickman married a daughter of Dr. Toppan, of Boston, and died at his native place in April, 1819, aged 79. He was a son of the Col. Pickman who died at Salem in 1773, aged 66; a member of the provincial council and judge of the common pleas, whose sisters married Curwen, Ward, and Ropes, the father of Judge Ropes, and whose brother Samuel was governor of Tortola. The first mentioned Col. Pickman left a number of children." — p. 512.

We should have supposed, that, by virtue of the semicolon, the junior Colonel Pickman was a member of the provincial council, &c., more particularly, as he was the first mentioned, and therefore probably most in honor. But we are led, by the last clause of the sentence, to infer, that the father was the man.

This kind of criticism is doubtless not of the first importance, and a book may be very good in spite of some errors in punctuation, or in the use of the relative pronoun. We admit this in all cases, but least willingly in those, where genealogy is in question. It is hard enough to master a pedigree, when laid down in the clearest manner. If the information is worth giving at all, it is certainly the duty of the giver, as well as for the interest of the receiver, that it should not be embarrassed by equivocal meanings. A very little industry will correct this defect, and we doubt not, that Mr. Ward, if this work should go to another edition, will manifest his obligation to us for calling his attention to it. A glance at the peerage books of Great Britain, where this business is much better understood than with us, would furnish some useful hints as to arrangement.

We proceed to some consideration of the character of Judge Curwen himself, as we see it depicted in the Journal and Letters before us. That he was highly respectable in private life, there can be no doubt; and, if he erred in his political course, some of the fault must be laid to his deficiency in moral courage, and more to the seductive influences of place. Among all the trials which await every political man, in the course of his career, none are, perhaps, more dangerous, than those which spring from the operation of official station upon his judgment and principles. Nine out of ten persons in such situations, after equivocating for a time, end by sacrificing the theoretical to the palpable. We can readily understand, why the Judge of Admiralty and Impost Officer for Essex county should find nothing in the measures of the British government to justify resistance, or even to excite dissatisfaction; and, in saying this, we mean no disparagement to the gentleman himself, who might have very honestly thought all the while, that his opinions were perfectly independent of personal considerations. We can readily understand the sincerity of his regret at the departure of Hutchinson, and of his joy at the arrival of General Gage, which he proved by signing the loyal addresses to those gentlemen, and still more by adhering to them, when others withdrew their names. After all, the sum and substance of the question, to him, consisted in the fact, that he had much to lose, and not much to gain, by revolution. Had he decided otherwise than he did, perhaps he might have merited the compliment of possessing lofty principles. As it was, he did not fall below the ordinary level of human nature.

The first entry which we find in the Diary, is dated at Philadelphia, 4 May, 1775, to which place, the Judge tells us, that he repaired, at the age of sixty, "in search of personal security, and those rights which he was denied at home." But it does not appear, that he found what he was seeking. Although his kinsman and correspondent did, to his no little embarrassment, salute him with the assurance, "We will protect you, though a Tory," he found some difficulty in procuring lodgings on account of his politics, and endured much mortification, as he says, in the cause of truth. This treatment, followed up by intimations, that his residence, if allowed at all, after it became known that he

was "*an addresser*," would be unpleasant, determined him before two days had elapsed, to proceed to London. On the 10th of the same month, he was witness of the formal entry into Philadelphia of the Massachusetts delegates to the first Congress, "with every mark of respect that could be expressed." "Perceiving not the least disposition to accommodate matters anywhere," on the 12th he embarked in the same vessel that had brought him, and on the 3d of the succeeding July, arrived at Dover. The remainder of his Diary, and nearly all the Letters, belong to the period of nine years, during which he languished an exile in the country, whose cause he had adopted.

At first he seems to have been disposed to consider himself as a brand saved from the burning, and to mourn for the impending fate of the friends he left behind. In August he writes thus to one of his political associates.

"Instead of the languid measures hitherto pursued, more active ones will succeed, and then woe to poor Massachusetts, which, like the scape-goat, must bear the sins of many. Do urge our remaining friends to flee from the destruction, that will speedily overtake that devoted colony." — p. 38.

And again, in December;

"I will just hint what appears to be a matter of notoriety here; the opposition in Parliament is too inconsiderable in numbers, weight, and measures, to hinder the progress of administration in their plans respecting America. Both Houses repose entire confidence in the King and his ministers' resolution not to relinquish the idea of compelling the submission of all subjects, within the limits of the British Empire, to the authority of the supreme legislature; preparations for which are making, for increasing the number of troops, to be sent over time enough for a vigorous push next season. The events of war are uncertain, and victory is by many thought doubtful, — yet it is more than whispered by some, that America had better be dispeopled, than remain in its present state of anarchy, — much more independent. Should this idea regulate future measures, and should government despair of subduing them, one may, without the spirit of prophecy, see, beforehand, what terrible, destructive evils will then befall our poor, devoted, once happy country. 'O fortunatos,' etc. Very truly yours,

"S. Curwen." — p. 41.

But the Americans were not destroyed quite so easily

as the Judge's English acquaintances led him to expect. In the mean time the vaporing tone with which this kind of talk was daily repeated to him, grew less and less agreeable to his nerves. He felt that a share of the contempt, which was cast upon Americans in general, fell indirectly upon himself, and all who like him were invoking the interference of this superior power in family quarrels. And this feeling at last began to inspire a wish that his rebellious countrymen should show that they were not to be easily put down. On the 18th of December, 1776, he breaks out into the following strain ;

"It is my earnest wish the despised Americans may convince these conceited islanders, that, without regular standing armies, our continent can furnish brave soldiers, and judicious and expert commanders, by some knock-down irrefragable argument; for then, and not till then, may we expect generous or fair treatment. It piques my pride, I confess, to hear us called *our colonies*, *our plantations*, in such terms and with such airs, as if our property and persons were absolutely theirs, like the 'villains' and their cottages in the old feudal system, so long since abolished, though the spirit or leaven is not totally gone it seems." — p. 90.

And, in another place,

"In conversation with a gentleman at an ordinary, I observed in him the prevailing characteristic infirmity of this nation, rendering them both envied and hated by Europe, namely, an overweening conceit of English bravery, accompanied with a contempt for other nations ; which in this day of their distress they now feel the sad effects of, in the cool indifference the other states view her embarrassments, though without producing a reformation as far as I can perceive." — p. 354.

At about the date of the first extract, the Judge began to feel his money running low, with no remittances or prospect of any from home, and an increasing probability of an indefinite period of exile. He was relieved from anxiety by the good offices of Judge Sewall, whose representations at the Treasury procured for him an annual pension of a hundred pounds sterling, to be paid during the continuance of the troubles, but the payment of which was actually continued to him, so far as we can judge, after his return to America, and probably up to the time of his death. The only difficulty that

remained consisted in the want of active occupation to interest him. The refugees at first formed a club, the members of which dined together once a week ; but this did not last long. The Judge then took to travelling over various portions of Great Britain, seeing all the sights, and searching for a cheap place of abode. But all would not do. He was not by temperament a sanguine man, and the progress of events depressed him more and more. He writes thus to one of his fellow exiles in August, 1777.

"A late rumor from the south, that had exhilarated our sinking spirits, is now momently abating of its credibility, though it was told in a way, and with circumstances, that induced a universal belief. The report I refer to, you must undoubtedly have heard. My faith in a speedy return to our native country is, as it has ever been, faint; those, on the contrary, with whom it is my fate to bear company, have cherished, and still please themselves with the fond, delusive hope, that the disturbances on the western continent will subside upon the least success of the British arms, and hourly expect to hear of General Burgoyne's arrival at Albany ; from whence they date the end of the troubles there. But, supposing that to take place, I foresee a great deal to be done before the fierce spirits of the people in America will settle down into a submission to a power they dread and have been taught to detest. Besides, I cannot help thinking France will interpose, and prevent a future connexion between Great Britain and the colonies; perhaps, not thinking it prudent to declare whilst the recovery of them remains doubtful. This you may call a suggestion of fear, and it may be the effect of a sickly, disturbed imagination ; I presume, however, I am not a singular instance." — p. 152.

It was not long before General Burgoyne sadly disappointed the expectations of his Tory friends, and France verified the apprehensions of the Judge. Changed indeed was then his tone, for, instead of predicting the instantaneous annihilation of his brethren in America, he now began to apprehend the ruin of the mother country, whose cause he had adopted. And, what is more, he began to invoke curses, neither few nor small, upon those who, he now saw, had been the creators of all the mischief. Take for example the following entry.

(1781.) "August 8. In conversation with Mr. Peters, was informed, that it is, and has been all along, the determination of

the cabinet, to set up the noblemen's claim against New-England charters, annihilate all of them, and reduce the surviving inhabitants to a state of villenage, or expel them. He says he has sufficient authority to assert this. Cruel, barbarous determination! May Heaven disappoint their cursed device against innocence, justice, right, humanity, and every laudable principle and virtue. May America and my countrymen, more dear to me than ever, be made acquainted with this more than brutal cruelty; may disappointment be the issue of their attempts; vexation and every evil the reward of such unexampled, oppressive, rapacious designs, for it is but yet in embryo, never, I hope, to see the light. I doubt not Heaven has in store ample revenge for this devoted country, whose rulers seem infatuated, and themselves on the verge of ruin thereby." — p. 322.

In noticing the memoir of Mr. Van Schaack, we took occasion to comment upon the cavalier manner in which many of the refugees were treated by the British, and upon the resentful feeling which it excited on their part towards these benefactors of their own choice. We think Judge Curwen's burst of indignation is more to his credit, in the preceding paragraph, than the apparent calmness of his informant. He must have felt that those who could suggest, or even whisper, projects of the sort alluded to, were not such men as he ought to have embarked his fortune to support. It is one of the remarkable features of the work before us, that it exposes distinctly to view the state of isolation in which American Tories, who had sacrificed their all to the mother country, were kept. They lived among themselves, associated with none but exiles, corresponded only with each other. "The situation of American Loyalists," says Jonathan Sewall, "is enough to have provoked Job's wife, if not Job himself;" and sure enough, it must have been so, when the outbursts of natural feeling in the Judge's heart, so far from creating any sympathy with him among the British, only had the effect of bringing him into suspicion.

On the 6th September, 1779, he notes down thus;

"Am informed that I am suspected to be an American spy, disaffected to government; this was reported by one Calhier, a violent hater of the inhabitants of the American continent, and of all its friends and well-wishers; his malice I despise, and his power to injure me with government I defy." — p. 221.

It was but poor compensation for a liability to such in-

sult, to be able to wander about and see the great bed of Ware, or to attend the ladies' disputing club at the King's Arms, Cornhill, and hear most delectably discussed that intensely interesting and useful question, "Was Adam or Eve most culpable in Paradise?" We doubt even if much real pleasure was to be derived in the private amusement hinted at in the following extract written at Brosely.

"Dined at the inn; company same as last evening; afterwards we all together walked to Surgeon Corbit's, our guide and attendant; S. Sewall and myself drank coffee with his spouse. Leaving this house, Judge Sewall and myself returned to the inn, where I passed a heavy, sleepy evening; S. Sewall was engaged in loyally celebrating General Clinton's success at Charleston, by discharging a two-pounder, half loaded, several times in a private garden." — p. 251.

This singularly edifying diversion of drinking coffee with Surgeon Corbit's spouse, or that still higher enjoyment of firing a two-pounder half loaded, in honor of the capture of a town in one's own country by a hostile army, could scarcely have paid for the absence of all the other pleasures which are ordinarily regarded as making life comfortable. Judge Curwen could not have estimated them very highly, for we find him, in the course of time, uttering strains of deep regret at his past conduct, as follows;

"It has been my wish, ever since I have been from my own home, that all who are in a state of exile, whether voluntary or not, except those immediately concerned in the revenue, who could not have remained in America, had been prudent enough to have kept their political opinions to themselves, especially after the frenzy had worked itself up so high in the minds of our zealous patriot neighbours, and remained at their own dwellings, and made the best shifts they could in these troubles. They might, I really think, have found themselves, for the most part, in less disagreeable circumstances than they now are; at least, I can truly say it respecting my own particular case. But the bad consequences of past errors are now only to be lessened by a prudent forbearance of harsh, reproachful language against the present rulers in the American colonies that remain in subjection to Congress authority; for, whatever you warm transatlantic Loyalists may think, it is probable, however the general war may terminate, there never will be established such a degree of British governmental authority in North America as will cause much matter of triumph to American refugees." — p. 323.

There is a moral in this change of tone, which deserves to be remembered through all the various phases political affairs assume in America. Judge Curwen had left this country principally through fear of the British power; and it was fitting, that one having no higher principle of action should deeply regret not having kept his opinions to himself when he found that fear ill grounded. Had he felt himself clearly in the right, after a profound examination of the principles at the bottom of the controversy, the consciousness of his being so would doubtless have sustained him, as it has done many a high-souled man, through trials infinitely harder than any he endured. But he appears not to have sought to rest upon any such basis. We look in vain through the book for any exposition of his deliberate conviction. The moment that the idea began to dawn upon his mind, that the Americans were not likely to be put down, his anxiety to return manifested itself. And it went on increasing, until he was able to bring about the desired end. We respect the feeling that prompted his wish, even when we cannot recognise in it the lofty principle, to which the editor seems so desirous to point our attention. The timidity, which seems to have been a prominent point of his character, reappears in a later part of his Diary in another form, when, writing of the course of the now independent States, he expresses the following apprehensions, thus far proved to have been idle.

"I am far from wishing ill to the cause of liberty, much less to that of my native country, to which, on the contrary, as a citizen of the world, and a friend of the inalienable rights of mankind, I wish every kind of good, but am equally far from thinking America has gained its delusively fancied prize by independence. By some congressional manœuvres of late, a train, I fear, is laid for the establishment of a power much more fatal to liberty than Great Britain durst have aimed at, whilst she could have retained any governmental authority there. Their liberation is a doubtful proof of the divine approbation of their cause. Many there thirsted after it, and so did the Israelites for a king, which God at length gave them, in his anger; and he has, I fear, given them their heart's desire by way of punishment for wantoning away those singularly great advantages of a civil, religious, and political nature, with which he had favored them above all people upon the face of the whole earth. They often were used to compare themselves to God's highly favored people, and

I truly think their case is not unlike; mercies and preservations as numerous, nor does their folly and ingratitude fail to finish the comparison." — p. 384.

It is worthy of remark, that, during all the long exile of the Judge, his wife appears to have remained very quietly at Salem, without the least inclination to cross the seas on his account. Neither does it appear, by any portion of his published Diary, that he was rendered the more uneasy in his mind on that account. Hardly an allusion to her occurs, even when he is writing and thinking of others at home. We recollect seeing but a single letter addressed to her, and this occurs towards the end of the book. It is kind in its tone, but by no means warm. In it he speaks of his return as still doubtful, and depending upon the temper of the people towards American absentees. But he does not speak of one other contingency, which, after that was settled in his favor, yet weighed in his mind against it. We allude to the one recorded in the Journal under the 5th of July, 1784, as follows ;

"Went to the Treasury, and there received the agreeable information, that the commissioners had granted my petition to appoint an agent to receive my quarterly allowance after my departure from England, on making satisfactory proof of my being alive at the successive periods of payment. From this I date an end to my doubts respecting my embarkation; its issue time must reveal." — p. 411.

Very soon after the date of this entry he embarked for home, and the only remark which we find, upon his landing at the end of Long Wharf in Boston, is, that every thing on shore looked unaccountably low, mean, and diminutive to him. He appears to have taken little or no pleasure in visiting, under such very altered circumstances, the scenes for which he had, when absent, so earnestly longed. Perhaps this is exactly human nature, and the Judge does no more than artlessly expose the little sensibility he had in his character ; but we should perhaps take a deeper interest in his fallen fortunes, and his return to his native home, if we saw him moved to greater enthusiasm upon the event. At this point the Diary closes, and we take leave of the old gentleman, not without a feeling of respect, but moved to no sentiment either of affection or regret.

We have already mentioned the fact, that the editor has

appended nearly one hundred and fifty pages of biographical notices of eminent persons during the Revolution, and more particularly of royalists. Some of them contain curious and valuable information, which it was well to embody in a durable form. Others are mere transcripts from Hutchinson's third volume, which had been better left out. A few of the last pages are devoted to a somewhat extended notice of Samuel Quincy, whose greatest error seems to have been, that he allowed the attractions of office to overcome his principles. We think, that, whenever the editor shall make another effort to put the members of the two parties on the same footing as to *loftiness* of principles, he will do well to omit the letter written to the last-named person by his sister upon his departure from this country. There is a warmth and an earnestness about it, so animating, after going over the memorials of insensibility or time-serving, that we cannot better close this article than by extracting it entire.

"TO SAMUEL QUINCY.

"Braintree, May 11th, 1775.

"My Dear Brother, — I write this in hopes to put it into the letter my father has just written. If it should reach you, it may serve to convince you, that I have not forgotten that you are my *only* brother. He must judge what I feel, when I tell him that I fear I shall never see him again.

"Our two departed brothers died upon the seas. Some perhaps will say your body is sound; it may be so, but the sick in mind call for more than Esculapian aid.

"If any thing could surprise me *now*, the hearing of your going *home* would; but, of late, every thing that is marvellous and strange is to be expected. I have not time to enlarge upon the complicated distresses of our country, of families, or of individuals, but shall briefly say, that our connexions have experienced such a series of melancholy events as are not to be paralleled. We, my brother, I hope, can sympathize in sorrowing for the loss of a brother, whose character was, as far as any man's of his age ever was, unimpeachable.

"In his labors for the salvation of his country, he was indefatigable. His death, I hope, will prove a warning to others, not to pursue too eagerly *any point*. Nature, kept upon the stretch, will give way. He did not sufficiently consider the tenderness of his frame, and it may truly be said he fell a martyr in the cause of liberty.

"In the monody on our eldest brother, I find the following

lines; they may, with equal propriety, be applied to the younger;

> "'That heart, which late, inflamed with patriot zeal,
> Braved the bold insults of its country's foe,
> No more its pious frenzy can reveal,
> Nor e'er in Freedom's cause again shall glow.'

"Let it not be told in America, and let it not be published in Great Britain, that a brother of such brothers fled from his country, the wife of his youth, the children of his affection, and from his aged sire, already bowed down with the loss of two sons, and by that of many more dear, though not so near connexions, to secure himself from the reproaches of his injured countrymen; and, to cover such a retreat, obliged to enlist as a sycophant under an obnoxious Hutchinson, who is a tool under a cruel North, and by them to be veered about, and at last to be blown aside with a cool 'To-morrow, Sir.'

> "'Refusal, canst thou wear a smoother form?'

"My blood chills at the thought of the meanness of a seeker, and flames with indignation at such treatment from those in power. Arouse from your lethargy, — let reason take the helm; disregard all greatness but greatness of soul; then the little trappings that royalty can confer will lose their lustre, that false lustre, which I fear inclines you to the *prerogative* side. Spare me, and do not call what I have written impertinent, but ascribe it to the anxiety of a sister really distressed for thee. I behold you leaving your country, 'a land flowing with milk and honey,' and in which, as yet, iniquity of all kinds is punished, and its religion as yet free from idolatry, (how long it will continue so God only knows, — we have reason to fear a depredation on our religious system next,) for a country, where evil works are committed with impunity. Can you expect there to walk uprightly? Can you take fire into your bosom and not be burned?

"I take a long farewell, and wish you success in every laudable undertaking.

"Your affectionate sister,

"H. Lincoln."

Art. V. — *Œuvres d'* Alexandre Dumas. Bruxelles: Meline, Cans, et Compagnie. 1838–40. 4 Tomes.

Alexander Dumas is one of the most lively and popular writers in that new school of French literature and politics, which has attained its chief triumphs since the Revolution of 1830, though its origin may be traced a few years further back. The members of it are numerous and active, and the number and rapid succession of their publications show with what favor they are greeted by the public. In a recent number of this Journal,* we had occasion to sketch some of the characteristics of this school, when speaking particularly of the writings of *George Sand*. Our present subject is not equally attractive, for Dumas falls far short of Madame Dudevant in inventive genius and mastery of style. But his plays and novels show much talent, and afford very striking illustrations of the extraordinary *bouleversement* of taste and opinion, which is now exhibited by the reading public of France. The fertility of his pen, and the variety of subjects which he has treated, show a very ready and productive mind, stimulated by the public demand, and bent on reaping a present harvest from his popularity, rather than establishing a permanent reputation. The four ponderous octavo volumes, that lie before us, of about seven hundred pages each, printed in double columns, do not comprise the whole of his publications. Materials for a fifth volume have appeared since 1840, and still there are no signs of weariness on the part of the author or satiety on that of his readers. He appears in various characters, and writes on the most dissimilar topics, with equal liveliness and success. Novels, tragedies in prose and rhyme, history, political essays, and books of travels come from the same pen, and the family likeness betrays their common origin. His powers of invention appear to as much advantage in history as in romance, and the scenes and personages that he describes as a traveller, are very like the off-hand creations of the playwright and novelist.

France is not the only country in which literature begins to assume the aspect and undergo the mutations of trade.

* *North American Review*, Vol. LIII. pp. 103 *et seq.*

The author's profession is becoming as mechanical as that of the printer and the bookseller, being created by the same causes, and subject to the same laws. The nature of the supply seems likely to be as strictly proportioned to the demand, as in any other commercial operation. The public appetite will not be sated with the food, which the caprice of writers and the irregular distribution of natural genius may create. It must be gratified with its peculiar delicacies, its favorite cates ; and the means of satisfying it, in one way or another, are sure to be discovered. The publisher, in the name of his customers, calls for a particular kind of authorship, just as he would bespeak a dinner at a *restaurant ;* and, in preparing the required article, the cooks at the desk show as much versatility and readiness as their brethren in the kitchen. The great increase of the reading public, consequent on the diffusion of education and the cheapness of paper and print, is the great cause of this extraordinary cultivation of the art of book-making. The writer's profession becomes a lucrative one, when he ministers to the pleasures of so large a circle, who are willing to pay for the amusement and gratification, which he affords them. He no longer looks for his reward to the judgment of the judicious few, or the united voice of different countries and ages. He finds a more immediate recompense in the accounts of his bookseller and the applause of the multitude. And he is able to direct his course with a view to the attainment of this reward, and to disregard the higher motive. The mind is not so irresistibly inclined towards one pursuit or one kind of exertion, that it cannot be forced out of its channel. Successive efforts by different individuals, urged on by the popular voice and eager for gain, will be sure to create the desired product, however foreign it may be to their original taste or previously acquired habits.

The present literature of France seems to have grown up under influences of this character. It is not that the literary habits and preferences of individuals have changed, for it is impossible that the same persons at one period should relish the formal literature of the age of Louis the Fourteenth, and at another the extravagant Romanticism of the present day. But the changes in the constitution of society, and the improvements in the mechanical arts, have brought forward a new community of readers, whose taste differs from that of

the higher classes not more widely now, than it did a century ago, when it had not the power of manifesting itself and creating the appropriate means for its gratification. In a word, the democratic principle is now exerting as visible an influence in literature as in politics, the change being accompanied, in the beginning, with as much turmoil and as many ill effects in the one case as in the other, but destined in the end, as we may trust, to be productive of much good. A literature created for the people, if not by them, must always be characterized by greater energy and simplicity, by more excitement and a broader license, and by less polish and refinement, than one which is destined for a learned and aristocratic class. If it consist only of songs and ballads, these qualities will yet be manifested, though in a narrow sphere. But, when the progress of society has extended a certain degree of instruction to all classes, and rendered books accessible to all by cheapening their price, and when, moreover, it has lessened the weight of the authority and example of the few, removed the attachment to old established principles, and diminished the reverence for antiquity, we may expect that these characteristics will appear on a larger scale, and overpower for a time those laws of taste, which formerly enjoyed an undisputed supremacy. New sources of interest and amusement will be opened, and new fields of literary exertion entered, by men, who attach more importance to the number of their admirers, than to the basis on which the admiration rests. They will look to the quantity, and not the quality, of the praise obtained, and will measure their reputation by their substantial profits. Their productions will bear the popular stamp, — will represent the feelings and tastes, and be suited to the prejudices, of the multitude to whom they are addressed.

France has now been in an agitated, and at short intervals a revolutionary state, for more than half a century. A people very excitable by nature have had their enthusiasm kindled to the highest degree by great and rapid changes effected in their social and political condition. The sense of their own power has been animated by brilliant successes, checkered by sudden alternations of fortune, and resulting, to the mass of the people, in bitter disappointment. Great events have passed before their eyes with the rapidity with which the scenes shift upon the stage, and the mutability of

private fortunes has outdone in real life the wonders of romance. Religion, since it lost its hold on the minds of the people, has been at times taken up and again laid aside as an implement of state, a part of the political machine. Moral restraints were swept away in the current of exciting passions, when the laws for the punishment of crime were involved in the downfall of political institutions, or their execution was forgotten in the hurry of those passing events, which absorbed the attention, as they involved the safety, of the government and the people. And these exciting changes, these convulsions in state affairs and in social life, have all occurred within a single lifetime. Many are still living who witnessed the opening scenes of the first revolution, who assisted in the destruction of the Bastille, and took the oath to support the constitution of 1789.

"A revolution in letters," says Victor Hugo, "is the necessary consequence of a political revolution." As applied to the recent history of France, the remark is certain ly true, though it will not hold, if, by a revolution, we understand a mere change in the form of government, which often occurs without any great alteration in the habits or feelings of the people. But, when the change has affected all classes and conditions in the state, when their opinions as well as their circumstances have been modified and shaped by the course of political events, it is only a truism to say, that the literature of the people will also be revolutionized. It will undergo as rapid a metamorphosis, it will exhibit as strange features, as have appeared in the political aspect and condition of the country. Among the various branches of letters, prose fiction, poetry, and the drama will naturally be the first to show the influence of external events, and to appear under the most striking transformations. According as the writer's sphere of effort lies near to life and manners, or as his work pretends to display a copy or a shadow of real events and things, or to embody personal or national feelings, so will it contain the visible impress of those great occurrences, which have been operating upon the character of the people. After such a troublous period, as the last half-century has been for France, we might well expect that the imaginative and fanciful department of her literature would display more license, energy, and extravagance, than before; that more improbable fictions would be conceived, more fantastic poetry be

written, and a struggle of wilder passions be exhibited on the stage. It was impossible, that the old principles of taste, the stiff laws of a rather pedantic school of criticism, should any longer retain their supremacy. They were swept away with as much hurry and enthusiasm, as the National Assembly showed when they abrogated the remains of the Feudal system. In both these cases, a temporary anarchy succeeds. The nation was so eager to do away with the old law, that it is content for a time to remain without any substitute for it, — to be guided only by passion and impulse. When the novelty of such a state of things has ceased to charm, and its practical inconveniences begin to be felt, an attempt will be made to erect a new system, and once more to draw order and method out of chaos. French Romanticism is too violent and convulsive in its character to show much promise of long life or lasting effort. Its present fever heat will most probably be followed by a severe chill.

We have already hinted that Alexander Dumas, though at times a pleasing, and even a brilliant writer, and certainly a very acceptable one to his countrymen, is not the ablest or the most distinguished representative of the new school of prose fiction and the drama in France. He is too much of a hack author, adapting his works with great readiness and skill to the popular taste, but leaving upon them no strong and distinct image of his individual character. He is much inferior to Victor Hugo in invention, variety, picturesque description, and all the higher attributes of a poet and a dramatist; and to *George Sand* in the intense conception of passion and in eloquence of style. But he is very lively and graphic in manner, is often successful in the exhibition of character, and shows himself a thorough student of effect. His great aim apparently is to startle the reader, and his contrivances for this end are frequently happy, though sometimes they flash in the pan. But he is not capable of exciting the deeper passions, or of keeping up a strong emotion, while the effort to do so is very apparent. The influence of his dramatic experience is quite visible, even when he is occupied with prose fiction, history, or the medley which he calls *travels;* he is continually making points, that remind one strongly of the clap-traps of a third-rate tragedian. His figures are bold, and sometimes magnificent; but they are often marred by bad taste, and not unfrequently sink into bathos.

The secret of his popularity is found in his spirited narration, in his heaping together incidents of a striking but very improbable character, and in his free use of the wildest speculations and the most atrocious sentiments, which a lively fancy and a bad heart can devise.

To say that he is perfectly lawless and unprincipled in all that relates to art, propriety, or morals, is only to remind one of the school to which he belongs. In these respects, he is neither better nor worse than Balzac, *George Sand*, and a crowd of coadjutors. His favorite characters are jail-birds and cut-throats, who sometimes affect to disguise their villany with a parade of sentiment, and, at others, brazen the matter out with a disgusting brutality ; and his incidents are drawn from the darkest annals of crime. No regard is paid to poetical justice, nor is any respect shown for the sympathies of the reader, as they are drawn out by the course of events ; but the action is carried on with a view only to excite and astonish, and all minor considerations are sacrificed to the desire of weaving a fearful and absorbing tale. Poverty of invention is betrayed by a frequent recourse to history for some wild scene or striking event, though the truth is then so disguised and mixed up with fictitious and extravagant adjuncts, that the reader feels mocked with the presence of familiar names in connexion with incidents which are no longer recognised. We can easily imagine what passages such a writer would be likely to glean from the historian. The foul deeds of the Borgias, the tissue of intrigues and murders, which formed the policy of some of the profligate monarchs of France, the most fearful incidents of the Reign of Terror, — in short, whatever page in the annals of history is spotted with blood or stained with crime, has furnished Dumas with materials, which he has turned to account by exaggerating the horrors, and inventing minor incidents to increase the probability, of the tale.

Though our author sometimes inveighs against existing institutions and the customs of society, we cannot find that he has any particular grievance to avenge, or any favorite theory to inculcate. The invective does not come from the heart, nor are the writer's peculiar views urged with that sincerity and warmth, which belong to the passionate pleadings of *George Sand* and other theorists and innovators. He has evidently not been led astray by fantastic speculations,

and, provided his books sell, he probably cares little whether the public adopt or reject his opinions. In politics, he occasionally manifests more earnestness, for he is a furious republican; but, even here, we suspect there is a prudent reference to the wishes and prejudices of that part of the community, to whom his books are chiefly addressed, and no deeply grounded personal conviction. He seems to be more intent upon pleasing his readers, than upon altering the form of government. The indifference thus manifested rather aggravates his crime in setting forth pernicious doctrines and immoral sentiments; for one can pardon much error and extravagance, when the views set forth are honestly entertained and warmly defended. We have no doubt, for instance, that Madame Dudevant has really quarrelled with the laws of society, which she attacks, and that she espouses the wrong with something of a martyr's spirit. Dumas has a more cool and calculating temperament, and, if he were not a needy writer, he would probably be a peaceful subject.

Our author is of honorable, though not of wealthy, parentage. His father, Alexandre Dumas, obtained the rank of general in Napoleon's army, and served with some distinction in Egypt. He left his family nearly destitute, and the son, at twenty years of age, with a very imperfect education, came with his widowed mother to Paris, in the hope of obtaining some small post under government, the income of which would support them both. He gives a lively sketch of his reception by some of his father's old companions in arms, who were rich and powerful, but not much inclined to notice or assist the son of their former comrade. Only General Verdier and General Foy received him with interest and kindness, but unluckily they were both nearly as poor as himself. At last, through the intervention of the latter, he obtained an humble clerkship, with a salary of three hundred dollars a year, in the household of the present King, who was then only Duke of Orleans. This appeared a fortune to his mother and himself, and he immediately settled down in quiet at Paris, being employed at the office during a great part of the day and evening, and devoting his nights to study, in the hope of repairing the defects of his imperfect education. But the confinement of such an office, and the insufficiency of his salary, pressed severely upon an ardent temperament; and his independent conduct, according to his own

account, deprived him of the favor of his superiors. Urged by these circumstances, he turned his thoughts towards writing for the stage, which has long been the most lucrative department of literary exertion in France, since the law secures to the author a large share of the profits from the representation of his pieces. "Christine," a tragedy, or rather a drama, in verse, was his first effort, and it is still the most pleasing, and the least exceptionable of his performances. The play was accepted by the directors of the theatre, but some delay occurred in preparing it for the stage, and Dumas meanwhile wrote another, "Henry the Third and his Court," which was first represented, and had great success. The time occupied in attending the rehearsals caused him to neglect somewhat the duties of his office, and, receiving an intimation that he must choose between the theatre and his post, he immediately resigned the latter. These events took place in 1829, and since that year Dumas has been an author by profession, the number of his publications evincing his industry and the fertility of his talent.

His writings for the stage may be divided into two classes, the first including four tragedies in verse, "Christine," "The Alchymist," "Charles the Seventh," and "Caligula," which in form, though not in substance, follow the classical models of Corneille and Racine. In two of them the unities are strictly preserved, and in all, the fetters of rhyme operating as a happy restraint on the extravagance of his conceptions, the more offensive peculiarities of the Romantic school are scarcely visible. The second class comprises "Antony," "Richard Darlington," "Teresa," "Catherine Howard," and several other dramas in prose, which are most characteristic of the man, and of the school to which he belongs. Some of these, such as "Kean" and "Don Juan de Marana," — a bad copy and continuation of a bad original, — are as contemptible in point of execution, as they are execrable in design. The others show much talent, though polluted to the last degree by immorality, extravagance, and bad taste. They contain powerfully written scenes, affording admirable scope for the abilities of the performers, and have, consequently, been very successful upon the stage. The further representation of "Antony" was prohibited by the government, after it had been played for eighty successive nights; and some other interferences of this sort, proba-

bly, first kindled the republican zeal of the offended dramatist. "La Tour de Nesle," also, had a great run upon the stage; but it has subsequently appeared, that this play, although represented and printed as the production of Dumas, was actually written by another person, who has made good his title to the profits in a court of law. It is evident, however, from the style, that Dumas retouched and modelled the raw material; and the honor of originating such an extravagant picture of impurity and crime may be fairly divided between the two claimants.

As a specimen of the bold and striking style of Dumas, and to show with what vigor he conceives a subject, and how clear are his ideas of effect, we translate a portion of the preface to his "Caligula." Some of the expressions may appear offensive, if not impious, but we have softened, rather than exaggerated, the audacity of the original.

"Five years have elapsed since I conceived the plan of this tragedy; and, during that time, not a day has passed but I have labored upon it. It was not designed to be a work of sentiment, like 'Antony,' nor an improvised drama, like the 'Tower of Nesle,' nor yet, like 'Angela,' a picture of manners. The period, which it was to present, was obscurely known, or, what was worse, we had only false ideas respecting it; — a period, which, when we have arrived at a certain age, we look back upon only through the wearisome recollections of our college studies, and which it was necessary to build up again on the movable ground of the theatre, within the narrow limits of the stage, and according to the severe architecture of the unities.

"Add to this, that antiquity, as it is displayed in the tragedies of Voltaire's school, had fallen into such utter discredit, the sense of wearisomeness, with which it affected us, had become proverbial. It was not any thing new that I was about to attempt; it was rather a restoration.

"Therefore, when once resolved to undertake the work, I grudged no labor for its accomplishment. The imperfect reminiscences of college studies were effaced; the reading of the Latin authors appeared insufficient. I went to Italy, in order to see Rome; for, not being able to study the body, I wished at least to visit the tomb.

"I remained two months in the city of the Seven Hills, visiting the Vatican by day, and the Coliseum by night. But after I had reconstructed the whole in my imagination, from the Ma-

mertine Prisons, even to the Baths of Titus, I perceived, that I had seen only one face of the ancient Janus, — that grave and austere countenance, which had appeared to Corneille and Racine, and from its lips of bronze had dictated the 'Horatii' of the one, and the 'Britannicus' of the other.

"It was Naples, the beautiful Greek slave, which was to present to me the second face, hidden under the lava of Herculaneum and the ashes of Pompeii; — a face as sweet as an elegy of Tibullus, laughing as an ode of Horace, and mocking like a satire by Petronius. I descended into the excavations under Resina; I established myself in the house of the Faun; during eight days I waked and slept in a Roman habitation, — in actual contact with antiquity; — not the antiquity which Livy, Tacitus, and Virgil have transmitted to us, — grand, poetical, and almost divine; but antiquity familiar, material, and domestic, as it is revealed to us by Propertius, Martial, and Suetonius. Then the nation that wore the toga began to come down to me from its pedestal, to assume a palpable form, to exhibit a living countenance. I peopled these empty houses with their lost inhabitants, from the palace of the patrician down to the shop of the oil-merchant; and all the steps of that immense ladder, which reached from the emperor even to the slave, appeared to me in a dream like that of Jacob, covered with beings like ourselves, who were ascending and descending. This was not all. I went to them, I opened the tunic, I raised the cloak, I put aside the toga, and everywhere I found the man described by Homer and Diogenes, by Dante and by Swift, — with the stature of a dwarf, and the passions of a giant.

"Then, from the study of men, I attempted to pass to the knowledge of things. I endeavoured to form an intelligible account of those times, of which we have a history, but no explanation. I looked at the frantic emperors, and the enslaved people, — a hundred and sixty millions of men, victims of the cunning of a tiger, or the ferocity of a lion. I sought out a motive for these monstrous crimes, and for this unbounded patience; and I discovered one, by substituting faith for philosophy, and contemplating the Pagan world from a Christian point of view.

"At this epoch, Rome was not only the capital of the empire, but also the centre of the world. It resounded so loudly over the face of the earth, that not even a murmur could be heard from the other cities. Its houses covered the whole space from Tivoli to Ostia, from Ponte Molle to Albano. In this immense hive hummed, like bees, five millions of inhabitants, or about six times the population of Paris, and four times that of London. It had a magnificent garden, which reached from Vesuvius to

Mount Genèvre; a voluptuous gynæceum, called Baiæ, a splendid villa, denominated Naples, and two immense granaries, Sicily and Egypt, always full of corn and maize. Moreover, either by stratagem or conquest, it had inherited the treasures of Babylon and Tyre, its ancestors, the commerce of Carthage and Alexandria, its rivals, and the learning of Athens, its instructress.

"From this centralization of men, wealth, and learning, there had resulted a strange mixture of manners, a frantic luxury, a corruption like that of Sodom. The Roman colossus, powerful as it was in appearance, experienced at times sudden shocks, quakings of the earth, and mysterious agitations. The earth was like a woman near the end of her travail; she felt the movements of her offspring, — the unknown progeny foretold by the salutation of the angels, and awaited by faith. The ancient world was opening in fissures from old age; a cleft was widening in the pagan Olympus, from the east even to the west; the universe was in a state of torpor, like that of a serpent changing its skin. A mortal shudder ran through this society, which tried to overcome the presentiment by its orgies, and, with a hand hot with revelling, endeavoured to wipe out with wine and blood, the fatal words traced by the finger of the angel on the reeking walls of its festivities. At last, Rome could no longer have trust either in earth or heaven; it was between a volcano and a tempest; it had the full catacombs under its feet, and over its head an empty Olympus.

"It was because it had just been chosen for the designs of the Almighty; — because, a predestined city, from a rock, it was to become a pharos; — because this immense crucible, wherein the human race was transformed by heat, was at the same time a gigantic mould, from which was to come forth a new world. As human revolutions, although conducted by the divine hand, can be accomplished only by human means, God willed to assault this fortress of iniquity, both at the summit and at the base; he sent madness upon the emperors, and faith to the enslaved. Behold, therefore, these Cæsars, from Tiberius even to Julian, when they have hardly attained the height which they call empire, how they are seized with a sudden vertigo, with wild insanity, with incredible blindness! See how their bloody rage foolishly destroys every thing, which might serve for their support, by striking at both the knights and the patricians, those natural props of every monarchy! See how the doomed nobility destroys itself, and, at a word, a gesture, on the command of its tyrant, holds out the throat, opens the veins, or perishes by famine! It is a thirst for death, a mania for

annihilation; and Rome has not a palace, that does not send forth death-rattles, cries, and groans.

"Now cast your eyes on the other extremity of society. In lieu of despair, behold consolation; instead of executioners armed with the axe, see old men bearing the cross and the Gospel; in place of a hand digging up the earth, a finger which points to heaven.

"Thus the anger of God descended upon the great, and his mercy was extended over the humble. These two messengers of the Almighty went to meet each other, the one coming down from the emperor to the people, the other ascending from the people to the emperor. They came together in the middle ranks of society, each having accomplished its work. From that time, there was a Pope instead of a Cæsar, martyrs in the place of gladiators, Christians and no more slaves. A second Genesis was accomplished; to the light of the eyes succeeded that of the soul. God had made a new world out of the wrecks of the ancient universe.

"When I had arrived at this point of view, one may imagine what poetical and sublime materials were offered to my mind by this struggle between dying paganism and nascent faith. My only other business was to select from these three ages of transformation, an epoch proper for the developement of my plan. The close of the reign of the successor of Tiberius appeared to me the best fitted for my theory respecting the action of Providence. Of the three types which I needed, history offered me two, and my imagination had long before conceived the third. These three were Messalina, Caligula, and Stella." — Vol. II. p. 659.

Dumas had not the power to execute the plan which he has here sketched with so much strength and clearness, though in a distorted and galvanized style. The topic is a magnificent one, but we question whether it is a tractable theme for the poet, and it certainly cannot be compressed within the narrower limits prescribed to the dramatist. "Caligula" contains some striking scenes, the action is carried on with much spirit, and the diction, though occasionally rough-hewn, is often rich and impressive. But far from embodying the poet's whole idea, no one would suspect, except from reading the preface, that he had such a lofty end in view, or that he designed any thing more than to represent with theatrical effect the frightful crimes and terrible death of the worst of the Roman emperors. The characters in general are feebly drawn, especially Stella, who was designed to be the impersonation of Christian faith and the martyr spirit.

Her belief, indeed, is only an accident in the story, dignifying her character, but in no wise affecting the course of events nor the termination of the tragedy. She is represented as the daughter of Caligula's nurse, and the action turns on her becoming the victim of the emperor's brutality, and being avenged by her mother and her betrothed. If she had been a pagan, the action might have led to the same issue; and, though increased interest might attach to her, in the present case, from the higher belief and noble sentiments which she professes, this is precisely the advantage which our poet is incapable of using. He is wholly incapable of portraying ideal purity, faith, and excellence, and the attempt to accomplish such an end produces nothing but mawkish sentiment, or extravagance and bathos. But he is quite at home in delineating such a monster as Caligula, to whom history attributes as much ferocity and madness as Dumas is fond of representing in his fictitious heroes. The most natural and striking personage in the tragedy, or rather in the prologue to it, in which alone he appears, is Lepidus, a dissipated and reckless young patrician, but with some traces of high feeling, who, having been denounced to the emperor for using seditious language, opens his own veins in the bath, in order to escape a more ignominious death. The quickness and composure, with which the young trifler, when apprized of his danger, conceives his plan of forestalling the executioner, and goes jesting to his death, are brought out with great effect.

The union of strength and crime, the junction of a powerful intellect with violent passions and a bad heart, is the compound which our author loves to exhibit, both in his plays and in his prose fictions. With his usual exaggeration, he carries the first element so far that it appears superhuman, and he gives a degree of atrocity to the other, which augments the horror, as much as it lessens the credibility, of the tale. Alfred d'Alvimar, Richard Darlington, Marguerite, Antony, and Don Juan de Marana are all personations of unmitigated wickedness coupled with extraordinary power, and the course of events usually brings about the triumph of these demons, instead of their defeat and punishment. Dumas professes great admiration for Shakspeare, and seems to imagine that in this respect, as in many others, he is only following in the steps of the great dramatist. He forgets,

that the "mighty master" always qualifies guilt with some marks of compunction or some touches of natural feeling; or he shows the magnitude of the temptation together with the atrocity of the crime, and paints the struggle of conflicting desires which is thus occasioned; or, at most, wickedness is used only as a foil to virtue, and appears only in a subordinate part. Iago is perhaps the only character of unmixed and gratuitous evil in the whole Shakspearian gallery, and he was necessary, as a part of the ground on which Desdemona appears more silvery white and pure by the contrast, and as a means of preserving the beholder's sympathies for the noble Moor, when stimulated to foul injustice by the other's devices. It may be observed, also, that the character of Iago is the most unnatural one in the play, as appears by the anxiety of the reader to detect some other motives for his conduct, besides the insignificant pretexts which he assigns. We cannot accept at once and on trust such a union of a powerful mind and a black heart, and we search eagerly for some key to the enigma, — some cause or palliation of the crime. It is scarcely necessary to say, that Macbeth, Shylock, King John, and even Richard the Third have enough of good or noble qualities in them to preserve a portion of our esteem. Not so with the villains that our French dramatist is delighted to portray. He seeks only to startle the reader by the magnitude and gratuitous character of the crime, or by the atrocious motives which even heighten its guilt. And the effect is, when the interest is most absorbing, that we detest most heartily the writer and the book.

Before quitting "Caligula," we must cite a short passage, which shows either the extraordinary inaptitude of the French language for a certain class of subjects, or how dangerous it is for such writers as Dumas to venture upon Scriptural ground. In giving an account of her conversion, Stella narrates the story of Lazarus, as it was told to her by an eyewitness of his resurrection. It would be difficult to match the last verse as a specimen of bathos.

"Madeleine en pleurant tendit au ciel les bras!
Mais le Sauveur lui dit, Femme ne pleure pas.
Et marchant aussitôt vers le sépulchre avare
Où pour l'éternité s'était couché Lazare,
Jésus, devant le peuple immobile d'effroi,
Dit, étendant la main; Lazare, lève-toi!

A peine retenti cette voix tutélaire,
Que, brisant de son front le marbre tumulaire,
Lazare, obéissant au cri qui l'appela,
Se dressa dans sa tombe, en disant, ME VOILÀ!"

"Catherine Howard" is neither the most powerful nor the most absurd of our author's dramas, but it may be cited as a sample of his method of constructing a plot, and of his use of historical materials. Ethelwood, Duke of Dierham, is secretly married to Catherine Howard, who is of an ignoble family, and whom he retains in concealment near London, from his fear of the brutal passions of Henry the Eighth. She is accidentally seen by Fleming, the astrologer of the king, who is struck with her beauty, and, being ignorant that she is a married woman, proposes her as a wife to the monarch, after the dissolution of his match with Anne of Cleves. Henry, who has seen Catherine but once, and then without speaking to her, immediately accepts the proposal, and orders Ethelwood to bring up the beautiful damsel to court, and introduce her into the train of the princess Margaret, the king's sister. The husband, not daring to reveal the truth, applies to Fleming for advice, and obtains from him a draught, that will bring on the appearance of death for several days, but, at the end of this time, the patient will awake to life again. This potion being administered to Catherine, her apparent death follows, and she is placed in the burial vault, which is visited first by Ethelwood and then by Henry, who comes to mourn over her, and even places a nuptial ring on the finger of the seeming corpse; a sentimental act, of which one would hardly suspect the burly monarch. After the king has withdrawn, Catherine revives, and her husband explains to her what has passed, even to the circumstance of the ring, and then hurries her away in secret to one of his castles in the north.

The trials of the Duke of Dierham are not ended. The king visits him in the castle, where Catherine is concealed, and says that the princess Margaret has conceived an affection for him, and offers him her hand in marriage and the regency of the kingdom, while Henry himself is to be absent on an expedition against Scotland. Ethelwood wishes to refuse these proffers, and the king leaves him, menacing him with death and the confiscation of his estates. To

escape this danger, the unhappy husband resolves upon the use of the same means by which he had saved his wife. He drinks the remainder of Fleming's potion, and gives to Catherine two keys of the funeral vault, one of which, after his apparent death, is to be handed to the king, in conformity with the custom on the burial of an English nobleman, and with the other she is to open the tomb at the proper time, when the two can escape together, with a portion of his wealth, to France. But Catherine is intoxicated with the flattering love of the monarch, and the prospect of becoming queen of England, and she resolves, after a short struggle with herself, to leave her husband to perish in the vault. She seeks the presence of Henry, informs him that she had accidentally been buried alive, and had escaped, shows him the royal ring upon her finger, and, when the enraptured monarch offers at once to marry her, she secretly throws the key which she had received from Ethelwood into the Thames. The marriage takes place, but a singular chance saves the life of her first husband, and places the means of vengeance in his power. The princess Margaret obtains the other key, which had been delivered to the king, and, going to the vault to mourn over the object of her affections, finds him alive and brings him to the palace, where he remains concealed in her apartment. Remorse pursues Catherine after her elevation to the throne, and a few days afterwards she is terrified by the appearance of Ethelwood in her chamber, who upbraids her with the crime that she had attempted, and announces that her punishment is at hand. Henry returns while they are still together, and though Catherine bars the door against him, the duke persists in remaining there till the king has heard his voice in conversation, and then retires, leaving his cap on the sofa. The monarch bursts open the door, finds the cap, which confirms the suspicion excited by hearing a man's voice in the chamber, and goes away, menacing the queen with the fate of Anne Boleyn.

The trial of Catherine before the Peers now follows, and she is found guilty of adultery and treason, and condemned to death. But the young earl of Sussex demands the trial by combat in her favor, and generously offers himself as her champion. Proclamation being made to find a champion for the king, Ethelwood presents himself disguised in black armour, without announcing his name, and vanquishes Sussex.

The queen is now deprived of her last hope, and is visited in the Tower by the executioner, who comes to ask her pardon for the execution of his office. She suddenly conceives the design of bribing him to leave the kingdom, thinking that a delay of some days must occur before a substitute could be found, and that meanwhile the king might incline to mercy. The man yields to the offer of a diamond ring, and, when the hour arrives, no executioner is to be found, and Catherine is again excited by the hope of escape. But the herald offers a large reward for any one who will undertake the hateful office, and, a man in a mask presenting himself, the execution at last takes place. After the blow is struck, Ethelwood pulls off the mask and exclaims, — "I have stricken the guilty ; behold her accomplice ! "

Comment is unnecessary on this extraordinary mixture of history and fable, and the absurdity of every part of the story. But putting aside the extravagant improbability of the plot, it certainly offers a wide field for the actor's powers in the rapid changes of situation, the excitement of feeling with which they are attended, and the conflict of opposing passions, to which Catherine and Ethelwood are subject. It is difficult to select a scene which shall be a fair specimen of the execution of the work ; but our readers may form some ideas of it from a translation of Ethelwood's soliloquy on his first visit to the burial vault, before his wife has recovered from the trance.

"*Ethelwood.* Yes, Fleming has strictly kept his word. Her sleep is indeed the twin brother of death, and, if it were not my work, my own eyes would be deceived by the resemblance. How fragile is human existence! A few drops extracted from certain plants are enough to interrupt it; a few more would destroy it entirely, and the soul which once sparkled in these eyes that are now closed, which once animated the voice that is now mute, which gave life and thought to the body that is now motionless and cold, would depart for ever, and mount upwards to the source of things. What has become of it during this lethargy, which is more than sleep, and less than death? Does it fly to the realm of dreams, does it sleep like a sacred lamp shut up in the tabernacle? Is it gone to knock at the gate of that unknown world, which is called eternity? And when the blood shall begin again to circulate in the veins, when the thought shall return to animate the understanding, and this soul, exiled for a

time, shall again enter into the body, like a queen into her palace, will it have recollection of the objects of this world, or of the things of heaven, which it will have seen during these two days? Oh, I can conceive that the assassin should feel no remorse at the sight of his victim, for if this inanimate body is not happy, it is at least very tranquil! O, Catherine, would it not be better that I should lie down beside thee in this tomb, and let the vault be sealed up over our heads, and that we should thus sleep in each other's arms even till the day of the final awakening, than to intrust our lives again to the hazards of the world and the vicissitudes of fortune? For there is no certain future but that of the tomb, and why should we wait for this, when we can so easily go to meet it? (*Kissing her forehead.*) O, God! she moved, I think! My voice reached her soul, even in the depths of her slumber. Catherine! Catherine! come to thyself! Think no more of death! Life — life — with thee, happy or miserable, in joy or in despair! O, my God, send life! (*Turning towards the door of the tomb, which is opening.*) Unhappy chance! Who comes here? Imprudent wretch that I am, why did I not close this door behind the last person that went out? (*Going to the door, and then recoiling in fear.*) The king, — the king here! (*Returning to the tomb and bending over the body.*) Ye powers of darkness, let your iron slumber weigh heavily upon her eyes, and, rather than they should open now, let them never open again!" — Vol. II. p. 517.

The incident, on which the plot of "Charles the Seventh" turns, is far more natural and striking than the extravagances which we have just cited, and the play is executed with more finish and in better taste. It presents rather a vivid sketch of some peculiarities of the Feudal system, as exhibited in their influence on social life, and of the distracted state of France at the time when that system was rapidly crumbling to pieces, and the monarchy was gradually becoming consolidated in the hands of the king. It is hardly possible to give an idea of the piece in our limited space, as there is very little unity of action in it, notwithstanding the boast of the author in the preface, that in this instance he had rigidly observed the classical forms. The chief interest attends the developement of the character of Yaqoub, a young Arab, whom the Count de Savoisy had brought home on his return from a warlike expedition to the East, undertaken by command of the Pope, in order to expiate an involuntary sacrilege. To borrow the pedantic style, in which our author

speaks of his art, the several characters are presented rather as types of things, than as individuals. Yaqoub represents the slavery of the East, Raymond the servitude of the West, the Count himself pictures forth the Feudal system, and the monarchy, of course, appears in the person of the King. The moral idea, — for Dumas fancies that the play contains one, — is, that nature has organized every individual in harmony with the place where he was born, and where he ought to live and die. To transplant him is to do more or less violence to his original constitution. The principles of good, which, in his natural climate, and on his maternal earth, might ripen into fruit, are turned to evil on a foreign soil. As he cannot annihilate the air which offends his lungs, the sun which scorches him, or the earth which wounds his feet, his hatred turns upon men, on whom he can always wreak his vengeance.

This "moral idea" is rather a striking one; the only difficulty is, that it is not true, — that it is contradicted by history and daily experience. Man is neither a polar bear, that can live only on the ice, nor a palm tree, that will grow only within the tropics. Early habits may make a change of country irksome for a time, and to an ardent temperament the new locality may produce serious evil; and this fact is enough for our author's present purpose. But human nature is especially distinguished from that of the brutes by its great power of adaptation to the most dissimilar circumstances. Yaqoub is irritated by the insults to which he is exposed as a captive and an unbeliever, and not merely by the change of air and the novel circumstances with which he is surrounded. The higher part of his nature is called out as readily by the affection which he conceives for Bérengère, the noble lady of a Frank, as it would have been by a passion for a daughter of the desert. If he had visited the country as a conqueror, instead of a slave, he would have found the soil as genial and the new home as pleasant, as that of Spain appeared to his Arab ancestors, who wrested it from the Goths. The contrasts that are presented by the characters grouped around him, and the scenes in which they are called to act, certainly present a fine scope for the powers of the dramatist, and, though the execution falls short of the design, the whole play is one of the most pleasing and effective of our author's performances.

We have purposely selected for particular comment the least exceptionable of the dramas of Dumas, since a full notice of the others would only create weariness and disgust. In "Antony," "Richard Darlington," and "Angela," the incidents are even more glaringly improbable than any which we have noticed; the plot turns generally upon adultery, murder, or incest, and the personages are worthy of the atrocious sentiments which they are made to express. As the writer has shown himself capable of better things, as he does not appear, like some of his contemporaries, to be a sincere and devoted advocate of anti-social theories and licentious speculations, we must attribute these lamentable perversions of talent rather to the taste of the audiences for whom he labors, than to the natural obliquity of his own disposition. The latest of his writings for the stage, "Mademoiselle de Belle Isle," is one of his most ingenious and successful efforts; and, though marked with some of his characteristic faults, the plot is interesting, and it is carried out with much art and finish of execution. Those who have had the good fortune to witness its representation by such admirable performers as Lockroy, Firmin, and Mademoiselle Mars, though the last, at the full age of sixty-five, had the presumption to undertake the part of a girl of twenty, will not readily forget the impressive and delightful exhibition. The play continues a favorite on the Parisian stage, though she who contributed so largely to its first success, has at last heeded the whispers of her friends, and retired from the scene, of which, for nearly half a century, she was so distinguished an ornament.

Dumas having acquired his popularity chiefly as a playwright, we have considered his dramas at some length; and it is necessary to pass very quickly over his other writings. These are very miscellaneous in character, and certainly show a ready and versatile mind. The most considerable in dimensions and importance are the "Impressions of Travel," a medley of fancies, tales, and sketches, a large portion of which have but a slender connexion with a journey and residence of the author for a few months in Switzerland; and "Fifteen days at Sinai," a work which has rather better founded pretensions than the other to be called a book of travels, though it also contains much extraneous matter. The artifices of the bookmaker are very apparent in these

volumes, which are swelled to their present size for no other object that we can perceive, except to increase the profits of the author and publisher. Even as they are, from the liveliness of the style and the great variety of matter, they furnish very pleasant, though certainly very light reading. Dumas has a good deal of the talent so happily displayed by our own Willis and Stephens, in infusing spirit into the observations and sketches which are expected from the professed traveller, and in giving a lively narrative of personal adventure. The following is a translation of the Introduction to the book, which explains the motives of the expedition.

"Every traveller thinks he is bound to inform his readers of the motives of his journey. I have too much respect for my illustrious predecessors, from M. de Bougainville, who circumnavigated the globe, down to M. Le Maistre, who made a tour round his own chamber, not to follow their example. Besides, there will be found in my exposition, however short it may be, two very important things, which would be sought in vain elsewhere; — a receipt against the cholera, and a proof of the infallibility of the newspapers.

"On the fifteenth of April, 1832, as I was coming back from escorting to the staircase my excellent and celebrated friends, Litz and Boulanger, who had spent the evening with me in fortifying themselves against the prevailing scourge by taking strong black tea, I found that my legs suddenly failed me; at the same moment a dizziness obscured my sight, and a tremor passed over my body; I clung to a table to save myself from falling. I was attacked with the cholera.

"Whether it was Asiatic or European, epidemic or contagious, is a point of which I know nothing. But what I do know very well is that, five minutes afterwards, perceiving that I could hardly speak, I made haste to call for some sugar and ether. The domestic, who was a very intelligent girl, and who had sometimes seen me, after dinner, soak a bit of sugar in rum, supposed that I wanted something similar. She filled a glass with pure ether, placed upon its opening the largest piece of sugar she could find, and brought it to me when I had just gone to bed, shivering in all my limbs. As my consciousness began to leave me, I mechanically reached out my hand. I felt that they put something into it, and at the same time I heard somebody say, 'Swallow that, Sir; it will do you good.' I brought this something up to my mouth, and swallowed what it contained; that is to say, about half a flask of ether.

"What revolution took place when this diabolical liquor en-

tered my body, it is impossible for me to say, for almost immediately I lost all consciousness. An hour afterwards, I returned to myself and found that I was wrapped up in several folds of fur; a bottle of boiling water was at my feet; two persons, each holding a warming-pan full of coals, were rubbing me on every seam. For a moment I thought I was dead and in the infernal regions; the ether was burning my vitals within, the assistants were frying me brown without. At last, after a quarter of an hour more, the cold confessed itself vanquished; I was dissolving into water, and the doctor declared that I was cured. It was high time; two more turns of the spit, and I had been roasted.

"Four days afterwards, the director of the Porte-Saint-Martin came to take a seat at my bedside. The theatre was yet more sick than I, and the dying called to its aid the convalescent. M. Harel told me, that he required in a fortnight, at the utmost, a piece which should produce at least fifty thousand crowns; he added, in order to persuade me, that the feverish condition in which I was placed, was very favorable for a work of the imagination, on account of the excitement of the brain with which it was attended. This reasoning appeared to me so conclusive, that I immediately set myself to work. I gave him his piece at the end of a week, instead of a fortnight, and it produced a hundred thousand crowns, in lieu of fifty thousand. It was true, that I was very near becoming insane.

"This forced labor was of no benefit whatever to my health. Such was my weakness that I could hardly stand upright, when I heard of the death of General Lamarque. The next day I was appointed one of the committee of arrangements for the funeral; my duty was to cause the artillery of the national guard, to which I belonged, to take the place assigned to it in the procession by the military hierarchy.

"All Paris saw the funeral pomp pass by, — a sublime spectacle of order, sorrow, and patriotism. Who changed this order into confusion, this grief into anger, this patriotism into rebellion? I know not, nor do I wish to know, before the day when the dynasty of July, like that of Charles the Ninth, shall give up its accounts to God, or, like that of Louis the Sixteenth, shall settle its affairs with men.

"On the ninth of June, I read in a legitimist paper, that I had been taken with arms in my hand, at the affair in the cloister Saint-Méry, tried by a military tribunal in the course of the night, and shot at three o'clock in the morning. The news bore such an official character, the account of my execution, which I had met with great bravery, was given in such detail, the information came from so good a source, that for a moment I en-

tertained serious doubts about the matter. Besides, the writer was perfectly convinced that the account was true. For the first time he spoke well of me in his paper; it was very evident he thought I was dead.

"I threw off the coverlet, jumped down from the bed, and ran to the glass in order to obtain some proofs of my existence. At that moment, the door of the chamber opened and a messenger entered bringing a note from Charles Nodier, which was as follows.

"'My Dear Alexandre.

"'I have just read in the newspaper that you were shot yesterday at three o'clock in the morning. Be kind enough to let me know whether this will prevent you from coming to dine with me to-morrow at the Arsenal, along with Taylor.'

"I sent back word to Charles, that, as to the matter of being dead or alive, I could not speak with certainty, for my own opinion was not yet made up on that point; but, in either case, I should certainly come to dine with him on the morrow; so he had only to make himself ready, like Don Juan, to entertain the statue of the commander.

"The next day, it was finally decided that I was not dead. But this was not gaining much, for I was still very sick, and therefore the doctor ordered me, as a doctor always does, when he knows not what else to prescribe, to make a journey to Switzerland.

"Consequently on the twenty-first of July, 1832, I left Paris." — Vol. I. p. 165.

This extract affords one specimen of the manner in which Dumas alludes to topics of political interest. Frequent remarks of a similar character are scattered throughout his works, betraying rather the exasperation of personal feeling, and the desire of making pungent and exciting observations, calculated for the popular ear, than the sober and earnest convictions of a lover of freedom and truth. The spirit of the opposition to the present dynasty of France appears on this and other occasions rather violent and revengeful, than deliberative and profound; it betrays the bitterness of disappointment and even the desire of blood, but it does not seem to rest upon fixed principles, nor to point to any definite end. In a word, it shows the disposition of a people accustomed to revolutions suddenly brought about by violence and bloodshed, and not by a gradual change of opinion effected by the diffusion of knowledge, the study of political

rights, and the general progress of civilization. In a historico-political work by Dumas, entitled "Gaul and France," which has been translated and published in this country, there are further manifestations of this state of political feeling, which we commend to the attention of the curious.

To return to the "Impressions of Travel," Dumas, after leaving Paris, makes his first halt at Montereau, about twenty leagues from the capital, where the sight of the bridge over the Seine reminds him of the two great events in the history of France, of which it was the theatre; the assassination of the Duke of Burgundy, by the Dauphin, in 1419, and the last great victory of Napoleon over the Allies in 1814. After his usual fashion, of swelling the size of his book by foreign matter, lugged in by the head and shoulders, he takes this occasion to narrate at length, in a strange mixture of truth and fable, the story of both events. In this way, the reader is perpetually reminded, that he is engaged with a travelling novelist and playwright, who is seeking everywhere for the materials of his art, and who sets down, as the fruit of a voyager's observations, what was in truth slowly concocted at home in his closet. Some of the historical reminiscences thus introduced, and dressed up in the usual manner of a writer of fiction, are told with great vivacity, and are very acceptable to most readers, though they make a rather disjointed book. They are more tolerable, at any rate, than the antiquarian discussions and other passages which show some pretensions to learning, and serve to fill up a given number of pages, though the facts and arguments seem to be derived from no higher source than encyclopædias and guide-books.

But there are other portions of the book, which afford far more entertaining matter. Dumas has an eye and a heart for the more striking aspects of outward nature; and though the wonders of Switzerland have already wellnigh exhausted the pen and the pencil of the tourist and the draughtsman, his descriptions are thrown off with such spirit and graphic power, that the reader willingly lingers over them, and even turns to them for a second time. Then the crowd of motley characters from all parts of the world, whom the attractions of this country bring together at its chief places of interest during the summer months, afford fine scope for his ready

talent in sketching portraits and caricatures. As he has no scruple in inventing scenes and incidents for showing off their peculiarities to the best advantage, he forms a very amusing gallery of grotesque and life-like personages. Something of national prejudice appears in his portraitures of the travelling English, who, it must be confessed, do not sustain a very high character in any part of the continent. Dumas sketches, with malicious fidelity, the stiffness of John Bull's manners, his helplessness in novel situations, and his ludicrous attempts at speaking any other than his vernacular tongue. The drawings of his own countrymen are more flattering, as might be expected, but they are equally well done. The carelessness and vivacity of the young Parisian, and the humors of that experienced voyager and amusing companion on the road for a single day, — the travelling bag-man, or commercial agent, — are shown up with great effect. A scene on the top of the Righi between one of these people and an Englishman is described with much comic power, though it is absurdly made to terminate in a duel of so tragic a cast, as to remind one of the dramatist's study of horrible *dénouemens*.

The stories and traditions of the peasantry, especially those relating to the heroic days of Switzerland, are picked up by our traveller, and related, with the usual admixture of fiction, in a very agreeable way. We have room only for one extract more, and that shall be a part of the account of the first ascension of Mont Blanc, which Dumas pretends to have taken down from the lips of Jacques Balmat himself, the hero of the story, who was alive in 1832, at the age of about seventy. He accomplished his great feat in 1786. M. de Saussure had promised a considerable reward to the first who should reach the summit, and, thus stimulated, Balmat, an active and hardy peasant, having explored the way alone, for about two thirds of the distance, in two previous trials, determined to make his great effort in company with Dr. Paccard, of Geneva.

"All our little affairs being arranged, we took leave of our wives, and set out about five o'clock in the afternoon, one of us taking the right bank of the river Arve, and the other the left, in order that no one might suspect the end which we had in view. We came together again at the village of Côte, and, having attained an elevated point between the glacier of Bossons and that

of Taconnay, resolved to pass the night there. I had brought with me a blanket, in which I rolled up the Doctor like an infant in swaddling clothes, and, thanks to this precaution, he passed a good night. For my own part, I slept soundly till about half past one. At two o'clock, the white line appeared in the horizon, and the sun soon rose, without mist, clear and bright, promising a famous day. I awakened the Doctor, and we began our journey. In a quarter of an hour, we were engaged in crossing the glacier of Taconnay. The first steps of the Doctor upon this great sea, among the yawning crevices, to the bottom of which the eye could not reach, over the bridges of ice which one hears cracking under his feet, and is certain of instant death if they break, were rather wavering. But he gained courage by degrees, as he saw me advance, and we got over it safe and sound. We then began to ascend the Grands-Mulets, and soon left it behind us. I pointed out to the Doctor the place where I had passed the first night. He made up a very meaning face, and remained silent for ten minutes; then, suddenly stopping, he exclaimed, 'Balmat, do you think we shall reach the top of Mont Blanc to-day?' I perceived where the shoe pinched, and reassured him by a laugh, though without promising any thing. We kept on ascending for two hours; the wind had risen since we left the *plateau*, and was now becoming more and more troublesome. At last, when we reached the peak of rock, called the Petit-Mulet, a violent gust carried off the Doctor's hat. At the round oath which he uttered, I stopped and perceived his beaver sailing away towards Carmayer. He was looking after it with outstretched arms. 'O! you must bid it adieu, Doctor,' I exclaimed, 'for it is on the way to Piedmont. A good journey to it!' It seemed that the wind had taken a fancy for joking, for I had hardly closed my mouth when there came such a furious gust, that we were obliged to lie down on the ground, to avoid being carried after the hat. For ten minutes we were not able to rise; the wind lashed the mountain, and whistled over our heads, bearing clouds of snow as large as a house. The Doctor was disheartened. For myself, I thought only of the saleswoman, who at this time had agreed to look up to the *dome Gouter;* and therefore, the moment that the wind lulled, I stood up; but the Doctor would only consent to follow me on all fours. We thus arrived at a point whence the village could be seen. There I drew out my pocket glass, and in the valley, twelve thousand feet below us, I perceived our gossip, together with a crowd of fifty people, eagerly gazing upwards. A consideration of self-love prompted the Doctor to get upon his legs again; and, as soon

as he rose, I perceived that we were recognised, — he by his great surtout, and I by my ordinary dress. The people in the valley waved their hats to us, and I answered with mine. That of the Doctor was absent on a long furlough.

"But Paccard had exhausted all his energies in getting upon his feet, and no encouragement could induce him to continue the ascent. After I had used all my eloquence, and saw that it was only losing time, I told him to continue moving about, and to keep himself as warm as possible. He answered, 'Yes! yes!' mechanically, only to get rid of me. I then left the bottle with him, and set off alone, saying that I would return for him.

"After this, the route did not offer any great difficulty, but, in proportion as I ascended, the air became less fit for respiration. Every ten steps I was obliged to stop, as if afflicted with the asthma. It seemed as if I had no lungs, and that my chest was empty. I then folded up my handkerchief like a cravat, tied it over my mouth, and breathed through it, which eased me a little. Still the cold increased, and I was an hour in advancing half a mile. I walked with my head bent down, and seeing that I had reached a new point, I raised my head, and perceived that I was at last on the summit of Mont Blanc.

"Then I cast my eyes around, trembling lest I should be deceived, and should find some other peak, which I should not have the strength to ascend; for the joints of my legs seemed to hold together only by means of my trowsers. But no, no. I was at the end of my journey. I had reached a spot that no one had occupied before me, not even the eagle or the chamois. I had come alone, without other aid than that of my strength and will. All that surrounded me seemed to be my property. I was king of Mont Blanc, I was the statue of this immense pedestal.

"Then I turned towards Chamouny, waving my hat on the end of my stick, and saw, by the aid of my glass, that they answered my signs. The whole village had turned out. The first moment of exultation having passed, I began to think of the poor Doctor. I descended as rapidly as I could, calling out his name, and was frightened to find that he did not answer. At last, I perceived him, with his head between his knees, bent up like a cat asleep before the fire. I struck him on the shoulder, and he mechanically raised his head. I told him that I had reached the top of Mont Blanc. The news did not seem very interesting, for he replied by asking me, where he could lie down and go to sleep. I then told him that he had come thither in order to reach the summit, and that he *should* go there. I shook him, raised him up, and made him take a few steps. He appeared stupefied, and it seemed to be indifferent to him whether he went one way or an-

other, — whether he ascended or descended. But when the movements which I forced him to make brought back a little the circulation of the blood, he asked me if I had not another pair of gloves, like those which were on my hands. They were mittens of rabbit fur, which I had caused to be made expressly for the excursion. Under the circumstances, I would have refused both of them to my own brother; but I gave him one.

"A little after six o'clock, we both stood upon the summit, and although the sun shone brightly, the sky appeared darkly blue, and a few stars were visible. When we turned our eyes downwards, we saw nothing but ice, snow, rocks, and rugged peaks. The immense chain of mountains that runs through Dauphiny, and extends as far as the Tyrol, spread out before us its four hundred glaciers glowing with light. The lakes of Geneva and Neufchâtel seemed like blue points, and were hardly perceptible. On our left lay mountainous Switzerland, piled together in heaps, and beyond it the level country appeared like a rich carpet. On our right was all Piedmont and Lombardy, as far as Genoa. In front, was Italy. Paccard saw nothing; I told him all. For myself, I no longer suffered, I was no more fatigued. I hardly perceived the difficulty of breathing, which a short time before had nearly caused me to renounce the undertaking. We remained there thirty-three minutes.

"It was now seven o'clock, and but two hours and a half of daylight remained. It was high time to commence the descent. I waved my hat again as a final signal to those in the valley, and we began to descend. There was no path for our guidance, and we found our way only by the little holes in the ice made by our iron-shod staves. Paccard was like a child, without energy or will, whom I guided when the route was good, and carried in my arms when it was bad. At eleven o'clock we had left behind us the region of ice, and placed our feet upon firm ground. Then I permitted the Doctor to stop, and prepared to wrap him up again in the blanket. Having done this, I laid him down under shelter of a rock, and, having eaten and drank a little, we crept as close as possible to each other, and went to sleep." — Vol. I. p. 213.

The next morning they resumed their descent, and arrived in safety at the village, though the Doctor had become totally blind, and remained so for several days; and even the vigorous Balmat did not recover for some time from the effects of the excursion. De Saussure ascended the next year, guided by this intrepid pioneer, and, between that time and 1832, ten other parties accomplished the same feat.

Among the names we find those of two Americans, Dr. Rensselaer and Mr. Howard, who ascended in 1819.

We have as yet said nothing of the novels of Dumas, which form rather the most bulky portion of his works. There is less need of noticing them at length, as they evince less talent than his other productions, though they are equally characteristic of his school, and as some of them have been translated and published in this country. One of them, "Pauline," appeared recently from the American press. It is a strange tale, in which horrible incidents are accumulated, too improbable to create any illusion, and without sufficient force of coloring or style to become interesting as a work of art. "Isabel of Bavaria" and some others are historical romances, the story following at times very closely the course of real events, and not embellished with sufficient copiousness of invention or descriptive power to correspond with the dignity of the characters or the richness of the materials. It would be idle to compare them with the magic creations of Scott, as they are much inferior to works of the same class by the writer's countrymen. They belong to the mass of indifferent fictions, which the press of France, England, and America is now sending forth in vast profusion, adapted for a great multitude of uninstructed readers, who seem to find nothing better than the perusal of such trash for the amusement of their leisure hours.

Art. VI. — *Life in Mexico during a Residence of Two Years in that Country.* By Madame C— de la B—. Boston: Little & Brown. Two Volumes. 12mo.

In the present age of high literary activity, travellers make not the least importunate demands on public attention, and their lucubrations, under whatever name, — Rambles, Notices, Incidents, Pencillings, — are nearly as important a staple for the "trade," as novels and romances. A book of travels, formerly, was a very serious affair. The traveller set out on his distant journey with many a solemn preparation, made his will, and bade adieu to his friends, like one who might not again return. If he did return, the

results were embodied in a respectable folio, or at least quarto, well garnished with cuts, and done up in a solid form, which argued that it was no fugitive publication, but destined for posterity.

All this is changed. The voyager now-a-days leaves home with as little ceremony and leave-taking, as if it were for a morning's drive. He steps into the bark that is to carry him across thousands of miles of ocean, with the moral certainty of returning in a fixed week, almost at a particular day. Parties of gentlemen and ladies go whizzing along in their steam-ships over the route, which cost so many weary days to the Argonauts of old, and run over the choicest scenes of classic antiquity, scattered through Europe, Asia, and Africa, in less time than it formerly took to go from one end of the British isles to the other. The Cape of Good Hope, so long the great stumblingblock to the navigators of Europe, is doubled, or the Red Sea coasted, in the same way by the fashionable tourist, who glides along the shores of Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, Bombay, and Hindostan, further than the furthest limits of Alexander's conquests, — before the last leaves of the last new novel which he has taken by the way are fairly cut. The facilities of communication have, in fact, so abridged distances, that geography, as we have hitherto studied it, may be said to be entirely reformed. Instead of leagues, we now compute by hours, and we find ourselves next door neighbours to those whom we had looked upon as antipodes.

The consequence of these improvements in the means of intercourse is, that all the world goes abroad; or, at least, one half is turned upon the other. Nations are so mixed up by this process that they are in some danger of losing their idiosyncrasy: and the Egyptian and the Turk, though they still cling to their religion, are becoming European in their notions and habits more and more every day.

The taste for pilgrimage, however, it must be owned, does not stop with the countries, where it can be carried on with such increased facility. It has begotten a nobler spirit of adventure, something akin to what existed in the fifteenth century, when the world was new, or newly discovering, and a navigator, who did not take in sail, like the cautious seamen of Knickerbocker, might run down some strange continent in the dark. For, in these times of dandy tourists

and travel-mongers, the boldest achievements, that have hitherto defied the most adventurous spirits, have been performed ; the Himmaleh mountains have been scaled, the Niger ascended, the burning heart of Africa penetrated, the icy Arctic and Antarctic explored, and the mysterious monuments of the semi-civilized races of Central America have been thrown open to the public gaze. It is certain that this is a high-pressure age, and every department of science and letters, physical and mental, feels its stimulating influence.

No nation on the whole has contributed so largely to these itinerant expeditions as the English. Uneasy, it would seem, at being cooped up in their little isle, they sally forth in all directions, swarming over the more cultivated and luxurious countries of the neighbouring continent, and sending out stragglers on other more distant and formidable missions. Whether it be that their soaring spirits are impatient of the narrow quarters which nature has assigned them ; or that there exists a supernumerary class of idlers, who, wearied out with the monotony of home, and the same dull round of dissipation, seek excitement in strange scenes and adventures ; or whether they go abroad for the sunshine, of which they have heard so much, but seen so little, — whatever be the cause, they furnish a far greater number of tourists than all the world beside. We Americans, indeed, may compete with them in mere locomotion ; for our familiarity with magnificent distances at home, makes us still more indifferent to them abroad. But this locomotion is generally in the way of business, and the result is rarely shown in a book, — unless, indeed, it be the leger.

Yet John Bull is on many accounts less fitted than most of his neighbours for the duties of a traveller. However warm and hospitable in his own home, he has a cold reserve in his exterior, a certain chilling atmosphere, which he carries along with him, that freezes up the sympathies of strangers ; and which is only to be completely thawed by long and intimate acquaintance. But the traveller has no time for intimate acquaintances. He must " go ahead," and trust to his first impressions, — for they will also be his last. Unluckily it rarely falls out that the first impressions of honest John are very favorable. There is too much pride, not to say *hauteur* in his composition, which, with the best intentions in the world, will show itself in a way not particularly

flattering to those who come in contact with him. He goes through a strange nation, treading on all their little irritable prejudices, shocking their self-love and harmless vanities, in short, going against the grain, and roughing up every thing by taking it the wrong way. Thus he draws out the bad humors of the people among whom he moves, sees them in their most unamiable and by no means natural, aspect, — in short, looks on the wrong side of the tapestry. What wonder if his notions are somewhat awry as to what he sees! There are, it is true, distinguished exceptions to all this; English travellers, who cover the warm heart, — as warm as it is generally true and manly, — under a kind and sometimes cordial manner. But they are the exceptions. The Englishman undoubtedly appears best on his own soil, where his national predilections and prejudices, or at least the intimation of them, are somewhat mitigated in deference to his guest.

Another source of the disqualification of John Bull for being a calm and philosophic traveller, is the manner in which he has been educated at home; the soft luxuries by which he has been surrounded from his cradle, until luxuries have become necessaries, — and accustomed to perceive all the machinery of life glide along as noiselessly and as swiftly as the foot of Time itself, he becomes morbidly sensitive to every temporary jar or derangement in the working of it. In no country since the world was made, have all the appliances for mere physical, and we may add intellectual indulgence, been carried to such perfection, as in this little island nucleus of civilization. Nowhere can a man get such returns for his outlay. The whole organization of society is arranged so as to minister to the comforts of the wealthy; and an Englishman, with the golden talisman in his pocket, can bring about him genii to do his bidding, and transport himself over distances with a thought, almost as easily as if he were the possessor of Aladin's magic lamp, and the fairy carpet of the Arabian Tales.

When he journeys over his little island, his comforts and luxuries cling as close to him as round his own fireside. He rolls along roads as smooth and well-beaten as those in his own park; is swept onward by sleek and well-groomed horses, in a carriage as soft and elastic, and quite as showy as his own equipage; puts up at inns, that may vie with his

own castle in all their comforts and accommodations, and is received by crowds of obsequious servants, more solicitous, probably, even than his own to win his golden smiles. In short, wherever he goes, he may be said to carry along with him his castle, park, equipage, establishment. The whole are in movement together. He changes place, indeed, but changes nothing else ; for travelling, as it occurs in other lands, hard roads, harder beds, and hardest fare,— he knows no more of it, than if he had been passing from one wing of his castle to the other.

All this, it must be admitted, is rather an indifferent preparation for a tour on the Continent. Of what avail is it, that Paris is the most elegant capital, France the most enlightened country, on the European *terra-firma*, if one cannot walk out in the streets without the risk of being run over for want of a *trottoire*, nor move on the roads without being half smothered in a lumbering vehicle, dragged by ropes, at the rate of five miles an hour ? Of what account are all the fine music and paintings, the architecture and art of Italy, when one must shiver by day from want of carpets and sea-coal fires, and be thrown into a fever at night by the active vexations of a still more tormenting kind ? The galled equestrian might as well be expected to feel nothing but raptures and ravishment at the fine scenery through which he is riding. It is probable he will think much more of his own petty hurts than of the beauties of nature. A travelling John Bull, if his skin is not off, is at least so thin-skinned, that it is next door to being so.

If the European neighbourhood affords so many means of annoyance to the British traveller, they are incalculably multiplied on this side of the water, and that, too, under circumstances which dispose him still less to charity in his criticisms and constructions. On the Continent he feels he is among strange races, born and bred under different religious and political institutions, and, above all, speaking different languages. He does not necessarily, therefore, measure them by his peculiar standard, but allows them one of their own. The dissimilarity is so great, in all the main features of national polity and society, that it is hard to institute a comparison. Whatever be his contempt for the want of progress and perfection in the science of living, he comes to regard them as a distinct race, amenable to different laws, and therefore

licensed to indulge in different usages, to a certain extent, from his own. If a man travels in China, he makes up his mind to chop-sticks. If he should go to the Moon, he would not be scandalized by seeing people walk with their heads under their arms. He has embarked on a different planet. It is only in things, which run parallel to those in his own country, that a comparison can be instituted, and charity too often fails, where criticism begins.

Unhappily, in America, the Englishman finds these points of comparison forced on him at every step. He lands among a people speaking the same language, professing the same religion, drinking at the same fountains of literature, trained in the same occupations of active life. The towns are built on much the same model with those in his own land. The brick houses, the streets, the "side-walks," the in-door arrangements, all, in short, are near enough on the same pattern to provoke a comparison. Alas ! for the comparison. The cities sink, at once, into mere provincial towns, the language degenerates into a provincial *patois*, the manners, the fashions, down to the cut of the clothes, and the equipages, all are provincial. The people, the whole nation, — as independent as any, certainly, if not, as our orators fondly descant, the best and most enlightened upon earth, — dwindle into a mere British colony. The traveller does not seem to understand that he is treading the soil of the New World, where every thing is new, where antiquity dates but from yesterday, where the present and the future are all and the past nothing, where hope is the watchword, and "Go ahead ! " the principle of action. He does not comprehend, that when he sets foot on such a land, he is no longer to look for old hereditary landmarks, old time-honored monuments and institutions, old families, that have vegetated on the same soil since the Conquest. He must be content to part with the order and something of the decorum incident to an old community, where the ranks are all precisely and punctually defined, where the power is deposited by prescriptive right in certain privileged hands, and where the great mass have the careful obsequiousness of dependents, looking for the crumbs that fall.

He is now among a new people ; where every thing is in movement, all struggling to get forward, and where, though many go adrift in their wild spirit of adventure, and a tempo-

rary check may be sometimes felt by all, the great mass still advances. He is landed on a hemisphere, where fortunes are to be made, and men are employed in getting, not in spending, — a difference which explains so many of the discrepancies between the structure of our own society and habits, and those of the old world. To know how to spend, is itself a science ; and the science of spending and that of getting are rarely held by the same hand.

In such a state of things, the whole arrangement of society, notwithstanding the apparent resemblance to that in his own country, and its real resemblance in minor points, is reversed. The rich proprietor, who does nothing but fatten on his rents, is no longer at the head of the scale, as in the Old World. The man of enterprise takes the lead in a bustling community, where action and progress, or at least change, are the very conditions of existence. The upper classes, — if the term can be used in a complete democracy, — have not the luxurious finish and accommodations, to be found in the other hemisphere. The humbler classes have not the poverty-stricken, cringing spirit of hopeless inferiority. The pillar of society, if it want the Corinthian capital, wants also the heavy and superfluous base. Every man, not only professes to be, but is practically on a footing of equality with his neighbour. The traveller must not expect to meet here the deference, or even the courtesies, which grow out of distinction of castes. This is an awkward dilemma for one, whose nerves have never been jarred by contact with the great *profane ;* who has never been tossed about in the rough and tumble of humanity. It is little to him, that the poorest child in the community learns how to read and write ; that the poorest man can have, — what Henry the Fourth so good-naturedly wished for the humblest of his subjects, — a fowl in his pot, every day for his dinner ; that no one is so low, but that he may aspire to all the rights of his fellow-men, and find an open theatre, on which to display his own peculiar talents.

As the tourist strikes into the interior, difficulties of all sorts multiply, incident to a raw and unformed country. The comparison with the high civilization at home becomes more and more unfavorable, as he is made to feel that in this land of promise, it must be long before promise can become the performance of the Old World. And yet, if he would look

beyond the surface, he would see that much here too has been performed, however much may be wanting. He would see lands over which the wild Indian roamed as a hunting-ground, teeming with harvests for the consumption of millions here and across the water ; forests, which have shot up, ripened, and decayed on the same spot ever since the creation, now swept away to make room for towns and villages, thronged with an industrious population ; rivers, which rolled on in their solitudes, undisturbed except by the wandering bark of the savage, now broken and dimpled by hundreds of steamboats, freighted with the rich tribute of the country thus rescued from the wilderness. He would not expect to meet the careful courtesies of polished society in the pioneers of civilization, whose mission, to use the cant word of the day, has been, to recover the great continent from the bear and the buffalo. He would have some charity for their ignorance of the latest fashions of Bond Street ; and their departure, sometimes, even from what, in the old country, is considered as the decorum, and it may be decencies, of life. But not so ; his heart turns back to his own land, and closes against the rude scenes around him. For he finds here none of the soft graces of cultivation, or the hallowed memorials of an early civilization ; no gray, weather-beaten cathedrals, telling of the Normans ; no Gothic churches, in their groves of venerable oaks ; no moss-covered cemeteries, in which the dust of his fathers has been gathered since the time of the Plantagenets ; no rural cottages, half smothered with roses and honey-suckles, intimating that even in the most humble abodes the taste for the beautiful has found its way ; no trim gardens, and fields blossoming with hawthorn hedges and miniature culture ; no ring fences, inclosing well-shaven lawns, woods so disposed as to form a picture of themselves, bright threads of silvery water, and sparkling fountains. All these are wanting, and his eyes turn with disgust from the wild and rugged features of nature, and all her rough accompaniments, — from man almost as wild ; and his heart sickens as he thinks of his own land, and all its scenes of beauty. He thinks not of the poor, who leave that land for want of bread, and find in this a kindly welcome, and the means of independence and advancement, which their own denies them.

He goes on, if he be a splenetic Sinbad, discharging his

sour bile on everybody that he comes in contact with, thus producing an amiable ripple in the current as he proceeds, that adds marvellously, no doubt, to his own quiet and personal comfort. If he have a true merry vein and hearty good-nature, he gets on, laughing sometimes in his sleeve at others, and cracking his jokes on the unlucky fate of Brother Jonathan, who, if he is not very silly, — which he very often is, — laughs too, and joins in the jest, though it may be somewhat at his own expense. It matters little whether the tourist be Whig or Tory in his own land ; if the latter, he returns, probably, ten times the conservative that he was when he left it. If Whig, or even Radical, it matters not ; his loyalty waxes warmer and warmer with every step of his progress among the republicans ; and he finds, that practical democracy, shouldering and elbowing its neighbours, as it "goes ahead," is no more like the democracy, which he has been accustomed to admire in theory, than the real machinery, with its smell, smoke, and clatter, under full operation, is like the pretty toy, which he sees as a model in the Patent-Office at Washington.

On the whole, there seems to be no people better constituted for travellers, at least for recording their travelling experiences, than the French. There is a mixture of frivolity and philosophy in their composition, which is admirably suited to the exigencies of their situation. They mingle readily with all classes and races, discarding for the time their own nationality, — at least their national antipathies. Their pleasant vanity fills them with the desire of pleasing others, which most kindly reacts by their being themselves pleased ;

"Pleased with himself, whom all the world can please."

The Frenchman can even so far accommodate himself to habits alien to his own, that he can tolerate those of the savages themselves, and enter into a sort of fellowship with them, without either party altogether discarding his national tastes and propensities. It is Chateaubriand, if we are not mistaken, who relates, that, wandering in the solitudes of the American wilderness, his ears were most unexpectedly saluted by the sounds of a violin. He had little doubt that one of his own countrymen must be at hand ; and in a wretched enclosure, he found one of them, sure enough, teaching *Messieurs les*

sauvages to dance. It is certain, that this spirit of accommodation to the wild habits of their copper-colored friends gave the French traders and missionaries, formerly, an ascendency over the Aborigines, which was never obtained by any other of the white men.

The most comprehensive and truly philosophic work on the genius and institutions of this country, the best exposition of its social phenomena, its present condition, and probable future, are to be found in the pages of a Frenchman. It is in the French language, too, that by far the greatest work has been produced on the great Southern portion of our continent, once comprehended under New Spain.

To write a book of travels seems to most people to require as little preliminary preparation as to write a letter. One has only to jump into a coach, embark on board a steamboat, minute down his flying experiences and hair-breadth escapes, the aspect of the country as seen from the interior of a crowded diligence, or a vanishing rail-car, note the charges of the landlords and the quality of the fare, a dinner or two at the minister's, the last new play or opera at the theatre, and the affair is done. It is very easy to do this, certainly ; very easy to make a bad book of travels, — but by no means easy to make a good one. This requires as many and various qualifications as to make any other good book ; qualifications which must vary with the character of the country one is to visit. Thus, for instance, it requires a very different preparation and stock of accomplishments to make the tour of Italy, its studios and its galleries of art, or of Egypt with its immortal pyramids and mighty relics of a primeval age, the great cemetery of antiquity, — from what it does to travel understandingly in our own land, a new creation, as it were, without monuments, without arts, where the only study of the traveller, — the noblest of all studies, it is true, — is man. The inattention to this difference of preparation, demanded by different places, has led many a clever writer to make a very worthless book, which would have been remedied had he consulted his own qualifications, instead of taking the casual direction of the first steamboat or mail-coach that lay in his way.

There is no country more difficult to discuss in all its multiform aspects, than Mexico, or rather the wide region, once comprehended under the name of New Spain. Its various

climates, bringing to perfection the vegetable products of the most distant latitudes ; its astonishing fruitfulness in its lower regions, and its curse of barrenness over many a broad acre of its plateau ; its inexhaustible mines, that have flooded the Old World with an ocean of silver, such as Columbus in his wildest visions never dreamed of, — and unhappily, by a hard mischance, never lived to realize himself ; its picturesque landscape, where the volcanic fire gleams amid wastes of eternal snow, and a few hours carry the traveller from the hot regions of the lemon and the cocoa to the wintry solitudes of the mountain fir ; its motley population made up of Indians, old Spaniards, modern Mexicans, meztizoes, mulattoes, and zambos ; its cities built in the clouds ; its lakes of salt water, hundreds of miles from the ocean ; its people with their wild and picturesque costume, in keeping, as we may say, with its extraordinary scenery ; its stately palaces, half furnished, where services of gold and silver plate load the tables in rooms without a carpet, while the red dust of the bricks soils the diamond-sprinkled robes of the dancer ; the costly attire of its higher classes, blazing with pearls and jewels ; the tawdry magnificence of its equipages, saddles inlaid with gold, bits and stirrups of massy silver, all executed in the clumsiest style of workmanship ; its lower classes, — the men with their jackets, glittering with silver buttons, and rolls of silver tinsel round their caps, the women with petticoats fringed with lace, and white satin shoes on feet unprotected by a stocking ; its high-born fair ones crowding to the cockpit, and solacing themselves with the fumes of a cigar ; its churches and convents, in which all the sombre rules of monastic life are maintained in their primitive rigor, while they have died away before the liberal spirit of the age on the other side of the water ; its swarms of *léperos*, the lazzaroni of the land ; its hordes of almost legalized banditti, who stalk openly in the streets, and render the presence of an armed escort necessary to secure a safe drive into the environs of the capital ; its whole structure of society, in which a republican form is thrown over institutions as aristocratic, and castes as nicely defined, as in any monarchy of Europe ; in short, its marvellous inconsistencies and contrasts in climate, character of the people, and face of the land, — so marvellous, as, we trust, to excuse the unprecedented length of this sentence, — undoubtedly make modern Mexico one

of the most prolific, original, and difficult themes for the study of the traveller.

Yet this great theme has found in Humboldt a writer of strength, sufficient to grapple with it in nearly all its relations. While yet a young man, or, at least, while his physical as well as mental energies were in their meridian, he came over to this country, with an enthusiasm for science, which was only heightened by obstacles, and with stores of it already accumulated, that enabled him to detect the nature of every new object that came under his eye, and arrange it in its proper class. With his scientific instruments in his hand, he might be seen scaling the snow-covered peaks of the Cordilleras, or diving into their unfathomable caverns of silver; now wandering through their dark forests in search of new specimens for his herbarium, — now coasting the stormy shores of the Gulf, and penetrating its unhealthy streams, jotting down every landmark that might serve to guide the future navigator, or surveying the crested Isthmus in search of a practicable communication between the great seas on its borders, — and then again patiently studying the monuments and manuscripts of the Aztecs in the capital, or mingling with the wealth and fashion in its saloons, — frequenting every place, in short, and everywhere at home;

"Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, ... omnia novit."

The whole range of these various topics is brought under review in his pages, and on all he sheds a ray, sometimes a flood, of light. His rational philosophy, content rather to doubt than to decide, points out the track, which other adventurous spirits may follow up with advantage. No antiquary has done so much towards determining the original hives of the semi-civilized races of the Mexican plateau. No one, not even of the Spaniards, has brought together such an important mass of information in respect to the resources, natural products, and statistics, generally, of New Spain. His explorations have identified more than one locality, and illustrated more than one curious monument, of the people of Anahuac, which had baffled the inquiries of native antiquaries; and his work, while embodying the results of profound scholarship and art, is, at the same time, in many respects, the very best *manuel du voyageur*, and, as such, has been most freely used by subsequent tourists. It is true,

his pages are sometimes disfigured by pedantry, ambitious display, learned obscurity, and other affectations of the man of letters. But what human work is without its blemishes? His various writings on the subject of New Spain, taken collectively, are one of those monuments, which may be selected to show the progress of the species. Their author reminds us of one of the ancient athletæ, who descended into the arena to hurl the discus with a giant arm, that distanced every cast of his contemporaries!

There is one branch of his fruitful subject, which M. de Humboldt has not exhausted, and, indeed, has but briefly touched on. This is the social condition of the country, especially as found in its picturesque capital. This has been discussed by subsequent travellers more fully, and Ward, Bullock, Lyons, Poinsett, Tudor, Latrobe, have all produced works, which have for their object, more or less, the social habits and manners of the people. With most of them this is not the prominent object; and others of them, probably, have found obstacles in effecting it, to any great extent, from an imperfect knowledge of the language, — the golden key to the sympathies of a people; without which a traveller is as much at fault, as a man without an eye for color in a picture-gallery, or an ear for music at a concert. He may see and hear, indeed, in both, but *cui bono?* The traveller, ignorant of the language of the nation whom he visits, may descant on the scenery, the roads, the architecture, the outside of things, the rates and distances of posting, the dress of the people in the streets, and may possibly meet a native or two, half denaturalized, kept to dine with strangers at his banker's. But, as to the interior mechanism of society, its secret sympathies, and familiar tone of thinking and feeling, he can know no more, than he could of the contents of a library, by running over the titles of strange and unknown authors packed together on the shelves.

It was to supply this deficiency, that the work before us, no doubt, was given to the public, and it was composed under circumstances, that afforded every possible advantage and facility to its author. Although the initials only of the name are given in the title-page, yet, from these and certain less equivocal passages in the body of the work, it requires no Œdipus to divine, that the author is the wife of the

Chevalier Calderon de la Barca, well known in this country during his long residence, as Spanish minister, at Washington, where his amiable manners and high personal qualities secured him general respect, and the regard of all who knew him. On the recognition of the independence of Mexico by the mother country, Señor de Calderon was selected to fill the office of the first Spanish envoy to the Republic. It was a delicate mission after so long an estrangement, and it was hailed by the Mexicans with every demonstration of pride and satisfaction. Though twenty years had elapsed since they had established their independence, yet they felt as a wayward son may feel, who, having absconded from the paternal roof, and set up for himself, still looks back to it with a sort of reverence, and, in the plenitude of his prosperity, still feels the want of the parental benediction. We, who cast off our allegiance in a similar way, can comprehend the feeling. The new minister, from the moment of his setting foot on the Mexican shore, was greeted with an enthusiasm, which attested the popular feeling; and his presence in the capital was celebrated by theatrical exhibitions, bull-fights, illuminations, *fêtes* public and private, and every possible demonstration of respect for the new envoy and the country who sent him. His position secured him access to every place of interest to an intelligent stranger, and introduced him into the most intimate recesses of society, from which the stranger is commonly excluded, and to which, indeed, none but a Spaniard could, under any circumstances, have been admitted. Fortunately the minister possessed, in the person of his accomplished wife, one, who had both the leisure and the talent to profit by these uncommon opportunities; and the result is given in the work before us, consisting of letters to her family, which, it seems, since her return to the United States, have been gathered together, and prepared for publication.

On the 29th of October, 1839, Madame de Calderon embarked with her husband in a vessel for Havana, on her way to Mexico. The voyage was checkered by no remarkable incidents or perilous adventures. On entering the West Indian seas, the thoughts of the voyager naturally turned to the great navigator, whose sails were first spread on their bosom.

"It is well to read the History of Columbus at sea, but especially in these waters, where he wandered in suspense, high-wrought expectation, and firm faith; and to watch the signs which the noble mariner observed in these latitudes; the soft serenity of the breezes, the clear blue of the heavens, the brilliancy and number of the stars, the sea-weeds of the gulf, which always drift in the direction of the wind, the little land-birds, that come like harbingers of good tidings, the frequency of the shooting stars, and the multitude of flying-fish.

"As the shades of evening close around, and the tropical sky glitters with the light of innumerable stars, imagination transports us back to that century, which stands out in bold relief amidst other ages rolling by comparatively undistinguished, and we see, as in a vision, the Discoverer of a World, standing on the deck of his caravel, as it bounded over the unknown and mysterious waste of waters, his vigilant eyes fixed on the west, like a Persian intently watching the rising of his god; though his star was to arise from whence the day-god sets. We see him bending his gaze on the first dark line, that separated the watery sea from the blue of the heavens, striving to penetrate the gloom of night, yet waiting with patient faith until the dawn of day should bring the long wished-for shores in sight." — Vol. I. p. 6.

Preparations had been made for their reception by the authorities of Havana, where Señor de Calderon was to remain until a government vessel could be got ready to transport him to Mexico. Cuba has been visited by so many thousands of Americans, that one might imagine nothing new could be told us of it. But our countrymen go there mostly for business or health, rarely acquainted with the language, and see little or nothing of the higher society of the island. We have room only for one extract from the description of this, which shows, that the aristocracy of Cuba emulate that of the mother country in the splendor of their way of living.

"I can speak with more decision on the subject of a great ball given us by the Countess F——a, last evening, which was really superb. The whole house was thrown open, — there was a splendid supper, quantities of refreshments, and the whole select aristocracy of Havana. Diamonds on all the women, jewels and orders on all the men, magnificent lustres and mirrors, and a capital band of music in the gallery.

"The Captain-General was the only individual in a plain

dress. He made himself very agreeable, in good French. About one hundred couple stood up in each country dance, but the rooms are so large and so judiciously lighted, that we did not feel at all warm. Waltzes, quadrilles, and these long Spanish dances succeeded each other. Almost all the girls have fine eyes and beautiful figures, but without color or much animation. The finest diamonds were those of the Countess F——a, particularly her necklace, which was *undeniable*.

"Walking through the rooms after supper, we were amused to see the negroes and negresses helping themselves plentifully to the sweetmeats, uncorking and drinking fresh bottles of Champagne, and devouring everything on the supper-tables, without the slightest concern for the presence either of their master or mistress; in fact, behaving like a multitude of spoiled children, who are sure of meeting with indulgence, and presume upon it. . . . . .

"Towards morning we were led down stairs to a large suite of rooms, containing a library of several thousand volumes, where coffee, cakes, &c., were prepared in very beautiful Sèvres porcelain and gold plate. We left the house, at last, to the music of the national hymn of Spain, which struck up as we passed through the gallery."—Vol. I. pp. 24, 25.

After passing a fortnight amidst the elegant hospitality of Havana, our travellers embarked in a Spanish vessel of war of twenty-five guns, manned by a crew of one hundred and fifty men. In a few days they made the coast of New Spain. But the voyager to that country must take his choice of the *vomito*, or yellow fever, in the hot months, or of the *norte*, the north wind, which sweeps over these latitudes in the autumnal and winter seasons. Our voyagers chose the latter, and got the full benefit of it. For several days they were tossing about in sight of the coast, and, though in a fast-sailing vessel, consumed more than three weeks in the voyage, which a steamship would perform in half a one. At length they landed, on the 18th of December, at the port of Vera Cruz, the city of the True Cross, on the same spot, then a desolate sand-bank, where Hernando Cortes had first set his foot, more than three centuries ago. But our author shall speak for herself.

"Any thing more melancholy, *délabré*, and forlorn, than the whole appearance of things, as we drew near, cannot well be imagined. On one side, the fort, with its black and red walls; on the other, the miserable, black-looking city, with hordes of

large black birds, called *spilotes*, hovering over some dead carcass, or flying heavily along in search of carrion. Still, as the goal of our voyage, even its dreary aspect was welcome, and the very hills of red sand by which it is surrounded, and which look like the deserts of Arabia, appeared inviting.

"A boat, full of cocked hats, was now seen approaching from the city, containing the Consul in full uniform, and other authorities. C——n having sent for and obtained permission from the Governor, to permit the *Jason*, contrary to established usages, to anchor beneath the castle, a salute of twenty guns was fired from our ship. Being upon deck, I was nearly suffocated with smoke and powder. A salute of the same number of cannon was then fired from the castle, in honor of the first Spanish man-of-war, that has appeared in this port since the Revolution.

"And now we prepared, before the sun went down, to leave our watery prison; and the captain's boat being manned, and having taken leave of the officers, we, that is, C——n, the commander, and I, and my French maid, and her French poodle, got into it. Then came a salute of twenty guns from the *Jason* in our honor, and we rowed off amidst clouds of smoke. Then the fort gave us welcome with the same number of guns, and, amidst all this cannonading, we were landed at the wharf.

"A singular spectacle the wharf presented. A crowd, as far as the eye could reach, of all ages and sexes of Vera-Cruzians (and a very curious set they seemed to be) were assembled to witness His Excellency's arrival. Some had no pantaloons; and others, to make up for their neighbours' deficiencies, had two pair, — the upper slit up the side of the leg, Mexican fashion. All had large hats, with silver or bead rolls, and every tinge of dark complexion, from the pure Indian, upwards. Some dresses were entirely composed of rags, clinging together by the attraction of cohesion; others had only a few holes to let in the air. All were crowding, jostling, and nearly throwing each other into the water, and gazing with faces of intense curiosity.

"But a plume of colored feathers was seen towering above the copper-colored crowd, and immediate passage was made for an aid-de-camp from the Governor, General Guadalupe Victoria. He was an immensely tall man, in a showy uniform all covered with gold, with colossal epaulettes, and a towering plume of rainbow-colored feathers. He brought to C——n the welcome and congratulations of the General, and those Spanish offers of service and devotion which sound agreeably, whatever be their true value." — Vol. I. pp. 37-39.

Madame de Calderon gives some particulars of this commander, famous in the revolutionary history of Mexico. One, however, more extraordinary than any she states, is mentioned by Ward, who says, that the General, when secreting himself in the deserts for a year, learned to live without food for five days at a time, and that ever since it has been exceedingly annoying to him to eat more than once in twenty-four hours. Some of our dyspeptics might learn a wholesome lesson under this abstemious chief.

Our author gives a fuller account of a much more distinguished personage, the present president of the Republic, Santa Anna; which, as it presents a novel picture also of the way of life among the great proprietors of the *tierra caliente*, or warm region, as the lower level of the country is styled, we will give *in extenso*.

"Yesterday morning, at two o'clock, we rose by candle-light, with the pleasant prospect of leaving Vera Cruz and of seeing Santa Anna. Two boxes, called carriages, drawn by mules, were at the door, to convey us to Manga de Clavo. Señor V——o, C——n, the commander of the *Jason*, and I, being encased in them, we set off half asleep. By the faint light, we could just distinguish as we passed the gates, and the carriages ploughed their way along, nothing but sand, — sand, — as far as the eye could reach; a few leagues of Arabian desert.

"At length we began to see symptoms of vegetation; occasional palm-trees and flowers, and, by the time we had reached a pretty Indian village, where we stopped to change mules, the light had broke in, and we seemed to have been transported, as if by enchantment, from a desert to a garden. It was altogether a picturesque and striking scene; the huts composed of bamboo, and thatched with palm-leaves, the Indian women with their long black hair standing at the doors with their half-naked children, the mules rolling themselves on the ground, according to their favorite fashion, snow-white goats browsing among the palm-trees, and the air so soft and balmy, the first fresh breath of morning; the dew-drops still glittering on the broad leaves of the banana and palm, and all around so silent, cool, and still.

"The huts, though poor, were clean; no windows, but a certain subdued light makes its way through the leafy canes. We procured some tumblers of new milk, and, having changed mules, pursued our journey, now no longer through hills of sand, but across the country, through a wilderness of trees and flowers, the glowing productions of *tierra caliente*. We arrived about

five at Manga de Clavo, after passing through leagues of natural garden, the property of Santa Anna.

"The house is pretty, slight-looking, and kept in nice order. We were received by an aid-de-camp in uniform, and by several officers, and conducted to a large, cool, agreeable apartment, with little furniture, into which shortly entered the Señora de Santa Anna, tall, thin, and, at that early hour of the morning, dressed to receive us in clear white muslin, with white satin shoes, and with very splendid diamond ear-rings, brooch, and rings. She was very polite, and introduced her daughter Guadalupe, a miniature of her mamma, in features and costume.

"In a little while entered General Santa Anna himself; a gentlemanly, good-looking, quietly dressed, rather melancholy-looking person, with one leg, apparently somewhat of an invalid, and to us the most interesting person in the group. He has a sallow complexion, fine dark eyes, soft and penetrating, and an interesting expression of face. Knowing nothing of his past history, one would have said a philosopher, living in dignified retirement, one who had tried the world, and found that all was vanity, one who had suffered ingratitude, and who, if he were ever persuaded to emerge from his retreat, would only do so, Cincinnatus-like, to benefit his country. It is strange, how frequently this expression of philosophic resignation, of placid sadness, is to be remarked on the countenances of the deepest, most ambitious, and most designing men. C——n gave him a letter from the Queen, written under the supposition of his being still President, with which he seemed much pleased, but merely made the innocent observation, 'How very well the Queen writes!'

"It was only now and then, that the expression of his eye was startling, especially when he spoke of his leg, which is cut off below the knee. He speaks of it frequently, like Sir John Ramorny of his bloody hand; and when he gives an account of his wound, and alludes to the French on that day, his countenance assumes that air of bitterness, which Ramorny's may have exhibited, when speaking of 'Harry the Smith.'

"Otherwise, he made himself very agreeable, spoke a great deal of the United States, and of the persons he had known there, and in his manners was quiet and gentlemanlike, and altogether a more polished hero than I had expected to see. To judge from the past, he will not long remain in his present state of inaction, besides having within him, according to Zavala, 'a principle of action for ever impelling him forward.'

"*En attendant*, breakfast was announced. The Señora de Santa Anna led me in. C——n was placed at the head of the table, I on his right, Santa Anna opposite, the Señora on my

right. The breakfast was very handsome, consisting of innumerable Spanish dishes, meat and vegetables, fish and fowl, fruits and sweetmeats, all served in white and gold French porcelain, with coffee, wines, &c. After breakfast, the Señora having despatched an officer for her cigar-case, which was gold with a diamond latch, offered me a cigar, which I having declined, she lighted her own, a little paper 'cigarito,' and the gentlemen followed her good example.

"We then proceeded to look at the out-houses and offices; at the General's favorite war-horse, an old white charger, probably a sincerer philosopher than his master; at several game-cocks, kept with especial care, cock-fighting being a favorite recreation of Santa Anna's; and at his *litera*, which is handsome and comfortable. There are no gardens, but, as he observed, the whole country, which for twelve leagues square belongs to him, is a garden. The appearance of the family says little for the healthiness of the *locale;* and indeed its beauty and fertility will not compensate for its insalubrity.

"As we had but a few hours to spare, the General ordered round two carriages, both very handsome, and made in the United States, one of which, conveyed him and C——n, the Señora and me. In the other were the little girl and the officers, in which order we proceeded across the country to the high road, where the diligence and servants, with our guide Don Miguel S——, were to overtake us. The diligence not having arrived, we got down and sat on a stone bench, in front of an Indian cottage, where we talked, while the young lady amused herself by eating apples, and C——n and the General remained moralizing in the carriage.

"Shortly after, and just as the sun was beginning to give us a specimen of his power, our lumbering escort of Mexican soldiers galloped up, (orders having been given by the government that a fresh escort shall be stationed every six leagues,) and announced the approach of the diligence. We were agreeably disappointed by the arrival of a handsome new coach, made in the United States, drawn by ten good-looking mules, and driven by a smart Yankee coachman. Our party consisted of ourselves, Don Miguel, the captain of the *Jason* and his first lieutenant, who accompany us to Mexico. The day was delightful, and every one apparently in good-humor. We took leave of General Santa Anna, his lady and daughter, also of our hospitable entertainer, Señor V—— ; got into the diligence, — doors shut, — all right, — lash up the mules, and now for Mexico!" — pp. 47 - 52.

Madame de Calderon was not mistaken in supposing that

this Mexican Cincinnatus only bided his time to leave the philosophic retirement of the country for the glittering seals of state.

The route of the travellers led them through more of this delicious scenery, which is reflected, with all its bright flush of coloring, in our author's page, as vividly as in a mirror.

"It was difficult to believe, as we journeyed on, that we were now in the midst of December. The air was soft and balmy. The heat, without being oppressive, that of a July day in England. The road lay through a succession of woody country; trees covered with every variety of blossom, and loaded with the most delicious tropical fruits; flowers of every color filling the air with fragrance, and the most fantastical profusion of parasitical plants intertwining the branches of the trees, and flinging their bright blossoms over every bough. Palms, cocoas, oranges, lemons, succeeded one another, and at one turn of the road, down in a lovely green valley, we caught a glimpse of an Indian woman, with her long hair, resting under the shade of a lofty tree, beside a running stream, — an Oriental picture. Had it not been for the dust and the jolting, nothing could have been more delightful. As for Don Miguel, with his head out of the window, now desiring the coachman to go more quietly, now warning us to prepare for a jolt, now pointing out every thing worth looking at, and making light of all difficulties, he was the very best conductor of a journey I ever met with. His hat of itself was a curiosity to us; a white beaver with immense brim, lined with thick silver tissue, with two large silver rolls and tassels round it.

"One circumstance must be observed by all who travel in Mexican territory. There is not one human being or passing object to be seen that is not in itself a picture, or which would not form a good subject for the pencil. The Indian women with their plaited hair, and little children slung at their backs, their large straw hats and petticoats of two colors, the long strings of *arrieros* with their loaded mules, and swarthy, wild-looking faces, — the chance horseman who passes with his *sarape* of many colors, his high, ornamented saddle, Mexican hat, silver stirrups and leather boots, — all is picturesque. Salvator Rosa and Hogarth might have travelled here to advantage, hand-in-hand; Salvator for the sublime, and Hogarth taking him up where the sublime became the ridiculous." — pp. 52 – 54.

After climbing up the steep sides of the table-land, amidst scenes checkered with beauty and sterility, but always in the highest degree picturesque, the party descended the mountain

slopes towards the Valley of Mexico. We regret that our limits will not allow us to give her spirited account of her entrance into the ancient capital of Montezuma. The whole population of the city, all who could command a carriage or a horse, came out to welcome the ambassador, who brought the olive branch in his hand. Most unfortunately, it was becoming late in the afternoon, and the rain fell in sheets of water, such as are met with only in tropical climates. It certainly was a damper to their brilliant *entrée* into the capital. The bright sun of the next day dispelled the gloom of their first impressions, and for some weeks the diplomatic train found abundant amusement and occupation in the magnificent entertainments given in honor of their arrival.

In the brilliant gallery of pictures, which our fair author has sketched, sometimes of the city and its inhabitants, embracing all classes and descriptions, at others of its beautiful environs, we know not which to select. We will take at hazard her visit to Chapultepec, the favorite retreat of the Aztec princes, not a league from the capital.

"We have spent the day in visiting the castle of Chapultepec, a short league from Mexico, the most haunted by recollections of all the traditionary sites of which Mexico can boast. Could these hoary cypresses speak, what tales might they not disclose, standing there with their long gray beards, and outstretched venerable arms, century after century; already old when Montezuma was a boy, and still vigorous in the days of Bustamante! There has the last of the Aztec emperors wandered with his dark-eyed harem. Under the shade of these gigantic trees he has rested, perhaps smoked his 'tobacco mingled with amber,' and fallen to sleep, his dreams unhaunted by visions of the stern traveller from the far-east, whose sails even then might be within sight of the shore. In these tanks he has bathed. Here were his gardens, and his aviaries, and his fish-ponds. Through these now tangled and deserted woods, he may have been carried by his young nobles in his open litter, under a splendid *dais*, stepping out upon the rich stuffs which his slaves spread before him on that green and velvet turf.

"And from the very rock where the Castle stands, he may have looked out upon his fertile valley, and great capital, with its canoe-covered lakes, and outspreading villages and temples, and gardens of flowers, no care for the future darkening the bright vision.

"Tradition says, that now these caves and tanks and woods

are haunted by the shade of the Conqueror's Indian love, the far-famed Doña Marina, but I think she would be afraid of meeting with the wrathful spirit of the Indian emperor.

"The Castle itself, modern though it be, seems like a tradition. The Viceroy Galvez, who built it, is of a by-gone race! The apartments are lonely and abandoned, the walls falling to ruin, the glass of the windows and the carved work of the doors have been sold; and, standing at this great height, exposed to every wind that blows, it is rapidly falling to decay. We were accompanied by Count C——a, and received by a Mexican governor, who rarely resides there, and who very civilly conducted us everywhere. But Chapultepec is not a *show-place*. One must go there early in the morning, when the dew is on the grass, or in the evening, when the last rays of the sun are gilding with rosy light the snowy summits of the volcanoes; and dismount from your horse, or step out of your carriage, and wander forth without guide, or object, or fixed time for return.

"We set off early, passing over a fine paved road, divided by a great and solid aqueduct of nine hundred arches, one of the two great aqueducts by which fresh water is conveyed to the city, and of which the two sources are in the hill of Chapultepec, and in that of Santa Fé, at a much greater distance. When we arrived, the sleepy soldiers, who were lounging before the gates, threw them open to let the carriage enter, and we drew up in front of the great cypress, known by the name of 'Montezuma's Cypress,' a most stupendous tree, dark, solemn, and stately, its branches unmoved as the light wind played amongst them, of most majestic height, and forty-one feet in circumference. A second cypress standing near, and of almost equal size, is even more graceful, and they, and all the noble trees which adorn these speaking solitudes, are covered with a creeping plant resembling gray moss, hanging over every branch like long gray hair, giving them a most venerable and druidical look.

"We wandered through the noble avenues, and rested under the trees, and walked through the tangled shrubberies, bright with flowers and colored berries, and groped our way into the cave, and stood by the large clear tank, and spent some time in the old garden; and then got again into the carriage, that we might be dragged up the precipitous ascent on which stands the Castle, the construction of which aroused the jealousy of the government against the young Count, whose taste for the picturesque had induced him to choose this elevated site for his summer palace." — Vol. I. p. 103 – 105.

One of the most striking features in Mexican society is the ambition of ornament, reaching from the peasant to

the noble, and displayed in the latter by such a prodigal show of jewelry, as is probably not surpassed in any court in Europe. Some of the old Spanish nobles found the means for this in the vast wealth derived from their mines. Among these, we are informed by our author,

"The Count de Regla was so wealthy, that when his son, the present Count, was christened, the whole party walked from his house to the church, upon ingots of silver. The Countess having quarrelled with the Vice-Queen, sent her, in token of reconciliation, a white satin slipper, entirely covered with large diamonds. The Count invited the King of Spain to visit his Mexican territories, assuring him that the hoofs of his Majesty's horse should touch nothing but solid silver from Vera Cruz to the capital. This might be a bravado; but a more certain proof of his wealth exists in the fact, that he caused two ships of the line, of the largest size, to be constructed in Havana at his expense, made of mahogany and cedar, and presented them to the King. The present Count was, as I already told you, married to the beautiful daughter of the *Güera Rodriguez*." — Vol. I. p. 264.

After this we may not be surprised to find, that the ruling passion, strong in death, should affect the same lavish display, even where such magnificence becomes a mockery. Madame de Calderon tells a whimsical anecdote in relation to this.

"A lady of high rank having died in Mexico, her relatives undertook to commit her to her last resting-place, habited according to the then prevailing fashion, in her most magnificent dress, that which she had worn at her wedding. This dress was a wonder of luxury, even in Mexico. It was entirely composed of the finest lace, and the flounces were made of a species of point which cost fifty dollars a *vara* (the Mexican yard). Its equal was unknown. It was also ornamented and looped up at certain intervals with bows of ribband very richly embroidered in gold. In this dress, the Condesa de —— was laid in her coffin, thousands of dear friends crowding to view her beautiful *costume de mort*, and at length she was placed in her tomb, the key of which was intrusted to the sacristan.

"From the tomb to the opera is a very abrupt transition; nevertheless, both have a share in this story. A company of French dancers appeared in Mexico, a twentieth-rate ballet, and the chief *danseuse* was a little French damsel, remarkable for the shortness of her robes, her coquetry, and her astonishing pirouettes. On the night of a favorite ballet, Mademoiselle Pau-

line made her *entrée* in a succession of pirouettes, and, poising on her toe, looked round for approbation, when a sudden thrill of horror, accompanied by a murmur of indignation, pervaded the assembly. Mademoiselle Pauline was equipped in the very dress in which the defunct Countess had been buried! Lace, point flounces, gold ribbands; impossible to mistake it. Hardly had the curtain dropped, when the little danseuse found herself surrounded by competent authorities, questioning her as to where and how she had obtained her dress. She replied, that she had bought it at an extravagant price from a French *modiste* in the city. She had rifled no tomb, but honestly paid down golden ounces, in exchange for her lawful property. To the modiste's went the officers of justice. She also pleaded innocent. She had bought it of a man who had brought it to her for sale, and had paid him much more than *à poids d'or*, as indeed it was worth. By dint of further investigation, the man was identified, and proved to be the sacristan of San ——. Short-sighted sacristan! He was arrested and thrown into prison, and one benefit resulted from his cupidity, since, in order to avoid throwing temptation in the way of future sacristans, it became the custom, after the body had lain in state for some time in magnificent robes, to substitute a plain dress previous to placing the coffin in the vault. A poor vanity after all.

"I was told by a lady here, that on the death of her grandchild, he was not only enveloped in rich lace, but the diamonds of three Condesas and four Marquesas were collected together and put on him, necklaces, bracelets, rings, brooches, and tiaras, to the value of several hundred thousand dollars. The street was hung with draperies, and a band of music played, whilst he was visited by all the titled relatives of the family in his dead splendor, poor little baby! Yet his mother mourned for him as for all her blighted hopes, and the last scion of a noble house. Grief shows itself in different ways; yet one might think that when it seeks consolation in display, it must be less profound than when it shuns it." — Vol. I. pp. 134 – 136.

In the midst of this pomp of ornament and dress, one is particularly struck by the contrast afforded by the crowds of *léperos*, a caste of beggars, — or rather compound of beggar and bandit, — who swarm the streets, making it not only annoying, but oftentimes dangerous, to go abroad without an escort, particularly in the less frequented avenues and suburbs. The book contains many striking stories of this anomalous class of personages, as well as of the more daring marauders, for which we cannot find space, but which show such a total

absence of a police, as seems scarcely compatible with the existence of society. The following little anecdote shows the amiable terms on which the gentlemen of the road and of the robe stand with one another in Mexico. It is certainly very much *à l'Espagnole*.

"Apropos to which, the —— Consul told us the other day, that some time ago, having occasion to consult Judge —— upon an affair of importance, he was shown into an apartment where that functionary was engaged in conversation with some suspicious-looking individuals, or rather who were above suspicion, their appearance plainly indicating their calling. On the table before him lay a number of guns, swords, pistols, and all sorts of arms. The Judge requested Monsieur de —— to be seated, observing, that he was investigating a case of robbery committed by these persons. The robbers were seated, smoking very much at their ease, and the Judge was enjoying the same innocent recreation; when his cigar becoming extinguished, one of these gentlemen, taking his from his mouth, handed it to the magistrate, who relighted his *puro* (cigar) at it, and returned it with a polite bow. In short, they were completely *hand and glove*." — Vol. I. pp. 239, 240.

Among the objects of greatest interest in the capital, are its religious houses, still continued in all their primitive rigor, and the more curious from the difficulty now of meeting with similar specimens in Europe. They, indeed, seem to carry us back to the twilight of the sixteenth century, in the early part of which many of them were founded. Admission to them, especially those appropriated to the women, is exceedingly difficult to natives, still more so to foreigners. Our author's position secured to her the "Open, sesame!" here, as in every other quarter. In one of these convents, she witnessed the ceremony of taking the veil. It has been often described; but we have never seen a picture of the domestic distress, occasioned by the separation of the destined "bride of Christ" from her family, painted with such touching interest, as in the following passages.

"I had almost made up my mind to see no more such scenes, which, unlike *pulque* and bull-fights, I dislike more and more upon trial; when we received an invitation, which it was not easy to refuse, but was the more painful to accept, being acquainted, though slightly, with the victim. I send you the printed note of invitation.

"'On Wednesday, the —— of this month, at six o'clock in the evening, my daughter, Doña Maria de la Concepcion, P——e ——, will assume the habit of a Nun of the choir and the black veil in the Convent of Our Lady of the Incarnation. I have the honor to inform you of this, intreating you to co-operate with your presence in the solemnity of this act, a favor which will be highly esteemed by your affectionate servant, who kisses your hand.

"'MARIA JOSEFA DE ——.

"'Mexico, June ——, 1840.'

"Having gone out in the carriage to pay some visits, I suddenly recollected, that it was the very morning of the day in which this young girl was to take the veil, and also, that it was necessary to inquire where I was to be placed; for, as to entering the church with the crowd on one of these occasions, it is out of the question; particularly when, the girl being, as in the present case, of distinguished family, the ceremony is expected to be peculiarly magnificent. I accordingly called at the house, was shown up stairs, and, to my horror, found myself in the midst of a 'goodlie companie,' in rich array, consisting of the relations of the family, to the number of about a hundred persons; the Bishop himself in his purple robes and amethysts, a number of priests, the father of the young lady in his general's uniform; she herself in purple velvet, with diamonds and pearls, and a crown of flowers; the *corsage* of her gown entirely covered with little bows of ribband of divers colors, which her friends had given her; each adding one, like stones thrown on a cairn in memory of the departed. She had, also, short sleeves and white satin shoes.

"Being very handsome, with fine black eyes, good teeth, and fresh color, and, above all, with the beauty of youth, for she was but eighteen, she was not disfigured, even by this overloaded dress. Her mother, on the contrary, who was to act the part of Madrina, who wore a dress *fac-simile*, and who was pale and sad, her eyes almost extinguished with weeping, looked like a picture of misery in a ball-dress. In the adjoining room, long tables were laid out, on which servants were placing refreshments for the *fête* about to be given on this joyous occasion. I felt somewhat shocked, and inclined to say, with Paul Pry, 'Hope I don't intrude.' But my apologies were instantly cut short, and I was welcomed with true Mexican hospitality; repeatedly thanked for my kindness in coming to see the nun, and hospitably pressed to join the family feast. I only got off upon a promise of returning at half past five, to accompany them to the ceremony, which, in fact, I greatly preferred to going there alone.

"I arrived at the hour appointed, and, being led up stairs by the Senator Don —— ——, found the morning party, with many additions, lingering over the dessert. There was some gayety, but evidently forced. It reminded me of a marriage-feast, previous to the departure of the bride, who is about to be separated from her family for the first time. Yet how different in fact this banquet, where the mother and daughter met together for the last time on earth!

"At stated periods, indeed, the mother may hear her daughter's voice, speaking to her as from the depths of the tomb; but she may never more fold her in her arms, never more share in her joys or in her sorrows, or nurse her in sickness; and when her own last hour arrives, though but a few streets divide them, she may not give her dying blessing to the child, who has been, for so many years, the pride of her eyes and heart.

"I have seen no country, where families are so knit together as in Mexico, where the affections are so concentrated, or where such devoted respect and obedience are shown by the married sons and daughters to their parents. In that respect, they always remain as little children. I know many families, of which the married branches continue to live in their father's house, forming a sort of small colony, and living in the most perfect harmony. They cannot bear the idea of being separated, and nothing but dire necessity ever forces them to leave their *fatherland*. To all the accounts, which travellers give them, of the pleasures to be met with in European capitals, they turn a deaf ear. Their families are in Mexico, their parents, and sisters, and relatives, and there is no happiness for them elsewhere. The greater, therefore, is the sacrifice, which those parents make, who, from religious motives, devote their daughters to a conventual life.

"——, however, was furious at the whole affair, which, he said, was entirely against the mother's consent, though that of the father had been obtained; and pointed out to me the confessor, whose influence had brought it about. The girl herself was now very pale, but evidently resolved to conceal her agitation, and the mother seemed as if she could shed no more tears, — quite exhausted with weeping. As the hour for the ceremony drew near, the whole party became more grave and sad, all but the priests, who were smiling and talking together in groups. The girl was not still a moment. She kept walking hastily through the house, taking leave of the servants, and naming, probably, her last wishes about every thing. She was followed by her younger sisters, all in tears.

"But it struck six, and the priests intimated that it was time

to move. She and her mother went down stairs alone, and entered the carriage, which was to drive them through all the principal streets, to show the nun to the public, according to custom, and to let them take their last look, they of her, and she of them. As they got in, we all crowded to the balconies to see her take leave of her house, her aunts saying, 'Yes, child, *despidete de tu casa*, take leave of your house, for you will never see it again!' Then came sobs from the sisters, and many of the gentlemen, ashamed of their emotion, hastily quitted the room. I hope, for the sake of humanity, I did not rightly interpret the look of constrained anguish, which the poor girl threw from the window of the carriage at the home of her childhood.

"They drove off, and the relations prepared to walk in procession to the church. I walked with the Count S——o; the others followed in pairs. The church was very brilliantly illuminated, and, as we entered, the band was playing one of *Strauss's* waltzes! The crowd was so tremendous, that we were nearly squeezed to a jelly in getting to our places. I was carried off my feet between two fat Señoras in mantillas and shaking diamond pendants, exactly as if I had been packed between two movable feather beds.

"They gave me, however, an excellent place, quite close to the grating, beside the Countess de S——o, that is to say, a place to kneel on. A great bustle and much preparation seemed to be going on within the convent, and veiled figures were flitting about, whispering, arranging, &c. Sometimes a skinny old dame would come close to the grating, and, lifting up her veil, bestow upon the pensive public a generous view of a very haughty and very wrinkled visage of some seventy years standing, and beckon into the church for the major-domo of the convent, (an excellent and profitable situation by the way,) or for *Padre* this or that. Some of the holy ladies recognised and spoke to me through the grating.

"But, at the discharge of fireworks outside the church, the curtain was dropped, for this was the signal, that the nun and her mother had arrived. An opening was made in the crowd, as they passed into the church, and the girl, kneeling down, was questioned by the Bishop, but I could not make out the dialogue, which was carried on in a low voice. She then passed into the convent by a side door, and her mother, quite exhausted and nearly in hysterics, was supported through the crowd to a place beside us, in front of the grating. The music struck up; the curtain was again drawn aside. The scene was as striking here, as in the convent of Santa Teresa, but not so lugubri-

ous. The nuns, all ranged around and carrying lighted tapers in their hands, were dressed in mantles of bright blue, with a gold plate on the left shoulder. Their faces, however, were covered with deep black veils. The girl, kneeling in front, and also bearing a heavy lighted taper, looked beautiful, with her dark hair and rich dress, and the long black lashes resting on her glowing face. The churchmen near the illuminated and magnificently-decked altar, formed, as usual, a brilliant background to the picture. The ceremony was the same, as on the former occasion, but there was no sermon.

"The most terrible thing to witness, was the last, straining, anxious look, which the mother gave her daughter through the grating. She had seen her child pressed to the arms of strangers, and welcomed to her new home. She was no longer hers. All the sweet ties of nature had been rudely severed, and she had been forced to consign her, in the very bloom of youth and beauty, at the very age in which she most required a mother's care, and when she had but just fulfilled the promise of her childhood, to a living tomb. Still, as long as the curtain had not fallen, she could gaze upon her, as upon one, on whom, though dead, the coffin-lid is not yet closed.

"But, while the new-made nun was in a blaze of light, and distinct on the foreground, so that we could mark each varying expression of her face, the crowd in the church, and the comparative faintness of the light, probably, made it difficult for her to distinguish her mother; for, knowing that the end was at hand, she looked anxiously and hurriedly into the church, without seeming able to fix her eyes on any particular object; while her mother seemed, as if her eyes were glazed, so intently were they fixed upon her daughter.

"Suddenly, and without any preparation, down fell the black curtain, like a pall, and the sobs and tears of the family broke forth. One beautiful little child was carried out almost in fits. Water was brought to the poor mother; and, at last, making our way with difficulty through the dense crowd, we got into the sacristy. 'I declare,' said the Countess —— to me, wiping her eyes, 'it is worse than a marriage!' I expressed my horror at the sacrifice of a girl so young, that she could not possibly have known her own mind. Almost all the ladies agreed with me, especially all who had daughters, but many of the old gentlemen were of a different opinion. The young men were decidedly of my way of thinking; but many young girls, who were conversing together, seemed rather to envy their friend, who had looked so pretty and graceful, and 'so happy,' and whose dress 'suited her so well'; and to have no objection to 'go, and do likewise.'" — Vol. I. pp. 300 – 307.

The situation might well have excited commiseration, if we can judge from the interior discipline of another convent, Santa Teresa, visited by Madame Calderon.

"We found that the nuns had permission to put up their veils, rarely allowed in this order in the presence of strangers. They have a small garden and fountain, plenty of flowers, and some fruit; but all is on a smaller scale, and sadder, than in the Convent of the Incarnation. The refectory is a large room with a long narrow table running all round it; a plain deal table with wooden benches; before the place of each nun, an earthen bowl, an earthen cup with an apple in it, a wooden plate and a wooden spoon; — at the top of the table a grinning skull, to remind them that even these indulgences they shall not long enjoy.

"In one corner of the room is a reading-desk, a sort of elevated pulpit, where one reads aloud from some holy book, whilst the others discuss their simple fare. They showed us a crown of thorns which, on certain days, is worn by one of their number, by way of penance. It is made of iron, so that the nails entering inwards, run into the head, and make it bleed. While she wears this on her head, a sort of wooden bit is put into her mouth, and she lies prostrate on her face till dinner is ended; and while in this condition, her food is given her, of which she eats as much as she can, which probably is none.

"We visited the different cells, and were horror-struck at the self-inflicted tortures. Each bed consists of a wooden plank raised in the middle, and on days of penitence, crossed by wooden bars. The pillow is wooden, with a cross lying on it, which they hold in their hands when they lie down. The nun lies on this penitential couch, embracing the cross, and her feet hanging out; as the bed is made too short for her upon principle. Round her waist she occasionally wears a band with iron points turning inwards; on her breast a cross with nails, of which the points enter the flesh, of the truth of which I had melancholy ocular demonstration. Then, after having scourged herself with a whip covered with iron nails, she lies down for a few hours on the wooden bars, and rises at four o'clock. All these instruments of discipline, which each nun keeps in a little box beside her bed, look as if their fitting place would be in the dungeons of the Inquisition. They made me try their *bed and board*, which I told them would give me a very decided taste for early rising.

"Yet they all seem as cheerful as possible, though it must be confessed, that many of them look pale and unhealthy. It is said, that, when they are strong enough to stand this mode of

life, they live very long; but it frequently happens that girls who come into this convent, are obliged to leave it from sickness, long before the expiration of their noviciate." — Vol. II. pp. 10, 11.

Yet the penance of the unfortunate recluse was not more severe, than that voluntarily incurred at certain seasons by the gay inhabitants of the capital, as the following thrilling description will show.

"But the other night I was present at a much stranger scene, at the discipline performed by the men; admission having been procured for us by certain means, *private but powerful.* Accordingly when it was dark, enveloped from head to foot in large cloaks, and without the slightest idea of what it was, we went on foot through the streets to the church of San Agustin. When we arrived, a small side door apparently opened of itself, and we entered, passing through long vaulted passages, and up steep winding stairs, till we found ourselves in a small railed gallery, looking down directly upon the church. The scene was curious. About one hundred and fifty men, enveloped in cloaks and *sarapes*, their faces entirely concealed, were assembled in the body of the church. A monk had just mounted the pulpit, and the church was dimly lighted, except where he stood in bold relief, with his gray robes and cowl thrown back, giving a full view of his high bald forehead and expressive face.

"His discourse was a rude but very forcible and eloquent description of the torments prepared in hell for impenitent sinners. The effect of the whole was very solemn. It appeared like a preparation for the execution of a multitude of condemned criminals. When the discourse was finished, they all joined in prayer with much fervor and enthusiasm, beating their breasts and falling upon their faces. Then the monk stood up, and, in a very distinct voice, read several passages of Scripture descriptive of the sufferings of Christ. The organ then struck up the *Miserere*, and all of a sudden the church was plunged in profound darkness; all but a sculptured representation of the Crucifixion, which seemed to hang in the air illuminated. I felt rather frightened, and would have been very glad to leave the church, but it would have been impossible in the darkness. Suddenly, a terrible voice in the dark, cried; 'My brothers! when Christ was fastened to the pillar by the Jews, he was *scourged!*' At these words, the bright figure disappeared, and the darkness became total. Suddenly, we heard the sound of hundreds of scourges descending upon the bare flesh. I cannot conceive of any thing more horrible. Before ten minutes had passed, the sound became *splashing*, from the blood that was flowing.

"I have heard of these penitences in Italian churches, and also that half of those who go there, do not really scourge themselves; but here, where there is such perfect concealment, there seems no motive for deception. Incredible as it may seem, this awful penance continued, without intermission, for half an hour! If they scourged *each other*, their energy might be less astonishing.

"We could not leave the church, but it was perfectly sickening; and, had I not been able to take hold of the Señora ——'s hand, and feel something human beside me, I could have fancied myself transported into a congregation of evil spirits. Now and then, but very seldom, a suppressed groan was heard, and occasionally the voice of the monk, encouraging them by ejaculations, or by short passages from Scripture. Sometimes the organ struck up, and the poor wretches in a faint voice tried to join in the *Miserere*. The sound of the scourging is indescribable. At the end of half an hour, a little bell was rung, and the voice of the monk was heard, calling upon them to desist; but such was their enthusiasm, that the horrible lashing continued louder and fiercer than ever.

"In vain he entreated them not to kill themselves; and assured them that Heaven would be satisfied, and that human nature could not endure beyond a certain point. No answer, but the loud sound of the scourges, which are many of them of iron, with sharp points that enter the flesh. At length, as if they were perfectly exhausted, the sound grew fainter, and, little by little, ceased altogether. We then got up in the dark, and, with great difficulty, groped our way in the pitch darkness through the galleries and down the stairs, till we reached the door, and had the pleasure of feeling the fresh air again. They say that the church floor is frequently covered with blood after one of these penances, and that a man died the other day in consequence of his wounds.

"I then went to the house of the —— Minister, where there was a *réunion*, and where I found the company comfortably engaged in eating a very famous kind of German salad, composed of herrings, smoked salmon, cold potatoes, and apples, (salmagundi?) and drinking hot punch. After the cold, darkness, and horrors of the church, this formed rather a contrast; and it was some time before I could shake off the disagreeable impression left by the *desagravios*, and join in the conversation." — pp. 407–409.

Such are the transitions from scenes of penance to scenes of pleasure in this motley capital, where merry mummeries and mortifications, fastings and *fêtes*, chase one another in continual circle, converting the city alternately into a carnival

scene, and a house of correction. This may be well for the stranger, who sees novelty succeeding to novelty, while he is present at one long but ever-shifting spectacle. But for the people, thus eternally occupied with the pantomime rehearsal of the events of Scripture history, instead of the real and practical duties of the life before them, their days pass away in a round of busy idleness, in which ceremony takes place of conduct, and empty form of substance. With all their show of penitence and voluntary penance, the higher classes of Mexico are as frivolous, and the lower as corrupt, — probably more corrupt, than in any capital in Christendom.

But we are already exceeding our limits, which we regret will allow us no room for further quotation. Enough has been done in this way to show our readers the quality of the book. We have given, however, but a faint idea of the richness and singular variety of its topics, which, far from being confined to the capital, embrace various excursions in the environs and in distant parts of the country, — two of them of a bold and singularly romantic character, made on horseback for the distance of near a thousand miles. The work contains, moreover, the account of two stormy revolutions in the capital, the stirring events of which quicken the interest of the narrative, and prevent any of the languor stealing over it, which might grow out of a picture, too prolonged, it might be, of unbroken tranquillity.

The present volumes make no pretensions to enlarge the boundaries of our knowledge in respect to the mineral products of the country, its geography, its statistics, or, in short, to physical or political science. These topics have been treated with more or less depth by the various travellers, who have written since the great publications of Humboldt. We have had occasion to become tolerably well acquainted with their productions. And we may safely assert, that for spirited portraiture of society, — a society unlike any thing existing in the Old World, or the New, — for picturesque delineation of scenery, for richness of illustration and anecdote, and for the fascinating graces of style, no one of them is to be compared with "Life in Mexico."

ART. VII. — 1. *What shall we do with the Insane?* By EDWARD JARVIS. Louisville, Ky.
2. *American Hospital Reports.*

IT has always been a defect of the social system, that a part of the population is dependent upon the rest for the means of subsistence. It is as true in the nineteenth, as it was in the first century, "The poor ye have always with you"; and the question, which has been asked by statesmen of all ages and of all countries, "What can best be done with them?" remains as yet without a satisfactory answer. In its early stages, society disposes of the question summarily, ridding itself of the old and the helpless by violence or exposure; but with advancing civilization better feelings are developed, and men revolt at such treatment of the unfortunate. They preserve the feeble in life, and pauperism appears.

The first efforts for the relief of the dependent, are generally the dictates of blind feeling, unenlightened by intellect, and therefore they often fail of their object. Hence we see private charity, and charitable institutions, often disappointing the hopes of the benevolent; and vast and expensive systems for the relief of the poor are entailed upon society, which are of doubtful efficacy, if they do not act as positive premiums upon pauperism. At any rate, so many difficulties surround the subject, and so manifest has been the failure of public systems for the support of the poor, that many wise and good men question their expediency; and they adduce powerful arguments to show that society, as such, should never step forth to relieve want, which could have been foreseen and provided against, or to assume responsibilities and cares, which should devolve upon individuals. It is maintained, and with much plausibility, that private charity is the natural source of comfort and support for the suffering and the needy, and that it would be sufficient for all purposes, if society, by assuming the charge of the poor, did not prevent its exercise, and thus check its developement. Be this as it may, it is certain, that there are many cases of want or suffering, which in the present state of society could not have been foreseen or avoided by the victims; which private charity is not competent to relieve; and the care of which certainly

devolves upon society, especially as some of them are caused by its defective organization. Hence arises the obligation of society to provide for, and instruct helpless orphans, the blind, and the deaf-mutes, and to take care of the insane. It is of this last class that we propose to say a few words in the following article.

Of all the ills which flesh is heir to, there is perhaps none so dreadful as insanity. Utter poverty, hideous deformity, mutilation of limbs, deafness, blindness, all these, sad as they are, leave alive the human affections, and admit the consolations of sympathy and love ; while insanity not only makes man utterly dependent upon others for the supply of his physical wants, but it strips him of the noblest attributes of humanity. It so utterly sears his heart, that no affection for another can grow upon it, no love from others can penetrate within it ; and the unhappy victim sinks into apathetic indifference to common decency, or is so excited as to crush the life out of the mother who bore him, as coolly as he would trample upon a worm.

Of insane persons and idiots, there are, in the United States, according to the census of 1840, 17,434 ; in New England 3,576 ; and in Massachusetts, 1,271. Of these last, 644 are at public charge, and 627 at private charge. But, appalling as this statement is, it is unfortunately short of the truth, for the Pauper Abstract, published by the State authority in the same year, gave 887 as the number at public charge in Massachusetts. The cause of the discrepancy is clear ; the town officers, besides a personal acquaintance with all the individuals in their neighbourhood, have the means of knowing, from the town records, how many insane are at public charge ; while the United States Marshals, embracing larger sections, and taking hearsay evidence, miss those cases in which persons are ashamed to own they have an insane relative. The same discrepancy has occurred in other States, whence local returns have been made ; so that we are safe in putting down the insane and idiots of Massachusetts, who are at public charge, to be at least 887.* There are no

* It is to be regretted, that the United States census is vitiated by carelessness in regard to the statistics of insanity. For instance, the number of insane, among colored people of certain towns, is put down as *greater than the whole number of colored people in the same towns ;* this is the case with nine towns in Maine, twelve in Michigan, one in Iowa, ten in Illinois, five

means of testing the accuracy of the United States census in regard to the number of those at private charge, which it states to be 627; but, the same causes for concealment operating still more strongly than in the case of the paupers, we may safely add to it in the same proportion, and compute the real number to be at least 862; which, added to that of the paupers, gives us the number of 1749 insane and idiots in this Commonwealth.

What is the duty of the State towards these its unfortunate children? With regard to the paupers it is clear and imperative; it is what should be the duty of every Christian government, — to provide the best means for the cure of the curable, and to take kind care of the incurable. This duty of society, besides being urged by every consideration of humanity, will be seen to be more imperative if we consider that insanity is in many cases the result of imperfect or vicious social institutions and observances. Most writers assert, that insanity is not known among savage nations; but, without admitting this to be strictly true, it cannot be denied that civilization, in its progress, is rife with causes which over-excite individuals, and result in the loss of mental equilibrium. We have hardly space to allude to all of these; but among them are revolutions, party strifes, unwise and capricious legislation, causing commercial speculations and disasters; false standards of worth and rank; undue encouragement of the propensities and passions; social rivalry; social intemperance; some fashions and conventional usages; religious and political excitement. These, and a variety of other causes, for which society is in fault, are productive of a large proportion of the cases of insanity which exist in its bosom. But if to these we add the still larger number, which arise from ignorance of the natural laws, which ignorance society should enlighten by providing proper public instruction, we can fairly lay at its door almost all of the cases of insanity which occur.

There is, of course, some uncertainty about the proportion

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in Indiana, thirty-seven in Ohio; seven in Massachusetts; one in Connecticut; three in Vermont; sixteen in New York; and nine in New Hampshire; nevertheless, the sums total of the whole State, are less than the more careful returns by local authorities of pauper statistics. We have found some errors also, though not important ones, in the return of blind persons.

of the insane to the whole population in large countries ; but the researches of scientific men have been sufficiently accurate for pretty near approximation to the truth ; and from these we learn, that, as a general rule, insanity is unknown among savage, and rare among barbarous nations, and that among civilized people it is most frequent where there is, if not the highest civilization, the greatest intensity of mental action.

In Holland the insane are in proportion to the whole population about as . . . 1 to 1233.
" France . . . . . 1 " 1000.
" England . . . . . 1 " 793.
" Scotland . . . . . 1 " 563.
" New Hampshire . . . . 1 " 466.
" Connecticut . . . . . 1 " 425.
" Massachusetts . . . . 1 " 421.

This proportion, drawn from recent authorities, may not be exact to a fraction ; but we believe it to be about the true one. It would not seem, at first, to correspond with the difference of national character ; and yet in reality it does. An incident, which in a town of France or Italy would gather an eager, animated, excited crowd, would, in New England, attract the attention of a few quiet, cold, and silent observers ; but, long after the former had forgotten it, the latter would be pondering it deeply, and drawing from it a subject for moralizing or speculating. The *Bourse* of Paris, and the commercial marts of other European cities, will be filled with a bustling throng of agitated men, whose flashing eyes, shrill voices, and violent gesticulations would seem to indicate an intense anxiety about some daring speculation, or some momentous enterprise ; while *on Change*, in State Street, or Wall Street, you shall see men of the same class, engaged in bolder speculations, and more important enterprises, who yet are cool, and taciturn, and cautious. But follow the same groups to their evening occupations, and you will find the former enjoying a convivial dinner, or laughing at a comedy, while many of the latter are leaning their feverish heads upon their hands, and still pondering, with intense thought, upon the means of carrying on their bold schemes.

We, of the North, are called a cold-blooded people ; and it may be so ; but the blood rushes with the momentum, as

well as the coldness, of quicksilver, through our veins. We live upon the high-pressure principle within, and pile on additional atmospheres of caution and reserve without, in order to prevent an explosion. Men walk the streets with measured gait and solemn aim, looking as stiff as a steam-boat boiler, but, like that, perhaps, are heaving with an inward force just ready to rend them. There is no creed so comprehensive, no dogma so contracted, no scheme so wild, but cold and iron men will embrace and cherish it, with

> "all the zeal,
> Which young and fiery converts feel."

They wait not until a cloud, as big as a man's hand, shall portend that it is to cover the firmament, but the very specks on their finger nails, steadily regarded, soon grow big enough to exclude every thing else from their mental horizon. Then, the general and exciting struggle for wealth, with all its exhilarating hopes, its sudden reverses, its constant fluctuations ; and the more general anxiety for the good opinion of others, which twists so many into false positions, represses so many natural impulses, and gives so much care and anxiety about appearances.

But, be the causes what they may, here, within the precincts of Massachusetts, are more than seventeen hundred human beings, our fellow-citizens, who are insane or idiotic ; and of these, eight hundred and eighty-seven are entirely dependent upon the public for food and clothing, for the means of keeping out of fire and water, and for restraint from imbruing their hands in the blood of their fellows. And how does the public discharge its duty towards them ? The State makes provision, in its noble establishment at Worcester, for 229 patients, but the poor do not have the sole benefit of this ; and the County of Suffolk provides for 100 more, in its commodious and excellent Hospital at South Boston. The others, over 500 in number, are, for the most part, in the almshouses and the jails.

We select, for description, the establishment at South Boston, as we knew it under the excellent management of Dr. Butler, because its patients are wholly of the pauper class. The building is a commodious and pleasant one, constructed expressly for the purpose, with all the modern improvements, and pleasantly situated upon the seashore, with a garden in front. Its inmates were of the worst and

most hopeless class of cases; they were the raving madmen, and the gibbering idiot, whom, in the language of the inspectors,* we had formerly seen, "tearing their clothes amid severe cold, lacerating their bodies, contracting most filthy habits, without self-control, unable to restrain the worst feelings, endeavouring to injure those who approached them, giving vent to their irritation in the most passionate, profane, and filthy language; fearing and feared, hating and almost hated!" Now, they are all neatly clad by day, and comfortably lodged in separate rooms by night. They walk quietly, and with self-respect, about the spacious and airy halls, or sit in listening groups around the daily paper; or they dig in the garden, or handle edge-tools, or stroll about the neighbourhood with kind and careful attendants. They attend soberly and reverently upon religious exercises, and make glad music with their united voices. Such is the situation of the insane and idiots of the city of Boston; and although only 28 out of 171 have been cured, and the rest will probably wear out their lives in hopeless insanity, yet there is a melancholy pleasure in witnessing the great amount of animal happiness they enjoy, in seeing the kind regard paid to prostrate humanity, — the respect shown to the deserted temple of reason. It is only, as it were, twining fresh flowers on the graves of the dead; still it is a grateful sight to the humane, and a more certain indication of high civilization, than the most refined taste in literature and the arts, or the most fastidious observance of social etiquette.

But, alas! such is not the picture presented by the insane in most other parts of our Commonwealth; for, saving those at Worcester, they are incarcerated in the same prisons with criminals; they are immured in narrow and cheerless cells; they are under the charge of ignorant and sometimes of depraved persons; or they are in the almshouses, shut up in cold and cheerless rooms, sometimes chained to the walls, often confined in narrow cages, without a chair or bed, and with nothing but the straw on which they lie down like the brutes.

But such general description cannot convey an adequate idea of the utterly forlorn and degraded condition, to which scores and hundreds of our brethren are reduced; we will, therefore, give some particular cases, which we have our-

* *Report of the Inspectors of Prisons for the County of Suffolk*, December, 1841, pp. 44, 45.

selves witnessed, during the last three months, in places within thirty miles of Boston.

In one of these towns we approached a large old building, like a farmhouse, and were about to inquire for the poor-house, when our attention was attracted by a sort of cage or pen, constructed at the end of a wood-shed, facing upon the road. The thought occurred, that it might be the cage of an insane person. We dismounted and approached the place, and, looking through the bars, found it was a cage about six feet square. The floor was covered with trampled straw ; and we saw only an old, ragged, and filthy coverlet, in one corner ; but, as we looked more narrowly at this, a sudden motion of one side of it disclosed the head and face of a human being, which were hidden again, as soon as the glaring eyes had been fixed for an instant upon us.

The first shock was too painful to be described ; to find humanity so utterly degraded, to see a human being crouching, like a wild beast in his lair, caged up by the side of the public road, exposed to the gaze of every passer by, unwashed, unshaven, unshorn, with no covering but a filthy coverlet, with not even a cup of water by his side, was revolting beyond measure.

Having found the keeper of the house, we unfastened the door of the cage and entered it. There was no article of furniture at all ; nothing but the straw, with here and there a stale crust of bread. The poor inmate was crouching in a corner, and drawn up in the smallest possible space ; he would not speak nor move, except when we attempted gently to uncover his head, which he would bury in the folds of his rotten coverlet, and by his motions disclose to sight his naked limbs. We made some inquiries concerning his history, and found, that he was about forty years old ; that he had once been the owner of a small farm in the neighbourhood ; that he had suffered, or supposed he had suffered, grievous wrong, and had become a maniac ; he had been sent to a hospital, but was returned upon the town as incurable, and put into this den, probably for life. The keeper did not seem to be an inhuman man, but was ignorant, and utterly unfit for the care of the insane. On being asked, how he managed him, he replied, that he had now no difficulty, and "had not *licked* him for over a year!"—that at first he "had a fight with him, and had to knock him down four times

before he could master him;" and that "since then he had been obedient." He added, however, that the overseers of the poor had charged him never to strike the man again.

In the next town to this, we found in a shed adjoining the almshouse, and in an inclosure twelve feet long by about eight feet wide, made with oak plank and without any window, a middle-aged man, stark mad, and in a state of entire nudity. His condition was about the same as that of the poor creature last described, except that his pen was larger, and was not exposed to the gaze of every passer-by; but he was in a state of entire privation of all the comforts, and even of the common decencies, of life. The almshouse was clean, and the keeper's family seemed worthy, humane people, who took good care of all the inmates, except the poor wretch in the shed; for him, they seemed to think they had done all, when they thrust through the narrow opening in his cage, his daily allowance of food and drink.

In another town, the keeper of the almshouse conducted us to a small out-building, where we found a young man of fair complexion, clad in a coarse woollen dress, leaning motionless as a statue against the wall, and his eyes cast sadly down upon the trampled straw, which was the only furniture of his solitary pen. Around his bare neck was an iron collar, from which hung a heavy iron chain, by which he was fastened to the wall. He had been crossed in love; had become a maniac; was pronounced incurable, sent back upon the town, and chained up, for life, perhaps, like a wild hyena. Yet he seemed not to be dangerous; we approached him, spoke to him, lifted his chain, and examined his condition. The keeper seemed to be a respectable farmer, and was disposed to do what he could for the sufferer, but that was nothing.

In another town, on inquiring at the almshouse, we were informed that there was one insane woman confined there. On requesting to see her, some reluctance was manifested, and a person was sent up stairs to make her decent, and to give her some kind of covering, as we were told that perhaps she was naked. We followed the attendant and found, in a large room, an old woman lying in bed, apparently near her end, and, on the other side of the room, a woman about forty years of age, extended upon the floor and covered with an old rug. This was the insane person, whom we found to be not

furious, but quiet and timid. She was reluctant to rise ; but, when she did so, we found that she was chained by the leg, and fastened to the wall. And this because the town would not afford the gentle sufferer an attendant to keep her out of harm ; for we were told that she was not dangerous, but that she would wander about, or divest herself of her clothes, and perhaps hurt herself, and therefore they chained her up.

On a visit to the prison and almshouse in yet another town, we found twenty-two lunatics in the former, and three in the latter. Those in the prison seemed comfortable, as it regards food, clothing, and lodging ; but were mixed up without any regard to classification, and without any proper care, so that the mild and curable might soon become as bad as the worst. At the almshouse, far away from the inhabited part of the building, in a sort of shed, were built up three cages, in one of which was confined a poor drivelling idiot, — cold, filthy, and neglected. Opposite to him was a strong middle-aged man, storming up and down in his dismal and dirty pen, brandishing his naked arms, and blaspheming at the top of his voice. In the next enclosure, separated only by coarse plank, which hardly obstructed vision, was a poor, trembling, comely girl, scarcely seventeen years old. She was not insane, nor entirely idiotic, they said, but only *silly*. And for this she was confined in a pen, far away from any of her sex ; in close proximity with a half naked, yelling maniac, and within a few feet of a gibbering idiot ! Of all the sad sights we saw in that town, the image of this poor girl will rest longest on the memory. As we unfastened the door of her wretched apartment, and entered it, she slunk trembling away, and crouched whining in a corner ; and, as we stretched out a hand toward her, she screamed, as if anticipating a blow ; but, when we placed it gently on her head, and spoke in kindly tones to her, the screams subsided into a giggling laugh, which was not so silly but that it indicated pleasure, and we thought gratitude, for unexpected kindness.

We could furnish many other cases of almost equal horror, which we have ourselves witnessed ; and, should we be allowed to make extracts from the journal of a friend, who has traversed every part of Massachusetts on an errand of mercy, and taken note of the condition of the inmates of jails and almshouses, we could fill a volume ; but enough has been

said, we trust, to awaken the sympathies of our readers, and to enlist them in behalf of the effort now making to provide comfortable accommodations for all the insane of this State. And, if there be any whose zeal should wane, after they have closed these pages, let them think of that poor girl whom we have described,—not indeed as we have feebly portrayed her, but as she is now, when night comes on, and she is left in darkness, and crouches down trembling upon her straw, and stops her ears as she hears the strong maniac howling in the next pen, and perhaps smiting with heavy fists upon the boards which make their only separation; and let them reflect that there are many such cases of misery among us; that they themselves, or, what they would account worse, some sister or friend, may one day be brought into the like situation.

It may be asked, Is it possible that the inhabitants of Massachusetts are so ignorant or so inhuman as to allow such treatment? We answer they are neither ignorant nor inhuman. They have made proper provision for a greater proportion of their insane than any other large community in the world; and a careful investigation would show, that in other States of this Union, and in other countries, the condition of the insane, out of the public hospitals, is quite as bad, if not worse than it is in our almshouses and jails. Indeed, from cases which have fallen under our observation, we are inclined to think it is worse; and we could give some descriptions that would shock every sensitive mind. We shall, however, insert only one case in this country, described by Dr. Jarvis, who says he once saw in Pennsylvania, in 1837,

"a poor female confined in a restraining chair made of plank; one strap confined each arm, another the waist, and another passed over the thighs and held her down to her narrow prison. This girl was in a state of furious excitement; she was using the greatest struggles to extricate herself; she was kicking up her feet, endeavouring to strike any one near her; she was boisterous, and spat on any one within reach; she was the very image of a raging fury; and we were told that she had been in this excitement for three years, and the same means of straps and chairs had been as long used to calm her! We trust a similar instance cannot be found elsewhere in America." *

And this was in the great Blockley Almshouse Hospital,

* *Insanity and Insane Asylums*, by E. Jarvis, M. D., Louisville, Ky.

under the care of the medical professors of the University of Pennsylvania, who take their crowds of students round to teach them practically the treatment of disease. What then must be the condition of the insane in remote and small almshouses.

In Great Britain, it is well known how deplorable was the condition of the insane a few years ago. Browne, a writer of authority, says, that "the accommodations in the Asylum at Limerick appear to be such as we should not appropriate for our dog-kennels." In the mass of evidence elicited by a Parliamentary Report, it is said, one victim was confined

"in one of the oblong troughs, chained down; he had evidently not been in the open air for a considerable time; for, when I made them bring him out, he could not endure the light. Upon asking him, how often he had been allowed to get out of the trough, he said, 'perhaps once a week, and sometimes not for a fortnight.' He was not in the least violent; he was perfectly calm."

Miss Martineau, in her account of the Hanwell Asylum, gives some instances of prejudice and inhumanity, which it would be hard to match in this country. Not only were the convalescent patients forbidden to worship in the church, but they could not ride out in the neighbourhood, lest the delicate nerves of the inhabitants should be shocked.

"A pony chaise had been procured by the superintendent of the insane asylum, in order to present a temptation to many of the patients to prolong their excursions to a distance, and to enable the weak or indolent to diversify their walks within the ground by drives through the neighbourhood. But the inhabitants protested against such an invasion of their rights, such a destruction of their comforts. They could not, forsooth, so delicate was their sensibility, bear the sight of mad people. The circumstance was again attended to, and the lunatic is again deprived of his transient glimpses of happiness, of his visits to what is literally to him another world." *

Esquirol says, of the insane in France,

"I have seen them naked or covered with rags, with nothing but a layer of straw to protect them from the cold dampness of the ground upon which they lay. They were kept upon food of the coarsest kind; they were deprived of fresh air to breathe,

* *Browne on Insanity.* Edinburgh. 1837. p. 173.

and of water to quench their thirst, and even of the most necessary things of life. I have seen them given up to the brutal supervision of jailers. I have seen them in their narrow cells, filthy and unwholesome, without air or light, chained in such dens as one might hesitate to confine ferocious beasts in."

It is reasonable to infer, that, in the less civilized countries of Europe, the condition of the insane is no better; for although, in most of the capitals, asylums have been established upon scientific or humane principles, yet, in the remote districts, all the old horrors are still practised.

The Turks have obtained great credit for humanity to the insane, upon as small capital as for other kinds of humanity. We remember to have known a party of them, closely besieged in a castle, and suffering for water, to let down their donkeys and mules by ropes from the walls, and permit them to fall into the hands of their besiegers rather than to kill them or let them feel the want of water; and we should have supposed them to be merciful, had we not known that they retained their Christian captives, and saw them going round at daybreak, licking from the stones the little moisture that had been deposited in the night, and gradually perishing with thirst.

As for their alleged respect for the insane, they allow those who are not violent to go about, and they pay them a certain superstitious attention, which is sometimes respect, and sometimes mockery. But, the moment they suppose them dangerous, they chain them up; and this not out of regard to the insane, or to others, but to themselves; for the infidels do not chain up their fierce dogs, which, in the time of our perigrinations, at least, were more to be feared than the lunatics, by all but their own masters. As for the medical attention, which they pay to their confined lunatics, we never heard of any other than the administration of a broth made of snakes at every full moon; while for the moral treatment, that is told by the clanking of chains, the cracking of whips, and the shrieks of the inmates, which may be heard without the walls of the hospital of Cairo, and of the *Timarhane* of Constantinople.

But the short-comings of others are no excuse for our own; and although we believe, that, as we have already said, no large community on earth has made comfortable provision for so large a proportion of the insane, as has the State of

Massachusetts, still far be it from the citizens of that liberal Commonwealth to say, pharisaically, in extenuation of any fault, "We are not as other men." The evil is before them; it is in their power to remove it; it is clearly their duty to remove it; and, although no provision at all were made for the insane out of their territory, they should not leave one unprovided for within it.

To say nothing, then, of the 813 insane who are not paupers, and for whom society should provide proper receptacles, although the State is not strictly bound to do so, there are 887 lunatics and idiots who are pauper dependents upon the public. Of these, 250 can be received at Worcester (by crowding), 125 at South Boston, and perhaps 25 at the McLean Asylum. What shall be done with the remaining 487?

It may be demonstrated, we believe, that, in consequence of the number that can be cured, and thus taken from public charge, the expense of keeping them in hospitals would soon be less than under the present system; for, in the words of the Inspectors of the Boston Hospital, "although a patient costs more in a hospital, than in a house of correction or house of industry, yet the smaller number remaining at one time in a hospital, will, before long, cost much less than the larger number of incurable cases accumulating in a house of correction, or house of industry, under the former system."

But we are not inclined to urge the argument of economy, in the matter of duty so sacred, that, until discharged, we have no right to erect monuments to battles, or public works of art, or even costly temples to God. Under the name of economy, the insane and idiots of our own country, have been, and are now, kept in a state of physical degradation which is painful to them, and demoralizing to others. In many towns their keeping for one year is hired out at public auction, in town meeting, to the man who will agree to keep souls and bodies together for the smallest number of dollars and cents; and in many others, the selectmen or overseers of the poor of each year, strive to gain popularity by keeping them in the almshouse for a few mills, or cents, cheaper than their predecessors did. Is it not strange, that Christian men can make it a matter of boast, that, with the public purse-strings in their hands, they have kept town paupers alive three hundred and sixty-five days upon eight cents and five mills per day? And yet some have done it, and will

do it, so long as people shall look in every thing to others for approval.

We maintain, that, in the present state of society, the insane and idiots cannot be kept in the almshouse without physical suffering and abuse, and degradation; without becoming worse themselves, and presenting a demoralizing picture to others; without immorality and sin. Much might be said upon the demoralizing influence, upon our children, of thus treating our fellow-creatures. The Spartans, when they made their Helots drunk in public, at least extracted from humanity, which they degraded and crushed, a moral on temperance, for their children; but we, when we show them a man made in God's image, degraded below the brutes, less cared for than the horse and the ox, exhibit our own shame, and teach them a lesson of unmitigated immorality. Hence, it is no uncommon thing to have a crowd of boys about an almshouse cage, trying by mockery, and perhaps by throwing stones, to rouse up the unhappy insane man from temporary quiet, or sleep, into raving fury.

There are objections equally strong against confining the insane, even those who are incurable, in jails and houses of correction. In answer to a query on this subject Dr. Woodward, of the Massachusetts Lunatic Asylum at Worcester, writes to us thus; "In the jails, the insane are hardly in a better condition than in the almshouses; they are crowded together in apartments badly warmed and ventilated; or they are secluded in some solitary room, cold, dirty, ragged, without society, with bad air to breathe, and scanty and bad food to eat." Besides, the sense of justice revolts at the thought of incarcerating innocent victims of misfortune in the receptacle of guilt; and the voice of experience tells us, that when so confined they grow more violent, or sink into *dementia*, are neglected, and ill treated. The jailers and keepers of houses of correction, may be men of humanity; but they do not know how to treat insanity any more than they know how to treat scarlet fever; nor have they the means to do so, provided they did know.

County hospitals have been proposed; but against them every one who is acquainted with the subject will protest, unless indeed they can be so large, and so well endowed as to form independent establishments, with a medical superintendent, and a corps of officers and attendants, who should be exclusively devoted to them. An establishment for the in-

sane must be a thing by itself; must have its own peculiar organization, and not be part of, or an appendage to, another institution; else it will degenerate into a place of mere safe-keeping.

The County of Essex is now building a house of correction at Ipswich; and one wing, with six rooms, is to be devoted to lunatics. This we look upon as a misfortune, because we feel confident, that, as a part of the house of correction, this establishment will not be a proper place for the insane. Their treatment will not form, as it should, the sole object of the establishment. It will be a very poor receptacle for the insane, and yet it will make them so much more comfortable than they are now, in a merely physical point of view, that a half-century will elapse before fully adequate provision will be made for them; because the cost of this building will form an argument for its continued use.

There is no county in Massachusetts (except perhaps Suffolk), where the insane would be deemed numerous enough, or important enough, to require a separate establishment, and the undivided care and attention of a man of eminent talents. Even in that county, indeed, the superintendent is physician to all the other city establishments; and, we are sorry to add, that there has appeared a disposition on the part of some to curtail this beautiful establishment of its present fair proportions, to reduce its expenses to the minimum cost of keeping soul and body together, and to sink it to a mere receptacle for the safe-keeping of paupers, lunatics, and idiots.

On this subject Dr. Woodward writes to us thus; "The proposed county institutions for the insane, can only be of the nature of insane poor-houses, and cannot, in the small counties of the Commonwealth, be provided with the necessary officers, and other means of making them comfortable, without involving an expense greater than that of supporting them in the public institutions at the present prices." Dr. Bell of the McLean Asylum says, "I regard county asylums, and private madhouses, as wholly out of the question."

What then shall be done? It seems to us, that several steps are to be taken; but that the first one should be, to devote the State Hospital to the exclusive accommodation of paupers, in preference to patients who pay. In the last Report from this Institution, it was stated, that one hundred pa-

tients were town paupers, thirty were State paupers, and one hundred were paying patients. The total number at this time is two hundred and forty-one, of whom thirty-four are State paupers, seventy-seven town paupers, and one hundred and thirty are paying patients. It is true, that some of this latter class may be indigent, that the towns may now pay part, and hereafter pay all their expenses ; but it is equally true, that some are fully competent to pay their own expenses at other asylums. Now the hospital is full to overflowing ; and, as every one who is committed by a Judge of Probate must be received, others must be sent out to make room for them. The trustees discharge such as are selected by the superintendent ; and sometimes it happens, that a pauper, who has no earthly friend, is torn away from what had become to him a comfortable and happy home, and thrust back into the noisome and filthy cage, which had been his prison long years before.

We said, he had no earthly friend, but we were wrong. He has what should be a mighty, and kind, and watchful friend of the innocent poor. He has the State, who built this hospital for him, and who should keep him in it, though the wealthiest in the land were knocking for admission at its doors. Nevertheless, although one hundred and thirty paying patients are now in the hospital, there have been discharged for want of room since December 1st, 1841, no less than seventy-eight paupers, as incurable ; of whom seventeen would be confessedly dangerous going at large. Most of these unhappy persons have been sent to almshouses, and several of them to jails.*

The following case, which has just come to our knowledge, will show the fate of many of these poor creatures. Elizabeth Stevens, aged about forty years, was formerly confined as a lunatic, in a jail ; and was as wretched, wild, and ungovernable as such persons usually are, in such places. Five years ago, she was sent to Worcester, where she was quiet and comfortable, decent and happy. She kept her room and her person tidy ; was never violent ; would employ herself in knitting ; attended church regularly, and,

* These numbers are taken from a letter of Dr. Woodward. We have since then seen the returns for the year, up to December 1st, and find some slight discrepancies, which it is too late to rectify ; they do not, however, affect the principle.

up to the 9th of October last, behaved with propriety. On the 12th of October, she was removed, to make way for others, and carried to the jail of the town. The sight of this roused her to fury, and she refused to enter ; but she was carried in by force, and became again a raving maniac. Since then she has been furious ; has broken up her bucket, burned her straw bed, smashed her bedstead and her windows, stripped off her clothes, attacked the keeper with an iron grate, and committed every possible outrage ; the result probably will be, that she must be chained up, or confined in a cage !

Far be it from us, to say one word in detraction of the Worcester Hospital, that bright ornament of Massachusetts, among the brightest of those tributes to humanity, of which she has paid so many. Founded as it was, mainly by the disinterested efforts of that philanthropic citizen, who is now so freely expending his remaining energies for the education and elevation of future generations ; and administered, as it has been, with extraordinary energy, benevolence, and skill, it deserves, and it has, our warmest admiration. It has been a haven of rest, and comfort, and joy, to 1557 unfortunate wrecks of humanity, whose rudder of reason was broken, whose mental compass was lost, who were tossed upon the stormy ocean of life, under a darkened sky, and blown about by every gust of passion ; of these, it has sent forth 667 repossessed of their reason, capable of continuing their voyage of life, and of being the guides and protectors of their once fatherless children. High honor then, and thanks, and gratitude, be accorded to the founders and managers of this truly noble charity ; but if, by any means, it can be made to confer its benefits more exclusively upon the poor and destitute, and less upon those who have money and friends, let it be done.

We are aware of the difficulties in the way. The law requires, that the furiously mad, who are dangerous to be at large, shall be first admitted ; but, even here, preference should be given to paupers, and the man who can pay for his care should be obliged to send him to some other hospital, if this be full. It is sometimes difficult to tell who can pay, and who cannot ; and it is clear, from the statistics of the establishment, that many poor are excluded, to make room for those more blessed with worldly goods ; but, at

the same time, it is certain, that there is a looseness about the mode of admission. Patients are sometimes carried to Worcester, with a view of being entered as private pay patients ; but when it is found, that they cannot be received, unless committed by a judge, the friends then apply to one ; the Judges of Probate cannot, or do not, discriminate well in all cases ; and many patients are doubtless committed as dangerous, who are not so, and whose relatives would send them to other establishments, were it not that the State opens them an asylum of the first class, at a price less than the actual cost of their support.

That this is the case, is apparent from the statistics, not only of the State Hospital, but of the McLean Asylum. That establishment, which has always been conducted without ostentation, but upon the highest moral principles, and in the most scientific manner, was founded for the benefit of the insane of this State, giving them the preference over strangers. It received, during the five years preceding the establishment of the State Hospital, 409 patients, of whom only 51, or one-eighth, were from without the State ; while, during the last five years, it received 702 patients, of whom 237, or one-third of the whole, were from without the State, no application having been refused in either period. Now it would be a waste of words to show, that many patients from Massachusetts, who would have gone there, and paid three or four dollars per week, have been sent to Worcester, not because their chance of cure was any better, but because they could be received much cheaper. And yet, during this very time, pauper patients were every month sent away from the State Asylum for want of room, and consigned to the cages and chains of almshouses and jails. It may be said they were incurable, but that matters not to us ; the first duty of the State is to the pauper, and he should not be consigned to a cage, though he be incurable, to make way for a curable paying patient. We do not know the views of the Trustees of the McLean Asylum, but we believe, that, should the State Hospital be closed to all paying patients, there would be a steady demand for admission by patients from Massachusetts, and that provision for 50 more would be made, which (by changing on an average once in six months) would accommodate 100 yearly.

This, however, would be but one step ; for, when the

Worcester Hospital and the South Boston Asylum shall be full of pauper lunatics, there will still be between four and five hundred unprovided for. Now, granting that of these more than 50 per cent. are the entirely demented and merely vegetating idiots, there will remain over 200 unprovided for; and what shall be done with them?

Believing, as we do, that the number of patients in one establishment should never be so large, that the superintendent cannot make himself acquainted with the daily condition of every curable patient, and bring the influence of his own sane mind to bear upon the deranged ones, we should dislike to see overgrown establishments. Dr. Woodward, in his last Report, says;

"Every year, since the Hospital was established, we have had applications enough to fill a good-sized establishment. While it may be doubtful, whether this institution should be enlarged, it is greatly to be desired, that all the insane should find a retreat in an institution designed for their benefit, and especially, that all recent cases should have the means of cure. The appropriations for the accommodation of such should be liberal, and the means of support ample. *Humanity*, as well as *true economy*, dictates this."

The best plan, then, would be, to build a second State Asylum, in some other place, and provide it with accommodations for 200 or 250 patients. There is another consideration in favor of a separate hospital, and that is, the advantage it would offer for classification, with reference, not to the actual condition of the insane, but to their previous character. Every insane pauper becomes the ward of society; but prostitutes, criminals, foreign vagabonds, inebriates, &c., have a claim altogether secondary and inferior to that of the virtuous poor. They should be separated from them, and, if possible, kept in a different establishment; for, be it remembered, even the insane do not lose their self-esteem, and this is often sadly wounded by the necessary herding together in public establishments.

If, however, it should be urged, that the financial situation of the State will not allow the hope of a new hospital, there is still a way by which, without the outlay of so large a sum as would be necessary for a new hospital, additional accommodations may be had for 200 patients, and that is, by adding wings to the Worcester Asylum. Indeed, this may

be done without encroaching much upon the treasury ; for the fund left by Mrs. Johonnot, for the benefit of the insane, amounts to about $40,000, and it is burdened with annuities amounting to only $ 2500. The State may assume these annuities, for the time they have to run, and apply the principal to enlarging the Worcester Hospital. It will then embrace all the worst cases ; and, provided that grand-juries and citizens will do their duty, there will be a general almshouse and jail delivery of all the unfortunate victims confined in them. It may be necessary to put the price of supporting town paupers very low ; perhaps even some legislation may be necessary, to prevent the confinement of lunatics in almshouses and jails ; but these would be minor difficulties, and would be soon overcome. Massachusetts would then have done, what no other State or community has done, but which is just as much her duty, as though every nation in the world had performed it before her. She will have provided every possible means for the cure, or the comfort, of the unfortunate insane, who, in the course of events, are thrown upon her care.

The arrangement which we have proposed will furnish only a partial remedy ; for, besides the paupers, there will be over five hundred insane unprovided for. But the pressure will fall mainly on the paying patients, and for these we care less, because they have friends to care for them. They can be sent out of the State, or, if any must be sent from the State hospital to the jails and almshouse-cages for safe-keeping, let it be the rich man's son or daughter, and not the poor man's child. Indeed it might not be ill, that the rich should suffer a little what the poor have been and are still suffering ; for one or two cases only would raise a clamor, which would at once provide sufficient hospital accommodations for all.

There are excellent hospitals recently established in Maine and in Vermont, which are not yet full ; and, should they not suffice, new establishments would start up at once. It is true, there are great objections to private madhouses ; the recent developements in England show what horrid abuses are there committed, even at this day ; and we fear, that there are some in this country where a grand jury might find matter for presentment. It is certainly highly desirable, that the State should furnish a place, where all its lunatic

subjects might be treated for a moderate compensation; but this, we repeat, is not strictly a State's legal duty, while the care of the paupers is both a legal and a moral duty. Let that then be first discharged, and let us trust, that, when the present generation of incurable cases shall have passed away, better treatment will prevent such an accumulation again; while stricter temperance, and a more general acquaintance with physiology, will diminish the proximate causes.

Let all then, who, by word or deed, can command any influence, exercise it to discharge this duty, and to confer this blessing upon those whom misfortune has made dependent upon them. Let them visit the almshouses and prisons, and see for themselves the deplorable condition of their brethren; their visits will at least have the effect of causing greater vigilance, cleanliness, and attention on the part of the keepers. There is room here for all to work, women as well as men. Come, then, ye whose bosoms heave with just indignation at the oppression of man in distant lands; here are victims of dreadful oppression at your very doors. Come, ye who lament the heathenish customs of ignorant pagans, and would fain teach them Christianity; here are worse than heathenish customs in our very towns and villages. Come, ye who are filled with sickly sentimentality, who weep over imaginary sufferings of imaginary beings, who sigh for some opportunity of doing heroic deeds, who are speculating upon human progress; here are realities to be grappled with, here is misery to be alleviated, here is degraded humanity to be lifted up.

Finally, let the State government be urged to make immediate and ample provision for *all* the indigent insane, cost what it may cost. Massachusetts is not too poor to do any thing that can be shown to be her duty.

ART. VIII. — *The Botanical Text-Book for Colleges, Schools, and private Students; comprising, Part I. An Introduction to Structural and Physiological Botany. Part II. The Principles of Systematic Botany; with an Account of the Chief Natural Families of the Vegetable Kingdom, and Notices of the principal Officinal or otherwise Useful Plants. Illustrated with numerous Engravings on Wood.* By ASA GRAY, M. D., Fisher Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. New York: Wiley & Putnam. Boston: Little & Brown. 1842. 12mo. pp. 413.

WE share largely in the gratitude, with which students of nature are greeting this work of Professor Gray. Botany is a study, to which we have owed much of the pleasure of life. Many a pleasant summer has it made pleasanter for us. When worn with labor, or sick with care, or wearied with the din of business and the turmoil of politics, we have found nothing so refreshing and restorative to spirit and body, as a stroll of as many days or weeks as we could spare, through the rich and variegated old forests, and the pleasant interior towns, of New England. Some botanical guide, — Bigelow or Park, or Beck or Darlington, — has enabled us to add annually to the number of our vegetable acquaintance; and some philosophical friend, like Linnæus, or Smith, or Decandolle, has helped us to understand what we saw, and to enjoy it the more in consequence. Of late years Torrey and Gray have been welcome companions, leading us both to names and to things. We have always returned with a deeper sense of the beauty there is in the world of nature; of the wisdom, of which that beauty is the external decoration; of the resources which awaited us when the time should come, if it should ever come, when we should be able to go off into the country and not come back till we were ready. Such pleasures, so real, so constant, so pure, so inexhaustible, we would gladly see becoming more common; and we therefore welcome, with lively satisfaction, a work which will have the effect of recommending them to every one who will read it.

The work is very properly inscribed to the author of the "Florula Bostoniensis," as the individual, who has done

more than any other native of New England to advance the study of this enchanting science, and who, had he not had the misfortune to become eminently successful in the lucrative practice of medicine, might at this day have been giving lectures on Botany, filling the chair in which Dr. Gray now sits, and teaching the doctrines of the natural system in some volume or volumes, as good perhaps as the one before us, and with the same skill with which, — it is now thirty years ago, — he brought the lovers of botany to be followers of Linnæus.

Before the appearance of Dr. Bigelow's "Florula," the uneducated student of botany could have found no guide to the names, much less to the properties, of the common plants about him. Whatever might be his genius, he could make no discoveries. All was unknown; no one could tell him what was new. No tolerably full catalogue of New England plants had been made. Dr. Cutler, in a paper inserted in the second volume of the "Memoirs of the American Academy," had described a few of the plants of Essex County. Visiters to this country, and observant persons among the settlers and residents, had sent specimens to Linnæus and other scientific men abroad. These had been summarily described. The elder Michaux, with a power of observation which few things escaped, had traversed this country from north to south, and, on his return to France, had given descriptions of a surprising number of new plants. Professor Peck had visited the White Mountains, and had botanized extensively on the banks of the Piscataqua, and in the neighbourhood of Cambridge. He corresponded with some of the best botanists in this country and in Europe. His plants were lying, carefully named, and nicely ticketed, in his *herbarium* at the Botanical Garden in Cambridge; and some rare ones had been transplanted into the garden and they are there growing to this day; but they had got no nearer the world, for this excellent botanist was as modest as he was learned. Frederic Pursh had bivouacked, shot birds, gathered plants, and drunk brandy in New England, on the lakes, in Canada, and at the south, and had carried back to England a large collection. The descriptions of these had not yet appeared. And, if they had, what were the country gentlemen and gentlewomen of New England to learn of its botany from the French of Michaux, or the Latin of

Pursh? In this state of things, the "Florula" first made its appearance.

What a help that book was, and has been, up to this day, to all who have begun to become acquainted with our native plants, no one who lived before its publication needs to be told. It has helped us to their names. The "Medical Botany" of the same writer has been a most valuable contribution to a knowledge of their properties. It was peculiarly proper, then, that the first native treatise upon Structural, Physiological, and Systematic Botany, should be dedicated to the author of these two works.

The first part of the "Botanical Text-Book" gives a sufficiently full, and perfectly clear account of the principles of the structure and physiology of plants, with the most important of the facts which have been observed up to the present time. To these an interest is imparted, altogether greater than belongs to mere description, by the introduction of some remarkable laws. Even of the more striking of these, we shall be able to give only a rapid and inadequate account.

It has been long known that the great mass of the structure of a vegetable was made up of cellular tissue, (that is, little bladders or vesicles, cohering together by their sides,) of ducts, and of spiral vessels or tubes. Through them, or some of them, sap was known to circulate, — to be drawn up, by some unknown power, by the roots, and carried thence to the remotest extremities of the leaves. The question has been, What is the power by which a large quantity of fluid is thus constantly, and pretty rapidly, carried to such heights? This question seems to be solved, at least the difficulty is carried one step farther back, and many of the facts are reduced to a general law, by the curious discovery made by Dutrochet, which he calls *exosmosis* and *endosmosis*, and which itself seems but a partial expression, — a single form, — of a more comprehensive law, which will have its full explanation in the principles of electricity.

"Roots increase in length entirely, or chiefly, by the addition of new matter to their lower extremities or points, extending very much in the same way as an icicle; except that the new matter, constantly deposited in layer over layer upon its youngest extremity, is supplied from within and not from without.

The points of growing roots, composed of recent tissue, are therefore very delicate and easily injured. Like all newly-formed vegetable matter, they are extremely hygrometrical, and absorb with great rapidity any fluids presented to them. It is by these extremities, called *spongioles* or *spongelets*, that absorption by the root almost exclusively takes place. This power which roots possess of continually adding new living matter to their extremities, enables them to penetrate the solid earth in which they grow, to insinuate themselves into minute crevices, and to extend from place to place, as the nourishment in their immediate vicinity is consumed." — p. 26.

This is a most remarkable power. It is like that of the wedge in the hands of the mechanic. A lad, by small repeated blows with a light hammer, inserts a set of small thin wedges into holes drilled along the side of a mountain quarry. A single blow seems to produce no effect. He has patience, and in a day, or part of a day, a mass of many feet in every dimension is rifted from the solid rock. The delicate terminal spongelets of a tender root, so delicate that the slightest touch will wound them, insinuate their newly-formed cells between the particles of dense earth and gravel and stone, make their way, expand, enlarge, and at last the roots lift up a vast mass of earth on every side of the trunk.

"If the lower end of an open tube, closed with a thin membrane, such as a piece of moistened bladder, be introduced into a vessel of pure water, and a solution of sugar in water be poured into the tube, the water from the vessel will shortly be found to pass into the tube, so that the column of liquid it contains will increase in height to an extent proportionate to the strength of the solution. At the same time the water in the vessel will become slightly sweet; showing that a small quantity of syrup has passed through the pores of the membrane into the water without, while a much larger portion of water has entered the tube. The water will continue to enter the tube, and a small portion of syrup to leave it, until the solution is reduced to the same strength as the liquid without. If a solution of gum, salt, or any other substance, be employed instead of sugar, the same result will take place." . . . . .

"Now, as these phenomena appear to be universal, the porous spongelets, or extremities of the root, may be taken to represent the membranous or porous partition between the sap in the root and stem, charged with the gummy, starchy, or sugary matter it has there dissolved, thus increasing its density, and the much less

dense fluid which reaches the rootlets from without; in which case the latter ought to enter into the root and stem, as in fact it is found to do. And it should continue to flow into the plant, until the sap in its tubes and cells is reduced to the same density as that of the liquid in the soil to which the rootlets are exposed. This can never happen, however, in a growing plant, where the sap is continually and greatly concentrated by exhalation from the leaves; and consequently, the flow of the sap into the roots, and upward towards the more concentrated portions, ought to continue during the growth of the plant. Whatever other influences may be concerned in the ascending circulation, it cannot be doubted that Endosmosis, combined with exhalation from the leaves, will almost suffice to explain the facts." — pp. 75 – 77, *note.*

And not only will it explain the flowing of the sap into the roots, but its transmission from cell to cell, throughout the whole extent of the plant.

Thus, one after another, are the secrets of nature laid open to us.

Another of the striking general laws is, that which is expressed by the poetical and we think unphilosophical phrase *vegetable metamorphosis.* It was an idea of Linnæus, expanded and distinctly announced, but at the same time perverted, by Wolf and the poet Goethe, that, to use the language now employed, every appendage of the plant, the leaves of the calyx, the petals of the corolla, the stamens and the pistils, are *transformed leaves.* The recognition of the truth which lies under this expression, and the adoption of the theory built upon that truth, have undoubtedly "given a new aspect to botany, and rendered it one of the most philosophical and inductive of the natural sciences." The great importance of the truth we admit. We see and admire the consequences drawn from it. We object to the language in which the truth is expressed. On the seventeenth page, our author says;

"A flower, therefore, being the *transformed extremity* of a stem or branch which has ceased to elongate, terminates the stem which bears it, or prevents its growth in that direction."

We object to this mode of stating the truth. It makes the production of the flower and fruit the effect of accident. As if the great end in view, in the structure of plants, were

the production of leaves only. It would be more true, and therefore more philosophical, to consider the seed as the end, towards which, through the fruit, the flower, and the leaves, nature is always aiming. This is obvious, from the fact, that the seed, — the fruit in some form, — is the only thing which, in the higher plants, is constant. The leaves are sometimes wanting; sometimes the calyx; sometimes the corolla; sometimes both; sometimes every stamen but one, and every pistil but one. The seed, the fruit, is never wanting. It would be better, therefore, to state, what is clearly the fact, that the great end, towards which every thing in the vegetable structure is subservient, is the production of the fruit. But the law of vegetable structure is a simple law. One principle or law of structure is visible in every appendage and organ of the plant. The rudest form in which this law is observable, is in the seed-leaves of the embryo, in those thick leaves of the bean, for example, which we see expanding just above the surface of the ground in the newly risen plant, and contributing to its nourishment. In a form hardly more perfect, it may be observed in the tough and leathery scales, which, in our climate, enclose most buds, and guard them from the assaults of the elements. It shows itself more perfectly, and in its most common state, in the leaf, which has an upper and an under surface, each performing its peculiar functions, and a double circulation, by which the sap is brought up and exposed to the influence of air, light, heat, and electricity, its superfluous portions are thrown off, and, by processes whose hidden mechanism we can only conjecture from their effects, it is converted into that nourishing fluid, from which are formed wood, gums, resins, sugar, and every thing else derived from the vegetable creation. It assumes higher forms in the calyx and corolla, and performs a higher, perhaps, but an imperfectly known function in those forms. In the floral organs, in the stamens and pistils, an analogous organ, by the same law, fulfils a still more important office, — how, we know not, — but we know, that we can sometimes, when the work is done on a scale suited to the grossness of our imperfect faculties, perceive similar surfaces with similar structure and similar office. But the organ and the law culminate, they are exhibited in their most perfect form, in the fruit. The law is one, in all these varying forms. But it is only of late, that

this law has been perfectly detected, that an enchanter has come, powerful enough to compel the Proteus to reveal himself, — one and the same, in all his multitudinous changes.

The truth is, we want a comprehensive, philosophical term, to include leaves, bracts, sepals, petals, stamens, and styles. There is the greatest objection to calling the latter transformed leaves. If we feel ourselves at liberty to conjecture, what was the original plan of the Creator, in the structure of what we call perfect plants, we cannot doubt, that stamens and pistils are as essential a part of that plan, as true leaves ; and it would be just as correct to say, that leaves are transformed or imperfect stamens or petals, as to say, that the latter are transformed leaves.

It is remarkable, that this important law is not only most distinctly laid down by Linnæus, but it is more correctly and philosophically stated than it has been, so far as we know, by any of those, who have flattered themselves, that they have had nearer views of the secrets of Nature, than this great original interpreter of her laws. The passage in the " Philosophia Botanica," as quoted by Dr. Gray, is the following ;

" Principium florum et foliorum idem est. Principium gemmarum et foliorum idem est. Gemma constat foliorum rudimentis. Perianthium sit ex connatis foliorum rudimentis." — *Philosophia Botanica*, p. 101.

The word *principium*, as it was used by Newton, and the other learned contemporaries of Linnæus, and as it is used here, means precisely what we now express by a *law*. The passage may be, therefore, translated, —

" The law of structure, in flowers and leaves, is one. In buds and leaves, it is one. A bud consists of the rudiments of leaves. A perianth (or calyx) may be (*considered as formed*) of the rudiments of leaves grown together."

Thus, in this passage, we see not only the great law in question distinctly stated, but, in the last sentence, we have more than an intimation of another most important principle, which has necessarily a large place in this and other elementary treatises, — that the simplicity and symmetry of structure are often disguised by the growing together of contiguous parts.

Thus, however it may be expressed, one comprehensive

law, — now made distinctly visible, and beautifully, though rapidly, laid down in this volume, — pervades the structure of all the appendages of a plant. Another law, not less remarkable, regulates their position or insertion, and order. "The ascending axis or stem is, from the first, a *bud*, that is, a tender growing point, surrounded and protected by appendages, ... arranged in a determinate order, and which, as the axis itself elongates, developes into leaves or some modification of leaves." A bud is, or may be, formed in the axil of each leaf, that is, just above the leaf, in the angle between it and the stem. These buds are developed or remain inactive, according to circumstances. "When developed, they produce branches, organized like the parent stem;" "but they are capable of independent existence, as we see in the case of offsets, cuttings, &c., or of effecting a union with the stem of a plant of a different species, as happens in budding and grafting." Leaves spring from the stem at certain fixed points. "At these points there is a more or less evident change in the tissue of the stem, the fibres and vessels being interlaced horizontally, some of them passing into the leaf; while, in other parts of the stem, they are vertical and parallel. These portions are called *nodes*. One leaf may arise from each node, or two placed opposite, or three or more placed in a ring around the stem." "Since all regular buds are either terminal or axillary, the arrangement of branches depends upon that of the leaves, and upon the number of buds, that are developed." When only one leaf rises from each node, they are said to be alternate, and the branches are also alternate. If the leaves are in pairs, opposite each other, the branches will be opposite.

"Alternate leaves are seldom placed one above the other on exactly opposite points of the stem; but the second leaf will be found to arise a little to the right or left of the opposite point, and the third, a little on one side of the perpendicular to the first; so that, in the apple and pear tree, it is only when we reach the sixth leaf, that we find one placed exactly over any of the five preceding. The sixth, in this instance, is found to be inserted directly over the first, the seventh over the second, the eighth over the third, and so on. Consequently, if we take a branch of an apple tree, and trace a line connecting the bases of the leaves, a regular and simple spiral will be formed. This spiral arrangement of the leaves, variously modified in different plants, but

remarkably constant in the same species, is of general, if not universal occurrence. It is not so obvious, when the leaves are placed at considerable distance from each other, and the branch is small in proportion, as in the instance we have mentioned; but it is perfectly apparent, when the leaves are close, as in the pine, the pine-apple (where the spires are in several series), and especially in the Pandanus (cultivated in some of our conservatories), which is actually named *Screw-Pine*, on account of the striking spiral disposition of the leaves. This arrangement is a beautiful provision for securing the symmetry of the branches; for, since the wood is formed of fibrous matter descending from the leaves, if these were not placed in regular order, over every part of the circumference, more wood would be deposited on some sides of the stem than on others. . . . . The number of turns required to complete the spire, the number of leaves in each turn, and of the series of the spires (whether simple, double, triple, &c.) vary greatly in different plants. The spiral arrangement extends to all parts which are modifications of leaves." — pp. 62, 63.

"The flower being a transformed branch, each row or set of organs is a whorl or ring of leaves, which have undergone a peculiar metamorphosis." — p. 101.

"A complete, perfectly regular, and symmetrical flower should, therefore, consist of four whorls of an equal number of parts, alternate with each other. If the calyx be composed of five sepals, the corolla should consist of five petals, alternate with the sepals; the stamens should be five in number, alternate with the petals; and the pistils, also, five in a single whorl, alternate with the stamens. Such a flower being assumed as the *type*, or pattern, all the various diversities, which the nearly 80,000 described species of flowering plants exhibit, should be reducible to this typical or *normal* state, and the nature and causes of their deviations duly explained. The doctrine of vegetable metamorphosis, therefore, as applied to flowers, and to the discovery of their true structure and symmetry, when this is more or less masked or obscured, constitutes a most interesting portion of the botanist's investigation; indeed, the study either of organography or systematic botany cannot be intelligently prosecuted without it. The application of this theory, like the touch of the spear of Ithuriel, causes the most anomalous structures and disguised forms of vegetable organization to reveal their typical state and primitive character." — pp. 106, 107.

There are few things in physical science, — there is nothing in natural history, — more beautiful, than the application of

this twofold theory of structure and symmetry of arrangement to all vegetable forms. It is the thread of gold, on which the pearls of this fascinating science are strung. Facts, which before were distinct and solitary, now are seen to be naturally allied; they easily fix themselves in the memory. They arrange themselves in lines, which, without effort, we survey at a distance. Before the adoption of this theory, the young student of botany felt as if he were wandering in a labyrinth. The objects were new and beautiful, but confused and bewildering. There were guide-boards which he could not read, and paths which led, he knew not whither. Under the guidance of this theory, he walks as through a garden. He sees his way clearly before him, and vistas open to charming prospects on every side; and, when he has reached the end, he finds himself on an elevation, from which he looks back upon his whole course, and traces every winding and every irregularity in his path.

The chapter on the food and nutrition of plants, is full of suggestions of the greatest practical importance. The delicate analysis of the chemist has shown the essential constituents of all plants. These are carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Another element, nitrogen, though not obtained from the analysis of the tissue of plants, is always present in growing organs, and is an essential constituent of a large number of vegetable products. Various mineral substances, alkaline, saline, and siliceous, are invariably found in the ashes of certain plants and products of plants. They must be derived from the air or the soil, and they must be introduced into the plant dissolved in water. The ingredients of a soil must, therefore, be soluble, otherwise it will be barren; and something must be mixed with the soil, to render them soluble. The universal food of plants is water, holding in solution always carbonic acid, which it derives from the atmosphere, and nitrogen, either simple or in the form of ammonia, and sometimes the alkaline and earthy salts, which it derives from the soil. By the analysis of the ashes, it is found, that different plants, a pea, a bean, and a stalk of wheat, for example, abstract from the soil alkali, as well as silex, in very different proportions.

"If they be allowed to produce fruit and ripen their seeds, the latter will be found to contain, in the wheat, a considerable

quantity of phosphate of magnesia, &c., but in the pea and bean scarcely any. It is therefore apparent, that, while a crop of wheat robs the soil of certain alkaline and other inorganic matters necessary to its proper growth, peas and beans leave these substances almost untouched. This explains the utility of the latter, as fallow crops, since they add to the land a portion of the carbonaceous matter they have derived chiefly from the air, while they scarcely diminish its alkalies and phosphates, which are required for the succeeding wheat crop. These alkaline and other constituents of the soil, it may here be remarked, are derived from the slow disintegration and decomposition of the rocks and earths that compose it, or are added in the form of manure.

"The amount or proportion, as well as the kind of earthy matter, is nearly constant in the same species, when grown in widely different soils; provided, that the substances which the plant requires are present in the soil at all. When this is not the case, its growth is checked, or it fails to ripen its fruit or form its peculiar products, and eventually perishes. One alkaline base may, however, sometimes take the place of another; as when a plant, which requires potash or magnesia, supplies itself with soda or lime, when the former is not accessible.

"It being, therefore, indispensable that a plant should find in the soil the mineral matters necessary to its growth or perfect developement, we are enabled to understand, why various species will only flourish in particular soils or situations; why plants which take up common salt, &c., are restricted to the seashore and to the vicinity of salt-springs; and why pines and firs, the ashes of which contain very little alkali, will thrive in the thinnest and most sterile soil, while the beech, maple, elm, &c., abounding with potash, are only found in strong and fertile land. These facts constitute the basis of the whole theory of manures; which consists in supplying artificially to the soil, the elements, which the particular plant in cultivation especially requires." — pp. 70, 71.

Nitrogen is an essential constituent of many seeds, particularly of those grasses, which are cultivated for grain. Those manures which furnish ammonia abundantly are, therefore, the most proper for these most important cultivated plants.*

* A striking instance of the light thrown on the processes of agriculture by the investigations of the chemist, is given in a late excellent "Address before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society," by their accomplished Secretary. See pp. 14, 15.

The essential elements are formed, in plants, into gum, starch, and sugar, which have each precisely the same constitution as sap; and, what is still more striking, the substance of which the cells, the vessels, and the woody fibre of plants consists is composed of the same constituents, in the very same proportions.

But to mention the curious and useful facts presented in this chapter would be to quote the whole of it. The subject has not, to our knowledge, been before presented to the English reader in a form so clear and at the same time so concise.

The reproach has often been cast upon parts of natural science, and upon botany among the rest, that it teaches only names, and is mere barren and unprofitable speculation. The present state of botany, as exhibited by this volume, takes away this reproach. It is full of practical results. The observations and reasonings of students of nature have been long and gradually maturing. They at last bear fruit. Such has been, so many times, the course of philosophy, that we shall not be surprised, if, at no very distant day, the faint murmurings of the discontented and distrustful objectors shall altogether cease.

When Franklin was first raising his kite to the clouds, it was natural that boys and boyish men should laugh at him. When he protected the habitation of man from the thunderbolt of heaven, even philosophers were filled with astonishment. And he, who had disarmed the thunder, won respect for himself and his country in the two first courts of Europe. When Jansen amused himself and his children in fitting spectacle glasses to tubes, the children, and even he, thought it was only very pleasant sport. When Galileo, by his newly invented telescope, suggested by the play of Jansen's children, pointed out a mode of calculating the longitude, the merchants of Florence must have looked upon the matter as something for men to think of; and Cardinal Frederic Borromeo must have humbly rejoiced at the prospect of feeding his starving poor, in a future season of scarcity, with wheat from distant lands.

A peculiar distinction of the natural system is the importance which it attaches to whatever relates to the embryo. This is a direct consequence of the matured views of the nature of the embryo, and of the fact that it possesses, "in a

rudimentary or undeveloped state, all the essential organs of vegetation, namely, a root, stem, and leaves."

The nature of the plant is, in a measure, predicted in the embryo; and it is found, that distinctions, drawn from an examination of this important organ, lead to great divisions in plants, which are confirmed by their whole aspect, habit, structure, and growth; and almost uniformly coincide with the divisions which are made by the common observation of mankind, and are indicated by their language. The embryos which are furnished with two cotyledons, or rudimentary leaves, expand these two leaves on the surface in the just-risen plant, with the plumule or growing point between them, as is the case with most plants common in our climate. Those that have one cotyledon, leave that below the surface, and send up one leaf formed of the plumule, as we see in maize and wheat. While the dodder, which has no leaves at all, is distinguished for having an embryo without a cotyledon; and, in this instance, the spiral embryo seems to foreshow the climbing habit of the plant.

The object of the second part of the work is the examination of the systems, by which plants are conveniently distinguished and arranged, particularly of the two most important ones, the artificial system of Linnæus, and the natural system.

"The object proposed by the natural system of botany, is to bring together into groups those plants which most nearly resemble each other, not in a single and perhaps unimportant point (as in an artificial classification), but in all essential particulars; and to combine the subordinate groups into larger natural assemblages, and these into still more comprehensive divisions, so as to embrace the whole vegetable kingdom in a methodical arrangement. All the characters which plants present, that is, all the points of agreement or difference, are employed in their classification; those which are common to the greatest number of plants being used for the primary grand divisions; those less comprehensive for subordinate groups, &c.; so that the *character* or description of each group, when fully given, actually expresses all the known particulars in which the plants it embraces agree among themselves, and differ from other groups of the same rank. This complete analysis being carried through the system, from the primary divisions down to the species, it is evident that the study of a single plant of each group will give a correct (so far as it goes) and often a sufficient idea of the struc-

ture, habits, and even the sensible properties of the whole." — p. 191.

In the opinion of those best acquainted with it, botany has now reached the state when a natural system may be employed by the learner, for the purpose of finding out, first, the names, and secondly, from them the properties of plants, and their natural affinities. The two things are completely distinct. No one, who knows any thing of the natural system, can for a moment doubt, that it offers the only satisfactory mode of accomplishing the last of those two objects. But as to its being fitted to accomplish the first, so fully and easily as the artificial system has done it, we must, for the present, be allowed to entertain doubts. We are among those thousands, who, with no other help than Bigelow's "Florula," have, almost always without difficulty, found out the names of most of the common plants of New England. Why should a system, which has been so convenient and so useful, be suddenly discarded? Dr. Gray places the matter in its proper light when he says,

"The immortal Linnæus, finding it impossible in his day to characterize the natural groups which his practised eye detected, proposed as a temporary substitute, the elegant artificial scheme which bears his name. As this system is identified with the history of the science, which, in its time, it so greatly promoted, and as most systematic works have until recently been arranged upon its plan, it is still necessary for the student to understand it."

And why not to use it? A beginner is just as ignorant of botany now, as he could have been in the time of Linnæus. Just as much now, as then, he wants, first of all, to know the name of a plant; and he wants to find it out in the easiest way possible. The accomplished botanist may, without inconvenience, dispense with the Linnæan system. The fortunate few who have access to a botanic garden, a rich herbarium, books of figures, and the aid of a learned teacher, like Dr. Gray, may easily dispense with it. But how is it with the multitude of lovers of nature, scattered in the small villages, among the woods and hills, throughout the land; who have little leisure, who can afford but a single book, who can have no means of dissection, and know not an individual to tell them the name of a wild flower? To such, Torrey and Gray's admirable "Flora" is utterly unintelligible.

While thousands of such have derived unmeasured delight from the scanty knowledge they have gained, by the help of Bigelow, from an acquaintance, however slight, which they have formed with the vegetable denizens of a limited region around them. It is true, that from the artificial system they get no very great knowledge of affinities and properties, and but little of structure. They are only put in a state to receive with avidity this kind of knowledge. But it is not true, that a person who is familiar with the names, habits, and appearances of five hundred plants, however he may have learned them, is altogether ignorant of botany. He must have a very considerable acquaintance with the very characteristics which Robert Brown himself would have to notice, to enable him to distinguish the same plants. Why not, then, continue to employ, for the benefit of the great mass of the ignorant, a mode of finding the name which has answered this purpose so admirably well?

We have no doubt, that an introduction to the natural system can be framed, which may take the place of the artificial. The beautiful "Flore Française" of Decandolle proves that it can. But we greatly doubt, whether even that answers the purpose so perfectly as the Linnæan system. We know not how it may be, but we doubt, whether it is as common in France for farmers' sons and village school-mistresses, with no education but that of the common schools, to have picked up a knowledge of botany, as we know it is for the same sort of persons in New England.

Such an introduction, however, may be made; and, if any one can make it, it is the author of the "Botanical Text-Book." Hitherto, it has not, so far as we know, been done in the English language. The artificial analysis in Lindley's "Introduction" makes but a distant approach to it. The "Artificial Table," at the end of Lindley's "Ladies' Botany," comes nearer, but is by no means full enough. Indeed, the plan of that work did not require it. Of late we hear, that Hooker's "English Flora" has assumed a new form. The staunch Linnæan has at length yielded, it seems. We shall look anxiously for new evidence of the feasibility of the project; for, with all our old and warm prejudices in favor of the Linnæan arrangement, in a Flora for daily and common use, we shall heartily rejoice to be assured, that it can give place to something better.

We intended to examine somewhat fully the second part of the "Botanical Text-Book," but we have not space. We can only say, that it is carefully and skilfully done, and that about one third of the orders, the more important or more difficult ones, are illustrated by neat, well-designed and well-executed figures from wood engravings. We had thought of much to say of the value of the work to the gardener and farmer, the teacher, and the general student. But for all these we must refer to the work itself. We cannot avoid indulging the hope, that it is destined to be the means of introducing to the lovers of nature amongst us, a higher and more philosophical form of the now noble science of botany. The prevailing conceptions of it have been wholly inadequate. It has, in consequence of the almost exclusive use of the Linnæan method, been considered as little more than a mode of getting at the names of plants. This book puts within the reach of thousands the enlarged views and vast and exact knowledge of the Jussieus, of Linnæus, of Richard, Decandolle, and Robert Brown, men who deserve to be known to common fame, as among the greatest observers and most original thinkers of the last hundred years.

We congratulate the friends of natural science upon the election of a person of so much zeal and ability as this book discovers, to the chair of botany in the University of Cambridge. We still more warmly congratulate the Professor himself, at being able, at his age, and with his tastes, to devote his time, attainments, and powers to such pursuits. The position offers enviable advantages to the votary of this delightful science. France, England, and Germany, with their strongly marked peculiarities and their deep researches, lend him all their aid. He has no national jealousies to prevent him from receiving whatever they can offer. He stands on the edge of a wilderness almost unexplored. Nature here assumes new shapes. No province of the mighty realm is fully conquered. Like Cæsar, he can command the veterans of the old world. More fortunate than Alexander, he has a new world offered to his victorious arms.

Art. IX. — *A Manual of Gold and Silver Coins of all Nations, struck within the Past Century; showing their History and legal Basis, and their actual Weight, Fineness, and Value, chiefly from original and recent Assays; with which are incorporated Treatises on Bullion and Plate, Counterfeit Coins, Specific Gravity of Precious Metals, etc., with recent Statistics of the Production and Coinage of Gold and Silver in the World, and Sundry useful Tables.* By Jacob R. Eckfeldt, and William E. Du Bois, Assayers of the Mint of the United States. *Illustrated by numerous Engravings of Coins, executed by the Medal-ruling Machine, and under the Direction, of* Joseph Saxton, of the United States Mint. Published at the Assay Office of the Mint. Philadelphia. 1842. 4to. pp. 220.

We have not at this time space sufficient to do full justice to this very useful and beautiful book. The subject of coinage is interesting to two classes of individuals in every community. One of them consists of the few, who are curious to study coins historically from the earliest period, and who generally seek to make collections for their amusement, as well as instruction. The other and much larger class, is made up of practical men, who have occasion to handle the money of various nations, and to whom it is therefore of some consequence to be well informed of the various changes in external character, or intrinsic value, through which it is perpetually passing. In the United States there is as yet a very small number of persons, who feel either able or willing to make cabinets, though we have reason to know it to be increasing. On the other hand, the discredit into which the paper currency has been thrown, by events familiarly known to all, has had the effect rapidly to enlarge the class of people who prefer a strong-box to a bank for the safe-keeping of their coin. To each of these descriptions of persons, this work must be welcome. It professes to treat of the coinage of the world for a century past, but is most satisfactory as a supplement for the last twenty years, to the manuals issued before that time in the older countries of Europe. "Since the opening of the nineteenth century," we are told, in the introduction, "France has given the first standard of

this sort, England has supplied the second; and a third is now offered from the United States." We are very glad, that the contribution on our part is one of which we have no cause to be ashamed in any way that a comparison may be instituted.

It is usual, in considering the subject of the currency, to contrast the coin, which is made out of the precious metals, and the bills, which consist of stamped paper, as if the two had nothing in common. Yet no individual, who has followed the history of coinage, can fail to observe, that, after all, they rest upon the same common basis of credit, and that almost as many tricks have been played upon the public credulity through the medium of hard money, as were ever put in practice with mere promises. The subject is fruitful, and some time or other we hope to have an opportunity to go into it at large. In China, perhaps the oldest civilized country in the world, it would appear as if the whole circle of experiments upon currency had been run through, and they had all equally failed. A silver dollar, that has had the fortune to pass from hand to hand, for any length of time in that country, will be inevitably curtailed of its fair proportions, and will show in the many minute stamps, which riddle it like a sieve, that some other test is required of its value than the inscription on its face. There is no coinage peculiar to China, excepting the brass pieces strung together by the hundred, eight hundred of which may perhaps be worth a silver dollar. To the highly sharpened perspicacity of the traders of that country, that is not silver which only glitters. The steelyard, and the crucible, form the only kind of national mint in which they put any confidence.

It is by no means clear, that the other nations of the world, in proportion as their knaves and rogues overtake in skill their prototypes in China, will not be ultimately reduced to the same expedient, that has been there adopted. And our merchants, too, may likewise in progress of time be obliged to consider a set of scales as an indispensable part of their daily dress. It is but a few months since the practice of *sweating* sovereigns in Great Britain, forced its government to undertake the enormous loss of re-coining, long before the old coinage was worn out. But sweating is only one ingenious device, that has succeeded many others in the history of English coins. We think it is already made tolerably certain,

that the same necessity will impose the same burden upon the British government at least as often as once in twenty years. Gold is so valuable, that no confidence can be placed in the correspondence between the stamp on a coin, and its worth, which is not frequently supported by trying its weight.

Then there is the danger of counterfeits, which are known, through specimens still remaining, to have circulated as long ago as in the times of ancient Rome. How nicely these can be made to deceive the senses, is well explained in the chapter upon that subject in the volume before us. Four or five hundred persons are annually convicted in Great Britain of this single crime, and the only reason why it is not equally common with us, is, that, whatever may be the intention of our legislation upon the subject, we have not now, and never have had, a currency consisting of the precious metals, especially of gold, which is best worth the labor of counterfeiting. It is easier to follow the fashion of the country, and manufacture paper, often quite equal in value to the genuine article it was made to imitate. But if the labors of some of our public men should prove successful in getting rid of this evil, the only effect will be to turn the ingenuity of a large class of industrious persons into a new channel, even more injurious to the community.

Thus far we have alluded only to the dangers to a metallic currency, that flow from sources unconnected with the government that authorizes it. But there are evils of no trifling magnitude, which often originate with the power that directs the mint itself. This book tells us, "that there are realms where the operations of this institution are state secrets." In these the relative quantity of alloy to precious metal may depend upon the necessities or the mental obtuseness of the sovereign, rather than upon any rule of honesty, or even of political economy. The French history is full of arbitrary and sudden changes in the value of the money of account. The Bank of Amsterdam originated in the intolerable evils growing out of a debased metallic currency in the various states of Germany and Holland. Charles the Twelfth of Sweden stamped copper dollars to pay his troops with. And, some of the independent States of South America have been recently playing tricks of a similar kind, more dangerous, perhaps, because not so bare-

faced. The decline and fall of the Roman Empire is as visible in the adulteration of her coinage as in the brilliant narrative of Gibbon. Who then can say, that credit is not an ingredient in the currency given to the precious metals when coined? And, even if we were to go back to the proposed gold bars of Mr. Ricardo, we should still be obliged to put some reliance upon the stamp that is to declare their purity. Otherwise we should either be exposed to the losses which come from alloying, pickling, or plating, as described in the present volume, or else be driven to the necessity of ourselves employing chemical tests in every instance in which we receive a bar.

Notwithstanding all this, we must beg leave to declare ourselves bullionists as it regards currency. And we should, for more reasons than one, be sorry to have the practice of stamping coins discontinued. They are an eloquent, though dumb, expositor of the vicissitudes of this world, even in its highest stations. And there is an elegance in the art, which to us is highly fascinating. Perhaps the portion of the present work which is most valuable, is that which treats of the coinage of the new South American republics; but it suggests to us few agreeable or consolatory associations. The most interesting coinage in the history of the world, notwithstanding the inferiority of the mechanical process then in use, is the series of Roman coins. The least so is our own. The reason of this is, that our dies present no variety of stamp or of inscription, neither historical record nor interesting association. We perceive that Mr. Hawkins, in his late work upon the British silver coinage, laments the baldness of the devices used in that kingdom; but even they are not so poor as ours. We go so far as to regret the almost nervous dread of monarchical attributes, which induced Washington to order the dies prepared with his head to be laid aside. But these are feelings in which we shall not be very extensively joined by those who study "the almighty dollar" with very different emotions from ours, and we shall therefore hasten to put an end to our dissertation.

No book upon coins is worth much without the aid of plates. The present volume is richly supplied with excellent ones. We have taken the pains to compare them with real specimens, and find the copy very accurate. Indeed,

how could it be otherwise, under the new and original plan which was adopted to obtain them? The chapter, explaining the manner in which the three discoveries of the present age, the Daguerrotype, electrotype, and machine-engraving have been made to subserve the present design, is among the most interesting in the book. We take leave of it, regretting only that our limits prevent us from furnishing extracts from it; and cheerfully recommend it as a very handsome production, and, considering the costliness of its preparation, furnished at a very reasonable price.

Art. X. — *American Notes for General Circulation.* By Charles Dickens. In Two Volumes. London: Chapman & Hall, 186, Strand. 1842. 12mo. pp. 308 and 306.

A few years ago, a series of papers appeared in the "London Morning Chronicle," descriptive of London Life, Manners, and Character, under the signature of "Boz." These sketches attracted some attention at the time, by their cleverness, and their racy, lively style. Inquiries were occasionally made into their authorship; but nobody, at least on this side of the Atlantic, seemed able to tell us any thing about it. They had their run in the columns of the Chronicle, and were likely to find their tomb there also; but, soon afterward, the first number of the "Pickwick Papers" came out, purporting to be edited by the same lively Boz. This new work instantly and forcibly arrested the attention of the public, and the succeeding numbers were looked for with an eagerness which has been equalled only on the appearance of the same author's subsequent works. Fresh inquiries were made, who this new and remarkable writer could possibly be; and the name of Charles Dickens, a young man hitherto all unknown to fame, with nothing to aid him in circumstances or situation, in ancestral rank or family wealth, started into a celebrity, which, for extent and intensity, for its extraordinary influence upon social feelings and even political institutions, and for the strength of favorable regard and even warm personal attachment by which it has been accompanied all over the

world, we believe is without a parallel in the history of letters. The demand for the "Pickwick Papers" grew greater and greater with every succeeding number. English gentlemen, travelling on the Continent, left orders to have them forwarded to their address. At home, everybody, who could afford his monthly shilling, hurried to pay it on the morning of the publishing day; and, with an adroitness for money-making, commonly supposed to mark the American only, speculating boys let out their copies, to those who could not afford to buy, at a penny an hour.

Among readers in the United States, the eagerness to get these papers was to the full as general and intense. They were republished in every form of newspaper, weekly and monthly journal, and close-printed volume; the incessant industry of the metropolitan presses proved hardly equal to supplying the country demand; and, long before the adventures of Mr. Pickwick were brought to a conclusion, the name of Charles Dickens was not only a classical name in English literature, but one ever after to be spoken with an affectionate warmth, of higher value than the widest lettered renown. Each succeeding work only deepened the impression of the author's genius and gentle heart; each new character, that sprung from his fertile and felicitous invention, only widened the range of sympathy between him and a circle of readers, that embraced nearly every reader of the English tongue. Nor was his fame an English and American reputation solely. His works were speedily translated into all the living languages of Europe. His wit, humor, and pathos are as well known in Germany, France, Italy, and even in Russia, as they are at home; and we learn from the late European papers, that even the solemn Turk has forsworn his national gravity, and been compelled to give way to the most un-Mahometan roars of laughter over the witticisms of Mr. Samuel Weller. This immense reputation, and this more than imperial power over the hearts and minds of men, be it remembered, had been gained by one whose genius was still in the dewy freshness of youth; for Mr. Dickens's thirtieth birthday occurred during his recent visit to the United States.

We had heard intelligent Englishmen express much surprise at the American popularity of Mr. Dickens. They supposed his works were too national in spirit and tendency,

too local in their wit and allusions, to be fully enjoyed anywhere out of England ; and, when they found that his American readers far outnumbered his English, because his works were more widely and cheaply circulated here than at home, they were astonished at so startling and unexpected a fact. The truth is, that Mr. Dickens's peculiar genius is nearly as well understood here as it is in London. We are of English origin, and the chief peculiarities of the English character are reproduced with some modifications in our own. English literature, the representative of the English character, speaks to us in no foreign tongue requiring interpreters and commentators ; but in a language, native not only to the American ear, but breathing a spirit kindred and congenial to the American mind. It was to be expected, therefore, that a series of English works, drawn from the actual life of the present age, throbbing, so to speak, with the life-blood of the English heart, should find an answering throb in the great heart of America. But, setting all these considerations aside, there is that in the writings of so genial an author as Dickens, which sends their influence far beyond all boundary lines of nation or race ; a brightness which no difference of association can materially darken ; a spirit which it requires no artificial preparation to feel ; a clearness and transparency of thought and expression by which his conceptions are laid open at once to the understandings of all readers. The creations of fiction, if they have the vitality of genius, do not depend for their effect upon the previous knowledge of the reader, so much as upon their harmony with the common principles of human nature. Genuine wit may use local or temporary relations as its occasion ; but it has an essence which is immortal. The wit of Falstaff takes a form which only the peculiarities of the Elizabethan age could have lent it ; but it is no less wit at the present day ; it is no less felt in its spirit by English, American, and German readers. Who imagines, that such a book as Don Quixote could be written now ? And who can spare Don Quixote from the resources he is to draw upon in his leisure hours ? Who thinks he cannot understand that immortal book, because it is the work of a Spaniard, and dates far back in another age ? Is the pungent satire, the infinite drollery, the never-failing, ever-brilliant wit of Aristophanes lost, because he wrote for the theatre of an ancient republic, and in

a language we have to learn, slowly and painfully, at school and college? Not at all. His Strepsiades and Phidippides, his Cleon and Demos, his politic Knights and usurping women, his quips and quirks, his puns, burlesques, and travesties, his humorous exaggerations and his pointed, stinging sarcasm, are nearly as well known, and as heartily enjoyed by the modern scholar in his study, as they were by the hearer four and twenty hundred years ago.

Still more is this the case with the representation of sorrow. Man is born to sorrow, and, wherever it is truly expressed, it reaches his understanding and moves his heart. The language of mourning carries its meaning straight and unambiguous to the soul. The parting of Hector and Andromache is as deeply pathetic to-day, as it was at the dawn of Grecian poetry. The heart-rending speech of ancient Priam to the slayer of his son borrows nothing of its sad power from the peculiar circumstances of the age, when the greatest of poets conceived and uttered it; it is the voice of nature giving speech to the agonies of a human heart; and wherever a human heart exists, there is an echo found to those wailing tones, though they come from ancient days. And, from that moving scene, down to the death of little Nell, the sound of mourning has been heard in human dwellings, and repeated in the songs of the poet and the page of the romancer. But, to be laid up in the memories of men, the expression of sorrow by the poet or the romancer must proceed from a heart, that deeply feels for human woe, and a mind capable of representing it with skill and truth. Like the great masters of emotion, whose works have come down to us, Dickens writes from no mere intellectual conception of human suffering, but from a profound sense of the woes of men, and a living sympathy with them. Thus, the graver, as well as the humorous, parts of his writings are read with an eager admiration in every country of the civilized world.

It is not our purpose, in the present paper, to go into a minute examination of the works of Dickens, or to attempt the very superfluous task of recommending them to the readers of this journal. The applause of the world needs no aid from periodical criticism; the favorite of two hemispheres can neither be benefited nor harmed by any thing the literary journals can say of him. But we think it proper

to take advantage of the present pause in the literary career of Mr. Dickens, to recall the impressions his works have made upon us, and to form for ourselves a fair appreciation of his genius. When he has once begun again, there will be no breathing-time. The reading world will be reading the number last arrived, or watching, with absorbing interest and immeasurable impatience, the arrival of the next. It will be once more, as it was in the days of "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," the "Old Curiosity Shop," and "Barnaby Rudge." Whoever wishes to make up a deliberate opinion must do it now, while the author is gathering fresh strength upon the bosom of his native earth.

It often happens, that literary reputations, suddenly acquired, are as suddenly lost. Literary history records many examples of the capriciousness of the world with regard to the fame of authors. The favorite of one age is wholly unknown, or scorned and contemned, by another. Warned by such lessons, we are apt to look with doubtful eye upon the celebrities of the present day, and to think, that they, too, are destined to pass away and be forgotten. But such conclusions are not to be hastily drawn. The author, who merely reflects the manners of his age; the poet, who catches only the whimsical mannerism of the moment, who studies chiefly the effects of exaggerated conceits, or unusual and distorted language, cannot expect to live beyond the time allotted for transient styles of thought and expression. But the man of genius, who throws himself into the broad current of human sympathies, and, studying to utter his thoughts in language drawn from the great treasury of his mother tongue, and not from the paltry cant of sects and coteries, sets before his contemporaries vivid delineations of their daily life, and speaks to them in manly tones of their duties to each other, and teaches them, that the poorest outcast, the most abject and friendless being, that ever passed through want and beggary to an unhonored grave, is still one of the universal brotherhood of man, as much as the haughtiest in the land; such a man of genius will not only be welcomed by the love and admiration of those among whom he lives and moves, but coming times will not willingly let his memory die. Present popularity cheers him in his labors, and fame in after ages crowns his name. He is followed through life with love, and nations

enshrine him when dead, as a friend and benefactor of the race. Such an author, unless we have read him wrong, is Charles Dickens. We have no apprehensions, that time will materially diminish his fame.

As a mere creator of characters, Mr. Dickens stands pre-eminent among English authors of the present age. The whole reading world is perfectly familiar with the persons, voices, manners of Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller, and the other members of that immortal company. Their adventures are not merely the materials of amusing stories, but the exhibitions of living and breathing characters. Mr. Pickwick is as little likely to be forgotten, as any personage in Shakspeare. The Wellers have each as marked an individuality, as any person whom we know in daily life. Mr. Winkle, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Tupman are less clearly drawn, but no one doubts their real existence. Who has not seen the fat boy? Who has not shaken hands with hearty Mr. Wardle? Who has not tasted, in imagination at least, that cold punch, which sent Mr. Pickwick asleep to the pound? Who has not listened to the case of Bardell *versus* Pickwick, and seen that professional badgering of witnesses, which reduced Mr. Winkle to despair, but was wholly ineffectual with the imperturbable Mr. Samuel Weller? The eloquence of Mr. Buzfuz has its parallel wherever legal eloquence is cultivated, and the frisky manners of busy little Mr. Perker may be seen any day in Court Street. Who has not been in the Den of Mrs. Leo Hunter, and who has not read, again and again, the tremendous controversies of the rival editors of Eatanswill?

Mr. Dickens's wit and humor are so abundant, that most people hardly think of the more serious aspects of his genius. He has an inexhaustible vein of the pleasantest exaggeration, which keeps his readers either roaring with laughter, or getting ready to roar. He is constantly surprising us with the most unexpected turns, which the solemnity of a stoic could not stand against. Whimsical peculiarities of scenes or persons are so constantly presented in an amusing light, that the grimmest scorner of mirth and frolic cannot choose but surrender at discretion. A single expression, even a word, is often so charged with drollery, that, before it is fairly read, the reader and the hearer (if there be one) are thrown into convulsions. We have known people, who are

utterly overcome by seeing even the covers of Pickwick, and could no more help shouting with laughter, though their very lives depended on preserving silence, than they could make the sun to stand still at a word. This abundant wit is all of the right kind. Puns and unnatural distortions of words are rarely found in his books. Strange but striking comparisons, a sudden bringing together of opposite ideas, exact delineation of comical character, happy narration of comic incident, and pleasant exaggeration, are the materials out of which he has woven ten thousand witty passages, which will be read with delight, as long as wit is understood, as long as men are men.

But, as we said before, the very abundance of this excellent quality withdraws people's attention from the more serous parts of this author's writings. Comedy is more generally liked than tragedy. A joke is suited to all capacities, and the readers of popular literature like better to be amused, than to have their feelings wrought upon by the pathetic representation of scenes of woe.

The very name of Boz suggests a thousand comical traits, and he is generally regarded as chiefly to be praised for wit and humor. This is far enough from being the case. Dickens is an original poet. Many of his characters are drawn with earnestness and enthusiasm. He has sounded the depths of the human heart, as well as skimmed over its surface. The vigilance of his eye, no beauty of nature and no form of human passion escapes. Scattered all over his works, especially his later ones, are the most exquisite delineation of the outward world, in language prosaic in form, but wonderfully poetical in spirit. English country life and scenery never were painted with more felicity than they have been by Dickens. With what ready skill does he seize upon the more unobtrusive beauties, the little cabinet scenes, so to speak, which open here and there in the world over which the creatures of his genius move, and, by a few masterly touches, present them visibly before us, lending beauty and grace to the varied picture of life. Like Shakspeare, he knows well how to throw in a few gentle traits to soften the terrors of his tragic passages, by lingering on which the mind relieves its overwrought feelings. He looks into the condition of the poor, and he sees that they have their humble joys as well as sorrows, and these he

paints in brighter colors than they have ever been painted in before. He is sometimes called the delineator of low life; he should rather be called the delineator of human life. But there is truth too in the former appellation. For no writer has so truly set forth the virtues, temptations, sufferings, and characters of the lower and poorer classes, as he.

But his walk is not confined to this region of humanity. Though he rarely draws from what is called fashionable society the materials of his stories, and has never written any thing that can be classed among the fashionable novels, many of his characters move in the educated classes; nor do we perceive, that his hand is less vigorous in these delineations, than in the characters of low life. The noble spendthrift, and the fashionable blackleg, are well hit off in Lord Frederic Verisopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk. The struggles of the educated, high-principled, but pennyless young man, and his rise to affluence by honorable industry, are beautifully presented in Nicholas Nickleby. Where was ever drawn, by poet's hand, a fairer picture of womanly sweetness, gentleness, and refinement than Rose Manlie? Where is a more delightful creation than Oliver Twist? A boy of natural refinement and delicate organization; born of gentle lineage, though the offspring of guilty passion; left an infant orphan in the workhouse, under the tender mercies of a parish beadle; in daily contact with all that is degrading in extreme poverty, and crushing in petty tyranny; with the haggard sights of want and woe, and pauper vice, surrounding him like grim phantoms from the first moment of his life; then in Fagin's robber's den, the companion of thieves, highwaymen, and prostitutes; he passes through them all, unsoiled and pure, protected by a native spirit of goodness, that, like a guardian angel, seems at times to shelter the young and helpless from contamination and ruin. Never was the triumph of innocence portrayed with greater beauty, or a truer and manlier sympathy. Doubtless it would be hard to find in common life an exact counterpart to Oliver Twist. It is not often that the young spirit can throw aside the evil influences by which in early life it is surrounded. But such things sometimes happen. In the wretched dwellings of want and woe, a child of fine, ethereal temper may be seen, bearing uncomplainingly his bitter lot, ministering with patient heart and serene countenance to the needs of a father,

whose profligacy and crime have laid him on the bed of death or of a mother, whom the tempting devil of strong drink has robbed of every gentle attribute, and made a demon of. Such a spectacle, though a rare one, is by no means an unknown sight. In the hand of a master of the human heart like Dickens, this would be the germ of a character, like that of Oliver Twist. The idea, though often partially apprehended, has never before been carried out with such marvellous skill and pathos.

The character of Little Nell, is by universal consent placed among the loveliest creations of genius. In some respects it is the pendant of Oliver. The one reminds us of the other. Yet each has a striking individuality ; each character has an independent existence ; each is a creation of finished and exquisite art. Little Nell is the favorite child of the author's genius. On her he seems to have lavished the richest powers of his mind, and the deepest affections of his heart. Her course, through the trying and agitating scenes of her short and spotless life, he saw from the beginning with certain eye, and traced with unerring hand. He seems to have watched her with real, heartfelt solicitude ; he certainly gave to her little adventures, and her mighty sorrows, and her heroic endurance a living reality, which month after month deepened the sympathies, and held at their highest tension the feelings, of the whole reading world. Her death is perhaps the most pathetic scene in the literature of the age. Nothing has so profoundly stirred the world's great heart for many years.

A peculiarity of Dickens's writings, which has often been dwelt upon with praise and pleasure, is their freedom from expressions and allusions which offend a fastidious delicacy. Considering the regions of life where many of his scenes are laid, this is a most remarkable fact. He loses by it nothing that is racy or striking. So sure is the felicitous instinct of his genius, that he presents each scene and circumstance in its happiest aspect ; he draws each group, and places every figure, in its most characteristic action and attitude, and never for an instant forgets what is due to the nicest sense of propriety. He gains immeasurably by this delicate dealing with his materials. The creations of his genius are thereby in themselves rendered more beautiful, and they find their way to minds which would shrink with disgust from works of

equal genius, tainted with vulgarity and vice ; and then they spread a blessed influence over society, by purifying the passions, which, according to the great critic of the ancient world, is the proper object of tragedy.

Another striking peculiarity of Dickens's works is their practical moral aim. They are not constructed merely upon certain abstract principles of art, with no reference to the condition of men. They are the outpourings of a heart, that feels deeply all that belongs to the race ; of a mind, that sees clearly the wrongs and sufferings under which half mankind are bowed down. Dickens sees the right, and, in all his works, holds it steadily in view. Besides the beauty breathed over his more serious writings by an imagination of extraordinary brilliancy and power, we feel they have the more mysterious beauty of a generous and disinterested spirit, which claims kindred with every human heart. They are, to borrow Mr. Talfourd's strong expression, "mortised into the living rock of humanity," — and greatly has humanity been the gainer. The immediate effects of these works in England, for whose condition they are more especially adapted, are said to be extraordinary. Ancient abuses have been corrected ; dens of wickedness and tyranny and every base passion, the Dotheboy's Halls, have been broken up, the miseries of the starving poor have been told to ears, which they would never have reached, but for the mighty magic of his genius ; the sin of irredeemable vulgarity, which heretofore shut out the wants and the affections of humble life from the sphere of high-born sympathies, has been done away, and the native beauty of the human soul has been drawn from under the coarse disguises of want, hardship, and woe, and clothed with living light. These are great and noble ends for genius to have accomplished. These are worthy of the proudest ambition, the loftiest aspirations after fame. Dickens has thus powerfully coöperated with the great philanthropic movements which mark the present age. He has acted with incalculable effect upon the principles which the late Dr. Channing carried out so nobly in another form. His commanding eloquence enforced, with earnest didactic energy, the same regenerating truths that lie at the very heart of most of Dickens's creations. The impressive lessons of that great teacher, delivered in a style of solemn grandeur, that sometimes assumed almost the tone of pro-

phecy, and the gay conceptions of "Boz," meet together in one common aim, — the doing justice to the wronged, the weak, and the sorrowing of the human family.

If the preceding remarks are not greatly erroneous, Mr. Dickens has already done what will immortalize his name. He has added to the number of original characters, many that will hold their place in English literature for ever. When we call to mind the number and variety of the personages he has introduced to our acquaintance within a few years, and the remarkable individuality which each possesses, and the manner in which we think of them and speak of them, as of living beings, long after the excitement of a first reading has gone by, we cannot fail to be astonished at the fertility of his creative power. Then he has added immeasurably to the sources of harmless enjoyment by the bright sallies of his exhaustless wit; and again, suddenly changing his hand, he has thrilled his readers by scenes of the deepest pathos that ever moved the human soul. All these qualities form an assemblage of claims upon the gratitude and admiration of men, such as is rarely presented in a single person; and we say, with unhesitating confidence, that on the strength of these claims, the name of Dickens will survive to after ages, with the greatest and best of England's manly and noble literature, to be spoken of ages hence, as now, with the loving admiration that awaits the great and good.

Mr. Dickens's English style is one of great originality and power. It is impossible not to wonder at the copiousness and variety of the English language. As an instrument of thought it has a wider compass, a mightier sweep, perhaps, than any other modern tongue. From the copious flow and splendid imagery of the eloquence of Burke, to the idiomatic ease of Addison, and the forcible plainness of Swift, what a range of phraseology, fitted to every shade of thought, to every peculiarity of genius! The classical taste, and severe intellectual training, of a large portion of the English authors, have given to the leading works in English literature an exquisite finish, that places them on a level with the immortal remains of Greece and Rome. Xenophon himself is scarcely more graceful and easy than Hume. Horace is not more select in his phraseology than Rogers; Juvenal is not more pointed than Johnson and Gifford. The golden thread of classical scholarship runs through the rich tissue of English

printed and spoken eloquence. But, besides these more select and stately portions of British literature, there is a vast body of original works, of a more popular cast, which are wholly and exclusively English in tone, spirit, allusions, and phraseology. Only men of classical education feel the force and beauty of a happy classical allusion, or of a skilful adaptation of an antique turn of thought. Such effects are limited to a comparatively small number in any country. How few are the readers and lovers of Burke, and Milton, compared to the great body of British and American readers, simply because the sphere of thought, allusion, and illustration, through which those mighty intellects moved, as in their native air, is wholly beyond the knowledge, and therefore beyond the sympathies, of the mass of men. But the literature of England is remarkable for supplying the intellectual wants of the mass of men with works of profound genius, and yet on a level with the capacities of the common mind ; popular in tone, drawn from the associations, feelings, thoughts of general life, yet pure, elegant, and eloquent in style ; modern in character, yet rivalling in all the excellences of composition the best works of antiquity.

Among this latter class we place the writings of Dickens. His command over the English language, in its most native and idiomatic parts, is really marvellous. His style is original, almost beyond that of any writer of English in this age. It is formed, not by the study of classical models, not by consuming the midnight oil in laboriously mastering the learning of books ; but it is caught from the lips of men, speaking under the influence of the passions in daily life. It is formed from the commonest materials, selected with an instinctive tact, and used with singular directness and force. It abounds in racy and expressive idioms, and has a strange flexibility in conveying at once to the reader's mind every variety of thought and passion. It may be said to be unstudied, though it must have required long habits of composition to bring it to its present state of completeness. What we mean is, that Mr. Dickens is one of those original thinkers, who look directly upon the objects of their thoughts, and express their views, feelings, or conceptions in the first words that come to hand, — those first words being almost always the best. He seems to be under no influence from other minds ; he rarely makes an allusion to others'

works; his style has none of the purple patches that varied scholarship is so apt to give to language, sometimes to the injury of its point and force; but, with a self-reliance, which rarely disappoints him, he marches forward to his aim; beautiful and brilliant thoughts spring spontaneous and abundant around his rapid pen; the stream of language flows at its own sweet will, and never runs low or threatens to fail; it changes, with a curious and natural felicity, from stirring narrative to witty dialogue; from keen satire, it softens easily to heart-moving pathos; it rises from shrewd observation, to vehement eloquence; and from homely but expressive prose, it ever and anon melts into the sweetest music. He draws his illustrations not from the great book of literature, but from the greater book of human life. His common-places are not taken from the classics, but from the soul of man. His descriptions of men and nature are the records, not of his reading, but of what he has seen in the thronged thoroughfares of the city, or the sweet solitudes of the country. His style, therefore, is strikingly original; original in the sense in which Homer is original, Shakspeare is original, Scott is original.

But, with all its excellences, Dickens's style is marred by several solecisms, which the writers of the last twenty years have admitt d into their works, and these he repeats again and again. The use of "directly" in the sense of "as soon as," is an abomination first made popular, though not first used, by Bulwer, and appearing more than a thousand times in Dickens's works. It is an irredeemable cockneyism, and as such never to be tolerated in good society. Several other expressions of this sort now and then occur, such as the new-fangled and most uncouth solecism, "is being done," for the good old English idiomatic expression "is doing," — an absurd periphrasis driving out a pointed and pithy turn of the English language. But these are hardly enough to injure seriously the character of his style, or to detract materially from its singular purity and grace.

Such are our impressions of the genius of Mr. Dickens; and thinking thus, and believing that the majority of American readers had pretty much the same views, we were not surprised at the enthusiasm with which his late arrival was hailed in the United States. Some few individuals, — as is always the case with popular excitements, — were disposed

to sneer. But, when we consider the extraordinary influence that this young author had wielded; the beautiful humanity that everywhere breathed from his pages; the delicacy from which, in the wildest freaks of fun and frolic, he had never departed; the deep sympathy he had ever shown with the afflicted of his race; the exquisite creations which his genius had so lavishly poured out upon the world, and the years of enjoyment he had brought to every house in the land; we cannot help feeling that the universal enthusiasm with which he was welcomed was perfectly natural, and just what was to be expected from a generous people. True, the spectacle of a young man, without wealth or political influence, receiving such homage, was a novel one. Popular candidates for office, men in high station, presidents and those who hoped to be presidents, had often before, in their progresses through the country, received the plaudits of the multitude; bells had been rung, and vast quantities of villanous saltpetre had been burned to do them honor; and nobody thought these tumultuous proceedings censurable. But here was a youthful foreigner with nothing but God's gifts, — a great genius and a generous heart, — from whom no other benefit had been received or was to be expected, but the delight of reading his books, — and people rushed to receive him with open arms. To our apprehension the scene was beautiful and affecting. It did as much honor to the people as to the distinguished visiter. And, though many ludicrous incidents marked the popular enthusiasm; though ladies of cerulean hose tormented Dickens with their literary platitudes, and romantic maids begged for locks of hair, and moon-struck cab-men and hackney-coach drivers plucked bare the sleeves of his shaggy coat for keepsakes, and the managers of military balls insisted on his working the miracle of omnipresence, and the exhibitors of poor-houses and the like made long speeches when he visited them, which he had to answer; and though autographs were in such request, that Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, — as Hood humorously says, — had to keep hard at work some hours every morning to supply the demand; — still, on the whole, the reception was highly creditable to the feeling and good sense of the country.

Nothing could have been better conceived, or could have passed off better, than the Boston dinner; and the dinner at New York was what the newspapers call "a brilliant affair,"

to say nothing of that unique display, the great "Boz ball" in the theatre, which was followed by a public meeting, at the mayor's office, of those gentlemen, who had lost or exchanged cloaks and hats,—said to have been one of the largest and most respectable meetings ever held in that city. But, though it was natural for a generous and sensitive people to pay these honors, the receiver of them must often have been placed in scenes that required all his good sense and good humor to pass through with dignity. The trial, however, was borne with admirable presence of mind. We believe all who saw Mr. Dickens must have been struck with his singular freedom from the airs and assumptions of the literary lion, and charmed with the frankness, cordiality, and simplicity of his manners, and the prompt, lively, and brilliant character of his conversation. His speeches, on the occasions referred to, were, in point of style, sentiment, and delivery, among the best of their kind that it has ever been our fortune to hear; and proved, conclusively, that Dickens is not only a great original writer, but would make, should the vicissitudes of life ever throw him into a public career, a most efficient popular orator. We never heard a dinner-speech more enthusiastically applauded, than his very happy one delivered at New York. His eloquent allusions to Washington Irving, who presided, brought down a perfect tempest of cheers; and justly, for nothing of the kind was ever better done.

But, as every one knows, Mr. Dickens took occasion, while here, to urge publicly the adoption of an international copy-right law. All that he said was said with the utmost delicacy and propriety. Men might have differed from his opinions, or opposed his arguments; it is a question on which a diversity of sentiment doubtless exists. Literary property has never in any country received the full measure of legislative protection, which has been extended to property of other kinds; and just so long as the law looks upon it with a doubtful eye, just so long will men be found to deny its existence, or at least to dispute about its extent. We have no intention of discussing this question; the opinions of this journal have often been expressed, and the arguments we have used in their support have never been refuted. We allude to it now, merely to say, that we coincide entirely with the views so well expressed by Mr. Dickens, and approve the manner in which he urged them. The attacks made upon

him by a portion of the newspapers, for the course he saw fit to take on this subject, were unjust, false, virulent, and vulgar; discreditable to the taste and temper, and disgraceful to the character, of their authors. One of the most generous and disinterested of men, who had come to this country to seek, among a people by whom his genius was appreciated and admired, relaxation from long and severe intellectual toil, was charged with the meanest mercenary motives, merely because he had the independence to urge the claims of justice in behalf of literary men, in his public addresses; and, with an excess of impudence and falsehood hardly to be imagined, some newspaper scribblers had the baseness to declare, that Mr. Dickens's expenses were paid by the publishers and authors of England, and that he travelled merely as their hired agent. We refer to this disgusting display of vulgar malignity, merely to hold it up to the scorn of all honorable men connected with the press; to defend the character of Dickens from such poor attacks would be a work of supererogation indeed. We have good reason to think, that the large publishing houses of New York and Philadelphia are coming round to the support of an international copyright; and the chairman of the committee, which reported the famous Boston booksellers' memorial, arguing against a copyright law on the ground that it would prevent American editors of European works from altering them to suit the republican taste, has lately declared himself a friend of international copyright. And here we cannot help expressing our surprise, that the strange and dishonorable ground assumed in that memorial has not been more pointedly reprobated by the good sense and good principle of so reflecting a community as ours. We can only account for the adoption of such a document at all, by a body of respectable men, on the supposition, that its piratical doctrine respecting literary property escaped the notice of the convention, among the multitude of other matters which were therein discussed; for, in our view, the doctrine, to which those respectable gentlemen seemed to give their public support, was one to be maintained not in the company of honest men, but only in the society of footpads, housebreakers, and pickpockets.

Long before this, all American readers have read the "Notes for General Circulation." They have been scattered over the country by the penny press, with the speed of

rail-road and steam-boat. We believe they have been read with general approbation. Certainly they are pleasant reading, and highly characteristic of their author. Persons who expected from Dickens long disquisitions upon what are called American Institutions, — philosophical tirades upon the working of the republican machine of government, — or the future prospects of the world as affected by what we style the great experiment of self-government, — expected what they had no right to look for from the author of "Pickwick." Mr. Dickens had too much good sense to attempt a work for which he was unprepared by previous studies, habits of thought, and intellectual peculiarities; for which, had he possessed every needful prerequisite, his residence in the country was too short, and his opportunities of calm observation too limited and few. But he has a quick eye, from which nothing that comes within its range escapes; in his rapid passage from place to place, he would seize many characteristic points, and take in at a glance many amusing traits. Little incidents, that others would pass unnoticed, with him would be the germs of entertaining remark.

We had a right, therefore, to expect from him, not a didactic work, but a book full of graphic touches, good feeling, and pleasant observation; and in this expectation we have not been disappointed. Many of his strictures have given offence in various quarters. Some people seem to think, that if a fault of manners, or an inconvenience of social arrangements, or an awkward or disagreeable habit, is described by a traveller, it is described as something peculiar to them. Thus Dickens's humorous pictures of the discomforts of steam and canal boats, and stage coaches, — though all who have ever felt them, acknowledge the striking fidelity of his pencil, — are meant as satires upon American civilization in particular, and as if such things were found nowhere else; and not a little very excellent wrath has been expended upon him on that most gratuitous supposition. We have heard no defence set up against the charge of tobacco-chewing and spitting. In these two pleasant habits, we suppose we stand by general consent, and by our own admission, preëminent among the nations of the earth. It may indeed be true, — we presume it is so, — that Dickens notices the little discomforts of travelling more

frequently than philosophical travellers would be likely to do ; — not because he is disappointed and vexed at finding such things are, but because he has a lively susceptibility, and they strike him in a picturesque or ludicrous light ; because he has a natural inclination to work up little incidents, which the common man thinks nothing of, into scenes ; and this natural tendency of the creative faculty has, in his case, been heightened by long habits of inventive composition. It may be too, — we fancy it is, — the fact, that Dickens has never been much of a traveller. Probably his previous wanderings had not extended far beyond the immortal journeyings of the Pickwickians ; so that he could only have drawn comparisons, had he been disposed to do it at all, between the United States and England. We see nothing to complain of in the peculiarity of his book just touched upon ; on the contrary, we are pleased to have, in their original freshness, the impressions made by our country on such a mind as his. With some of these we are far from agreeing. What he says of the absence of humor in the New England character, is directly opposed to the result of our own observations, and we can have no doubt, that he is here mistaken. In several minor matters of fact, he is also unquestionably wrong.

But these things hardly lessen the general interest, with which we read the book. The picture he draws of the character of the American newspaper press, darkly colored as it is, does not surpass the truth, when applied to a portion, — a very large portion, it must be confessed, — of the metropolitan papers. But he does not make sufficiently emphatic exceptions and distinctions ; and, when he comes to speak of the universality of its evil influence, its omnipotence and omnipresence, his vigorous, startling, and almost terrific language is quite too unqualified. We have no faith in the existence of such a demoniac power, as that he describes. The profligate papers, numerous as they are, and widely as their circulation ranges, neither express, nor guide, nor govern, what can with any propriety be called the public opinion of the country ; they may open their foul mouths in full cry upon a man of character, year after year, and through every State in the Union, but they can harm him no more than the idle wind. They are read, despised, and the next day utterly forgotten. A temporary prejudice may be raised,

and that is all. Their cowardly malice, their ignorance, vulgarity, and profligacy, overshoot the mark. Instead of making the sober and thinking members of the community believe their falsehoods, they make them almost disbelieve their facts. It has come to be nearly taken for granted, that what is printed by a certain class of newspapers is only such stuff as dreams are made of. This being the case, we look upon the boundless power Dickens ascribes to the worst part of the American newspaper press with as much incredulity, as we should upon the asserted wonders of any necromantic agency. News-boys cry them through the streets, and thrust them upon steam-boat and rail-road passengers, at depots and landing-places. They are found at reading-rooms and at hotels, and sometimes in grocers' shops ; but who ever saw them in the houses of the elegant and refined ? Who was ever influenced in his conduct by any fear of their espionage, or any apprehension of their attacks ? There may possibly be single instances, but we have never happened to know them. Pot-house politicians may mistake their billingsgate for the expression of public sentiment ; and vulgar demagogues, fishing, as the ancient Satyrist expresses it, in the turbid waters of public tumults, may dread their censures or value their applause. But the honorable and high-minded man, conscious of no wrong, and aiming at noble ends by noble means, has nothing to fear from the spiteful hissings of that many-headed hydra, a corrupt and filthy press.

The style of this book is, like that of Dickens's other writings, free, graphic, and flowing. It has a rapid movement, as if he wrote as fast as his pen could be driven across the paper. Sometimes, therefore, it is incorrect, and it is frequently disfigured by the two or three solecisms we have mentioned before. It abounds in touches of the poetical and imaginative. Striking expressions, brilliant descriptions, witty turns, and humorous sallies, are scattered in sparkling profusion over its animated pages. The sea-passages have attracted great and deserved admiration. The graver parts of the book, — such as the visit to the Blind Institution at South Boston, the affecting account of Laura Bridgman, and the forcible comments upon the solitary system of prison discipline in Philadelphia, — are written in a deep, earnest, fervent spirit, and come from a heart throbbing with the best sympathies of our nature. The tone of the book, through-

out, is frank, honest, and manly. He has steered clear of all personalities, though he has not lost, through over-fastidiousness, any point of what he deems to be the truth. He has shown excellent taste in mentioning his peculiar reception here, only in the most general terms, and that, too, at the conclusion of his book.

It is almost superfluous to give extracts from a book so generally read as this; and yet we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of enlivening this rambling paper with a few of its gems. The following sentences, from the "passage out," present a lively and beautiful picture.

"To one unaccustomed to such scenes, this [the night] is a very striking time on shipboard. Afterward, and when its novelty had long worn off, it never ceased to have a peculiar interest and charm for me. The gloom through which the great, black mass holds its direct and certain course; the rushing water, plainly heard, but dimly seen; the broad, white, glistening track, that follows in the vessel's wake; the men on the look-out forward, who would be scarcely visible against the dark sky, but for their blotting out some score of glistening stars; the helmsman at the wheel, with the illuminated card before him, shining, a speck of light amid the darkness, like something sentient and of Divine intelligence; the melancholy sighing of the wind through block, and rope, and chain; the gleaming forth of light from every crevice, nook, and tiny piece of glass about the decks, as though the ship were filled with fire in hiding, ready to burst through any outlet, wild with its resistless power of death and ruin. At first, too, and even when the hour, and all the objects it exalts, have come to be familiar, it is difficult, alone and thoughtful, to hold them to their proper shapes and forms. They change with the wandering fancy; assume the semblance of things left far away; put on the well-remembered aspect of favorite places dearly loved; and even people them with shadows. Streets, houses, rooms, — figures so like their usual occupants, that they have startled me by their reality, which far exceeded, as it seemed to me, all power of mine to conjure up the absent, — have, many and many a time, at such an hour, grown suddenly out of objects with whose real look, and use, and purpose I was as well acquainted as with my own two hands." — Vol. I. pp. 22, 23 (English Edition).

And, a little farther on, another passage;

"A head wind! Imagine a human face upon the vessel's prow, with fifteen thousand Samsons in one, bent upon driving her

back, and hitting her exactly between the eyes whenever she attempts to advance an inch. Imagine the ship herself, with every pulse and artery of her huge body swollen and bursting under this maltreatment, sworn to go on or die. Imagine the wind howling, the sea roaring, the rain beating; all in furious array against her. Picture the sky both dark and wild, and the clouds, in fearful sympathy with the waves, making another ocean in the air. Add to all this, the clattering on deck and down below; the tread of hurried feet; the loud, hoarse shouts of seamen; the gurgling in and out of water through the scuppers; with, every now and then, the striking of a heavy sea upon the planks above, with the deep, dead, heavy sound of thunder heard within a vault,—and there is the head-wind of that January morning."—Vol. I. pp. 26, 27.

And one passage more from this remarkable chapter;

"The laboring of the ship in the troubled sea on this night I shall never forget. 'Will it ever be worse than this?' was a question I had often heard asked, when every thing was sliding and bumping about, and when it certainly did seem difficult to comprehend the possibility of any thing afloat being more disturbed without toppling over and going down. But what the agitation of a steam-vessel is, on a bad winter's night in the wild Atlantic, it is impossible for the most vivid imagination to conceive. To say that she is flung down on her side in the waves, with her masts dipping into them, and that, springing up again, she rolls over on the other side, until a heavy sea strikes her with the noise of a hundred great guns and hurls her back,—that she stops, and staggers, and shivers, as though stunned, and then, with a violent throbbing at her heart, darts onward like a monster goaded into madness, to be beaten down, and battered, and crushed, and leaped on by the angry sea,—that thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, and wind, are all in fierce contention for the mastery,—that every plank has its groan, every nail its shriek, and every drop of water in the great ocean its howling voice,—is nothing. To say that all is grand and appalling and horrible in the last degree, is nothing. Words cannot express it; thoughts cannot convey it. Only a dream can call it up again in all its fury, rage, and passion."—Vol. I. pp. 33, 34.

Our traveller thus discourses, in the account of his visit to South Boston;

"It is strange to watch the faces of the blind, and see how free they are from all concealment of what is passing in their thoughts; observing which, a man with eyes may blush to con-

template the mask he wears. Allowing for one shade of anxious expression, which is never absent from their countenances, and the like of which we may readily detect in our own faces, if we try to feel our way in the dark, every idea, as it rises within them, is expressed with the lightning's speed and nature's truth. If the company at a rout or drawing-room at court could only for one time be as unconscious of the eyes upon them as blind men and women are, what secrets would come out, and what a worker of hypocrisy this sight, the loss of which we so much pity, would appear to be!

"The thought occurred to me, as I sat down in another room before a girl, blind, deaf, and dumb; destitute of smell, and nearly so of taste; before a fair young creature with every human faculty, and hope, and power of goodness and affection, enclosed within her delicate frame, and but one outward sense, the sense of touch. There she was before me, built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound, with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an immortal soul might be awakened.

"Long before I looked upon her the help had come. Her face was radiant with intelligence and pleasure. Her hair, braided by her own hands, was bound about a head whose intellectual capacity and developement were beautifully expressed in its grateful outline and its broad, open brow; her dress, arranged by herself, was a pattern of neatness and simplicity; the work she had knitted lay beside her; her writing-book was on the desk she leaned upon. From the mournful ruin of such bereavement there had slowly risen up this gentle, tender, guileless, grateful-hearted being.

"Like other inmates of that house, she had a green riband bound round her eyelids. A doll she had dressed lay near her upon the ground. I took it up, and saw that she had made a green fillet such as she wore herself, and fastened it about its mimic eyes.

"She was seated in a little enclosure, made by school-desks and forms, writing her daily journal. But soon finishing this pursuit, she engaged in an animated communication with a teacher who sat beside her. This was a favorite mistress with the poor pupil. If she could see the face of her fair instructress, she would not love her less, I am sure."— Vol. I. pp. 72 – 75.

The remarks on the factory system at Lowell will probably surprise the English not a little; but, as the facts on

which they are founded are perfectly familiar here, we pass them by.

All adventurous navigators of the Connecticut River will recognise the truth of the following description of the mighty craft, that plies on that renowned stream.

"It certainly was not called a small steamboat without reason. I omitted to ask the question, but I should think it must have been of about half a pony power. Mr. Paap, the celebrated dwarf, might have lived and died happily in the cabin, which was fitted with common sash-windows like an ordinary dwellinghouse. These windows had bright red curtains, too, hung on slack strings across the lower panes; so that it looked like the parlour of a lilliputian public-house, which had got afloat in a flood, or some other water accident, and was drifting nobody knew where. But even in this chamber there was a rocking-chair. It would be impossible to get on anywhere in America without a rocking-chair.

"I am afraid to tell how many feet short this vessel was, or how many feet narrow; to apply the words length and width to such measurement, would be a contradiction in terms. But I may state, that we all kept the middle of the deck, lest the boat should unexpectedly tip over; and that the machinery, by some surprising process of condensation, worked between it and the keel; the whole forming a warm sandwich, about three feet thick."—Vol. I. pp. 172, 173.

On the whole, we think the liveliest portion of the book is that devoted to New York. We select the description of the pigs, as being done to the very life, and fully equal to Head's famous passage on the same subject, in the "Bubbles from the Brunnen."

"Let us go forth again into the cheerful streets.

"Once more in Broadway! Here are the same ladies in bright colors, walking to and fro, in pairs and singly; yonder the very same light blue parasol, which passed and repassed the hotel window twenty times while we were sitting there. We are going to cross here. Take care of the pigs. Two portly sows are trotting up behind this carriage, and a select party of half a-dozen gentlemen-hogs have just now turned the corner.

"Here is a solitary swine, lounging homeward by himself. He has only one ear; having parted with the other to vagrant dogs in the course of his city rambles. But he gets on very well without it; and leads a roving, gentlemanly, vagabond kind of life, somewhat answering to that of our club-men at home.

He leaves his lodgings every morning at a certain hour, throws himself upon the town, gets through his day in some manner quite satisfactory to himself, and regularly appears at the door of his own house again at night, like the mysterious master of Gil Blas. He is a free-and-easy, careless, indifferent kind of pig, having a very large acquaintance among other pigs of the same character, whom he rather knows by sight than conversation, as he seldom troubles himself to stop and exchange civilities, but goes grunting down the kennel, turning up the news and small-talk of the city, in the shape of cabbage-stalks and offal, and bearing no tails but his own; which is a very short one, for his old enemies, the dogs, have been at that too, and have left him hardly enough to swear by. He is in every respect a republican pig, going wherever he pleases, and mingling with the best society, on an equal, if not superior footing, for every one makes way when he appears, and the haughtiest give him the wall if he prefer it. He is a great philosopher, and seldom moved, unless by the dogs before mentioned. Sometimes, indeed, you may see his small eye twinkling on a slaughtered friend, whose carcass garnishes a butcher's door-post, but he grunts out, 'Such is life; all flesh is pork!' buries his nose in the mire again, and waddles down the gutter; comforting himself with the reflection, that there is one snout the less to anticipate stray cabbage-stalks, at any rate.

"They are the city scavengers, these pigs. Ugly brutes they are; having, for the most part, scanty, brown backs, like the lids of old horse-hair trunks; spotted with unwholesome black blotches. They have long, gaunt legs, too, and such peaked snouts, that, if one of them could be persuaded to sit for his profile, nobody would recognise it for a pig's likeness. They are never attended upon, or fed, or driven, or caught, but are thrown upon their own resources in early life, and become preternaturally knowing in consequence. Every pig knows where he lives, much better than anybody could tell him. At this hour, just as evening is closing in, you will see them roaming towards bed by scores, eating their way to the last. Occasionally, some youth among them who has over-eaten himself, or has been much worried by dogs, trots shrinkingly homeward, like a prodigal son; but this is a rare case; perfect self-possession and self-reliance, and immovable composure, being their foremost attributes."—Vol. I. pp. 205–208.

Perhaps the most highly wrought among the serious passages, is that upon the Philadelphia prisons, to which we have before alluded. It moved us deeply, and, if we mis-

take not, it will forcibly impress the public mind on the subject of prison discipline. But it is too long to extract entire, and we cannot consent to mutilate it.

We shall not follow our author through his western wanderings; but, joining him at Niagara, end our remarks with his beautiful description of the great Falls. The sublime figure at the close of the passage, is worthy of the greatest poet. It is a conception, that would be admired in the awful genius of Dante.

"We were at the foot of the American Fall. I could see an immense torrent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape, or situation, or any thing but vague immensity.

"When we were seated in the little ferry-boat, and were crossing the swollen river immediately before both cataracts, I began to feel what it was: but I was in a manner stunned, and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until I came on Table Rock, and looked, — Great Heaven, on what a fall of bright-green water! — that it came upon me in its full might and majesty.

"Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one, — instant and lasting, — of the tremendous spectacle, was peace. Peace of mind; tranquillity; calm recollections of the dead; Great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness; nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of Beauty; to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat for ever.

"Oh, how the strife and trouble of our daily life receded from my view, and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water; what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths; what heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made!

"I never stirred in all that time from the Canadian side, whither I had gone at first. I never crossed the river again; for I knew there were people on the other shore, and in such a place it is natural to shun strange company. To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the Great Horse Shoe Fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from

the river's level up to the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighbouring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below; watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline, and gray as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice; this was enough.

"I think in every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble, all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them, a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll adown the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from the unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity, since Darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the Deluge, — Light, — came rushing on Creation at the word of God." — Vol. II. pp. 177 - 180.

NOTE

TO ARTICLE III. OF THE PRESENT NUMBER.

The following Note should have been inserted at the foot of page 60, where reference is made to Mr. Hallam's sketch of the period of Lorenzo de' Medici.

Yielding to the fascination of the subject, Mr. Hallam has here produced, perhaps, the most beautiful passage in the book, rising through eloquence almost to poetry. And, in this mood, while he adorns the landscape, in one of Lorenzo's farms, with "herds of buffaloes," contrasting their diabolical aspect with the mild beauty of the Tuscan oxen, he boldly states, that Lorenzo "introduced" from the East, this "new animal," "*since* natu-

ralized in Italy." But, as if the severer muse of history had rebuked him for his flight, he appends the following half-penitential note.

"With respect to the buffaloes, I have no other authority than these lines of Politian, in his poem of 'Ambra,' on the farm of Lorenzo at Poggio Cajano.

> 'Atque aliud nigris missum, quis credat? ab Indis,
> Ruminat insuetas armentum discolor herbas.'

"But I must own, that Buffon tells us, though without quoting any authority, that the buffalo was introduced into Italy as early as the seventh century. I did not take the trouble of consulting Aldrovandus, who would, perhaps, have confirmed him, — especially as *I have a better opinion of my readers, than to suppose they would care about the matter*"!

And this from Mr. Hallam! A principle and mode of proceeding, which would vitiate his whole work, if a love of fine writing and impatience of research could be found often so to have betrayed him. The fact in question is not without interest in Natural History, and, if important enough to be mentioned at all, should be treated accurately.

The truth is, that Buffon says expressly, "On sait par les *Annales de l'Italie,* que le premier bufle y fut amené vers la fin du sixième siècle, *l'an* 595;" and, moreover, he refers to the "Travels" (in Italy) of Misson, a respectable name. Now what *Annals of Italy* could be meant, but *the* Annals by Muratori, at Mr. Hallam's elbow? Accordingly, under the above year (or the next), we find Muratori making the following record, on the authority of Paulus Diaconus (who wrote in the *eighth* century, and whose Latin History was for the first time printed in Muratori's "Scriptores Italici," — a work not foreign to Mr. Hallam); "Circa questi tempi si videro *per la prima volta* in Italia ..... de' bufali, che erano riguardati per maraviglia dagli Italiani."

Aldrovandus would, indeed, have shown our author, that his chronology was wrong, as would the mention of the animals by Albertus Magnus in the *thirteenth* century. And with respect to his only authority, the distich of Politian, "*missum ..... ab Indis*" imports nothing as to the time of their introduction, any more than a poetical description of an English nobleman's establishment at the present day, which should speak of a "superb" turkey-cock as "sent from the Indies," would fix the time when the English fox first learned to "filch the turkey's callow care," which might have been in the days of Columbus.

But, Natural History apart, it is chiefly as the historian of *lit-*

erature, that our author has disturbed us by his unguardedness and hardihood. Few scholars know, better than he, that, long before the era of Lorenzo, the name of the buffalo was settled in the vulgar language and rustic proverbs of Italy; before then, as now, the violent in the hands of the cunning were "led by the nose like the buffalo"; before that time buffalo-races (*bufolate*) had amused the populace of Florence; nor can we doubt, that these animals (which, and not the good old Georgic breed of beeves, — as we love to suppose, — must have furnished the Catholic legends with their images of incarnate demons,) for eight full centuries, had, in pairs, sullenly borne the Italian yoke, and, in dusky herds, had "lowered" over the Maremma.

NOTE

TO ARTICLE IV. OF THE LAST NUMBER.

Our readers may remember, that, in the last Number, we briefly indicated some remarkable thefts from our pages, on the part of the English "Monthly Review." We closed our article with a passage from that journal, condemning all such piratical doings, as those of which we had convicted it. We have since been amused to observe, what we had then overlooked, that that very passage was taken by the "Monthly Reviewers" from one of our old volumes. Let the reader compare page 133 of the forty-fourth volume of this work.

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANNUALS.

The Rose of Sharon; a Religious Souvenir, for 1843. Edited by Miss Sarah C. Edgarton. Boston: A. Tompkins & B. B. Mussey. 16mo. pp. 312.

The Christian Souvenir, an Offering for Christmas and the New Year. Edited by Isaac F. Shepard. Boston: Henry B. Williams. 16mo. pp. 304.

The United States Almanac; or Complete Ephemeris for the Year 1843; wherein the Sun's Rising, Setting, &c., are given for Six different Parallels of Latitude, embracing the Whole Extent of the Union; also, a Collection of such Tables as are of most frequent Use among Engineers, for the Determination of Latitude, Time, &c.; a Complete Census of the United States, from the Official Report just presented to Congress, including the Population of every Town, County, Territory, and State, arranged in Alphabetical Order; the Principal Officers of the Government, and the various Departments, with their Compensation; a View of all the State Debts, and the various purposes for which they were contracted; and numerous Statistics, relative to Commerce, Manufactures, Agriculture, &c. By John Downes, late of the Northeastern Boundary Survey. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler. 16mo. pp. 320:

The Gift: a New Year's and Christmas Present. MDCCCXLIII. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 16mo. pp. 328.

The Rose; or, Affection's Gift for 1843. Edited by Emily Marshall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 216.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the Year 1843. Boston: David H. Williams. 12mo. pp. 333.

The Astro-Magnetic Almanac, for 1843. In which all the Motions of the Earth are demonstrated, in accordance with the Theory of the Ancient Eastern Nations. By H. H. Sherwood, M. D. Calendar by David Young, Philom. No. 1. Boston: Saxton & Peirce. 12mo. pp. 72.

The Phrenological Almanac, for 1843. By L. N. Fowler. New York: O. S. & L. N. Fowler. 12mo. pp. 46.

Dr. Hitchcock's Teeth Almanac, for the Year 1843. Boston: Saxton & Peirce. 24mo. pp. 24.

EDUCATION.

The Pictorial Primer; being an Introduction to the Pictorial Spelling-Book; designed as a First Book for Children, in Families and Schools. By Rensselaer Bentley; Author of the "Pictorial Spelling-Book," &c. Boston: Saxton & Peirce. 12mo. pp. 48.

A Pictorial Natural History; embracing a View of the Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal Kingdoms, for the Use of Schools. By S. G. Goodrich, Author of "Peter Parley's Tales." Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 415.

A Primer of the English Language, for the Use of Families and Schools. By Samuel Worcester, Author of "Worcester's Series of Readers." Boston: Jenks & Palmer. 12mo. pp. 72.

The Gorgias of Plato, chiefly according to Stallbaum's Text, with Notes, by Theodore D. Woolsey, Professor of Greek in Yale College. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 232.

This very valuable edition of the "Gorgias" of Plato will supply a want which has long been felt in our colleges. No course of Greek classical studies can be considered complete, or even approaching completeness, that does not embrace something of Plato, the most eloquent and imaginative, as well as the most profound, of the Greek philosophers. The Dialogue entitled "Gorgias" is one of the most interesting and instructive of that great writer's works, and the study of it must have a peculiarly good effect upon the moral feelings of young Americans training for public or professional life. The text of this edition is principally that of Stallbaum, the ablest of all the editors of Plato on the Continent. An excellent Introduction is prefixed, containing a very clear and able exposition of the subject matter of the Dialogue. The Greek text is carefully printed; and a body of notes is subjoined, containing ample illustrations of the difficulties of the text, and translated passages from many of Plato's other writings. In these notes we recognise the same careful, discriminating, and laborious scholarship, which was exhibited in the commentaries on the select Tragedies edited by Prof. Woolsey, so much to the advantage of Greek studies in the United States. The needful learning is brought to bear upon the difficult points of the text or the argument, with no pedantic display, and no unnecessary wordiness; and this is characteristic of all of Professor Woolsey's contributions to classical literature. We consider this, on the whole, the most important of his works, and, we doubt not, the classical teachers of the whole country will join with us in applauding the successful toils of an accomplished scholar, who has devoted himself with singleness of purpose to the study and illustration of the great monuments of reasoning and imagination left us by the master-minds of the ancient world.

Our teachers have heretofore had great difficulty in introducing Plato to their students, on account of the absence of good editions. We trust the reception of "Gorgias" will be such as to induce Mr. Woolsey to publish some of the philosopher's other writings. It is among the best services he can render to the higher education of American youth; and one which no scholar among us is better qualified to perform.

Slate and Black Board Exercises, by William A. Alcott, Late Editor of "Annals of Education," "Confessions of a Schoolmaster," &c. &c. Hartford: Tyler & Porter. 12mo, pp. 225.

Standard Orthography and Orthoëpy of the English Language; simplified by a Scientific Classification of the Orthographic Symbols, for Common Schools, Academies, and Private Instruction. By George Stearns. Providence: Benjamin F. Moore. 12mo. pp. 48.

A Treatise on Algebra, embracing, besides the Elementary Principles, all the higher parts usually taught in Colleges; containing, moreover, the New Method of Cubic and Higher Equations, as well as the Developement and Application of the more recently discovered Theorem of Sturm. By George R. Perkins, A. M., Principal and Professor of Mathematics in the Utica Academy, and Author of "Higher Arithmetic." Utica: O. Hutchinson. 8vo. pp. 360.

M. T. Ciceronis Tusculanarum Quæstionum Libri Quinque, ex Editionibus Oliveti et Ernesti. Accedunt Notæ Anglicæ. Curâ C. K. Dillaway, A. M. Philadelphiæ: Perkins et Purvey. 12mo. Tom. II. pp. 216 et 211.

M. Accii Plauti Amphitruo et Aulularia, ex Editione J. T. Gronovii. Accedunt Notæ Anglicæ. Curâ C. K. Dillaway, A. M. Philadelphiæ: Perkins et Purvey. 12mo. pp. 204.

These three little volumes, like their predecessors by the same editor, are of a very convenient form, and well and correctly printed. They are designed for common use, and accompanied by a body of brief notes in English. They are pleasant pocket volumes, of about the size that Dr. Johnson liked, — such as may be read on a journey, or while standing before the fire.

An Elementary Treatise on the Structure and Operations of the National and State Governments of the United States. Designed for the Use of Schools and Academies, and for General Readers. By Charles Mason, A. M., Counsellor at Law. Boston: David H. Williams. 1842. 12mo. pp. 233.

We have seldom met with a work, which brings together within a small compass so great an amount of useful information for all classes of citizens, as this modest treatise by Mr. Mason. It should be introduced at once into our common schools, and be studied by every inhabitant of the country, who wishes to know the practical working of the institutions under which he lives, and the nature and limitations of the rights, which, as a subject of a free government, he is invited to exercise. We can hardly give a complete idea of the nature of the work, or the variety of subjects treated in it, without transcribing the whole table of contents; but among the more important topics, may be mentioned the old Colonial Governments, the Continental Congress and the Confederation, the Legislative Departments, and the modes of proceeding in the Enactment of Laws, the Organization of the Courts, and the course of action in civil and criminal cases, the distribution of powers and duties among the several departments and offices, Patents and Copyrights, Bankruptcy, Navigation, and Corporations. The writer does not aim at general disquisition upon these and other points; but he labors to impart, in a concise and intelligible form, such general knowledge relating to them, as may easily be apprehended by all classes of readers, and as daily experience shows to be indispensable for the guidance of conduct. The authorities could not be given in a treatise of so limited dimensions; but, after a careful examination, we are satisfied of the caution and fidelity of the writer, and of the entire correctness of his statements. A few tables are appended to the book, containing some statistical matter of general interest, and very useful comparative views of the State governments. Many persons ought to make a careful and complete study of such a work, and all will find the advantage of possessing it for the sake of frequent consultation.

A Grammar of the German Language, by George Henry Noehden, LL. D. From the Eighth London Edition, by the Rev. C. H. F. Bi-

alloblotzky, Ph. D., with Alterations and large Additions, chiefly from the Grammars of Dr. Becker. By the Rev. Barnas Sears, D. D., President of the Newton Theological Institution. Andover: Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell.

We have examined this Grammar with great satisfaction. It is a step far in advance of all the German Grammars hitherto published in the English language. The work of the editor has been done thoroughly, faithfully, and laboriously. He has brought to his task an uncommon knowledge of the German language, as written and spoken, and has kept pace with the rapid advances of German philology. It is well known, that the German scholars, within the last twenty years, have subjected their native tongue to the same principles of scientific investigation, which have been by them so triumphantly applied to the Grammars of the Latin and Greek. Historical inquiries of the widest range have been instituted, and the ancient monuments of the national language have been brought to light, explained, illustrated, and made the basis of philosophical analysis. Among the scholars who have given most attention to this subject, Becker stands very high. His Grammars of his native tongue have received the most emphatic approbation. President Sears has availed himself of Becker's works, and interwoven the substance of many chapters in this new edition of Noehden. The only thing we see to regret is, that he did not abandon Noehden entirely, as he has done to a great extent, and make a wholly new Grammar upon the better principles of the recent investigations, and publish it under his own name. We hope another edition will appear in this form.

The German student will be pleased and instructed by the admirably condensed history of the High German, and the notices, which accompany it, of the kindred dialects. The chapter on pronunciation is excellent, and the peculiarities that mark the different parts of Germany are described in a very interesting manner. We think that that difficult and mysterious matter, the German declensions, will be found to be wonderfully simplified in this Grammar. The chapter on the formation and derivation of words is of great importance. The Syntax is philosophical in principle, and clear in arrangement.

This Grammar proves of how great importance a profound knowledge of general philology is to the illustration of any particular grammar, and what an interest may be imparted to a subject, generally considered dry and barren, by wide-reaching historical learning.

ΗΡΟΔΟΤΟΥ ΙΣΤΟΡΙΩΝ ΛΟΓΟΙ Θ. Herodotus, from the Text of Schweighaeuser, with English Notes. Edited by C. S. Wheeler, A. M., Tutor in Greek in Harvard University. In Two Volumes. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1842. pp. 439 and 420.

The young scholar, to whom the public is indebted for this edition of Herodotus, has been for several years a laborious and successful teacher of the classics in Harvard College. He is now prosecuting his studies in Germany. For some time his classical pursuits centred in the study of Herodotus, whose History has been adopted as one of the text-books in the early part of the College course. A convenient edition was wanted, and Mr. Wheeler set himself about supplying the want with characteristic zeal. He took Schweighaeuser's text as the basis of his edition, but adopted the best of Gaisford's, Bekker's, and Baehr's emendations, and many of Long's suggestions as to the punctuation. The type is the well known and admired long primer of the University Press, and the printing is marked by the usual accuracy of that establishment. The sheets have all passed under the critical eye of Mr. Sophocles, the able author of the Greek Grammar, and Mr. Wheeler's successor as Greek Tutor in the University. A map,

copied from Baehr's learned edition, accompanies the work; and K. O. Müller's "Life of Herodotus," taken from that admirable and deeply lamented scholar's "History of Greek Literature," is prefixed.

We have examined the notes with some care, and feel it to be incumbent on us to say, that Mr. Wheeler has discharged his duty with signal industry, ability, and conscientiousness. They are exceedingly condensed, giving in the fewest words a great variety of information, not merely useful, but indispensable to the proper understanding of the most enchanting of chroniclers. These notes embrace not only grammatical and philological explanations, and accurate references to the later authorities upon these points, but numerous historical, geographical, and topographical illustrations, from which the student cannot fail to draw the most precise and useful information. For, besides the judicious use he has made of the labors of previous editors, Mr. Wheeler has for the first time brought the works of Wilkinson, Clinton, Thirlwall, Müller, Leake, Wordsworth, and Rennell to bear upon the illustration of Herodotus. How valuable this class of illustrations is, may easily be seen. The personal knowledge of Mr. Sophocles, who, being a native Greek, has a familiar acquaintance with many of the countries over which the historical scenes of Herodotus extend, has corrected many errors into which foreign topographers had been led, and has thus added to the critical value of the commentaries to this edition.

Besides the great amount of various information which Mr. Wheeler has condensed into his notes, he has treated more at length of certain special and important topics, in four brief *Excursuses* at the end of the second volume. The first contains the substance of Rennell's inquiry into the measures of distance used by Herodotus; the second treats of the disputed history of the canal cut through Mount Athos by Xerxes, and presents a striking array of proofs, that the story told by Herodotus is substantially correct; the third treats of Xerxes's bridges over the Hellespont; and the fourth explains the composition of the immense armies of the Persian king, and gives some details of their military supplies.

This edition of Herodotus makes two very handsome volumes, and is an important addition to the classical resources of students in the United States. We are much indebted to Mr. Wheeler for making the delightful pages of this honest old historian accessible to scholars in so pleasing a form, and with such invaluable accompaniments. Mr. Wheeler has shown uncommon ability, perseverance, and learning; and this early proof of his scholarship and of his zeal for the higher range of learned studies, gives rich and hopeful promise of future usefulness and honorable distinction.

HISTORY.

The History of New Hampshire, from its Discovery, in 1614, to the Passage of the Toleration Act, in 1819. By George Barstow. Concord: J. S. Boyd. 8vo. pp. 426.

Atlas of American History, on a Novel Plan, presenting, at one View, the most important Events in the History of the Country, from its Discovery by Columbus, down to the Present Time, 1842; Including the Spanish and English Navigators of the Fifteenth Century; Plantation of Colonies; Founding of Cities; Governors of the Colonies and of the Republic; Indian Wars; Sachems, Divines, First Printers, Statesmen, Orators, Warriors, Admirals, Commodores; Ministers Plenipotentiary, Secretaries, and Presidents; Battles, Sieges, Earthquakes, and Remarkable Phenomena; Population at Different Periods, Literature, Slave-Trade, and Ecclesiastical History; arranged contemporaneously with the Kings of England, France, and, at par-

ticular times, of other Kingdoms. Designed to be the same to History, that Maps are to Geography. By Jerome B. Holgate, Author of "Chart of Scripture and Ancient History, on a Novel and Interesting Plan." 4to.

In the study of History, it is of some use to have a large number of facts and dates presented at a single view, so that their connexion in time, and their other relations, may be readily perceived. A connexion is thus supplied to the fragmentary and unconnected ideas, which one is apt to imbibe, from following a continuous narrative, relating only to a single state, or a particular period. Mr. Holgate's plan appears well adapted to answer this useful purpose; and, judging from a cursory examination, we believe that it is executed with skill and fidelity. There are many other Historical Atlases, but we have seen no one which seems to be so comprehensive, accurate, and convenient for use. A vast body of particulars in history, biography, chronology, and geography, are brought together, and so well grouped, that each item of information has an appropriate place, and can be easily found by inspection. We have never seen a work of the kind, American or foreign, of which the plates were better executed; the lettering is clear, bold, and handsome; and the lines are cut with distinctness and accuracy. These are important advantages in a work of this sort. As a manual of reference, therefore, and as a text-book for instruction, it has great merit, and will probably come into extensive use. It is particularly well adapted to the early history of this country, during the time when the several settlements were growing up into large communities, and their fortunes, independent of each other at first, were gradually combining into a unity of interest, and creating a basis for the final establishment of a united people and a single government. As the plan covers so much ground, and embraces such a number and variety of facts, we cannot vouch for the accuracy of the Atlas upon all points; but it offers so many tokens of patient research, and of a judicious discrimination in the use of materials, that it invites confidence, and merits a diligent examination.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Breakfast-Table Science; or, The Philosophy of Common Things. Written expressly for the Amusement and Instruction of Young People. By J. H. Wright. New York: Alexander V. Blake. 12mo. pp. 193.

The Adventures of Henry Hudson. By the Author of "Uncle Philip's Conversations." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 161.

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The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe; revised with special Reference to Moral Tendency, and adapted to the Capacity of the Young. With numerous Illustrations. Philadelphia: Edward C. Biddle. 16mo. pp. 191.

LAW.

Reports of the Cases Argued and Determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. By Theron Metcalf. Volume II. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 671.

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The Family Physician; or, the Reformed System of Medicine; on Vegetable or Botanical Principles. Being a Compendium of the "American Practice." Designed for all Classes. In Nine Parts. By W. Beach, M. D. Illustrated with nearly 200 Engravings. Boston: Saxton & Peirce. 8vo. pp. 782.

A System of Human Anatomy, General and Special. By Erasmus Wilson, M. D., Lecturer on Anatomy, London. American Edition, edited by Paul B. Goddard, A. M., M. D., with 170 Illustrations by Gilbert, from the 2d London Edition. Philadelphia: Lee & Blanchard. 8vo. pp. 576.

General Therapeutics & Materia Medica, adapted for a Medical Text-Book. By Robley Dunglison, M. D., Prof. of Institutes of Medicine, &c., in Jefferson Med. Coll. of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. In 2 Vols. 8vo. Vol. I. pp. 515.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tariff of Duties payable under the Act of Congress, passed and approved August 30, 1842, alphabetically arranged. With such Portions of the Act, in Addition to the Rates of Duty, as will be required by the Merchant to facilitate the Entry of Goods. And an Alphabetical Appendix. Compiled and arranged by John T. Prince, late Bond Clerk in the Boston Custom-House. Boston: S. N. Dickinson. 12mo. pp. 114.

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Asahel C. Kendrick, A. M., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in the Hamilton Lit. and Theo. Institution. Hamilton: J. & D. Atwood. 12mo. pp. 262.

The Book of the Navy; comprising a General History of the American Marine; and Particular Accounts of all the most celebrated Naval Battles, from the Declaration of Independence to the Present Time. Compiled from the best Authorities, by John Frost, A. M., Professor of Belles Lettres in the High School of Philadelphia. With an Appendix. Splendidly embellished with numerous Engravings from Original Drawings, by William Croome. And Portraits, on Steel, of Distinguished Naval Commanders. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 344.

A Descriptive and Historical Account of Hydraulic and other Machines for raising Water, Ancient and Modern; with Observations on various Subjects connected with the Mechanic Arts; including the Progressive Developement of the Steam Engine; in Five Books. Illustrated by nearly 300 Engravings. By Thomas Ewbank. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 582.

A Treatise on some of the Insects of New England, which are injurious to Vegetation. By Thaddeus William Harris, M. D. Cambridge: John Owen. 8vo. pp. 459.

Sporting Scenes and Sundry Sketches; being the Miscellaneous Writings of J. Cypress, Jr. Edited by Frank Forester. New York: Gould, Banks & Co. 2 Vols. 12mo. pp. 241 and 231.

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Gleanings by the Way; by Rev. John A. Clark, D. D., Rector of St. Andrews Church, Philadelphia, Author of "Pastor's Testimony," "Glimpses of the Old World," &c. &c. Philadelphia: W. J. & J. K. Simon. 12mo. pp. 352.

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Glee Singer's Pocket Companion, consisting of Original Glees, Quartetts, Rounds, &c. Together with many Pieces from the most admired Composers. By J. B. Woodbury. Boston: Charles H. Keith. pp. 72.

Book of Chants; consisting mostly of Selections from the Sacred Scriptures, adapted to Appropriate Music, and arranged for Chanting. Designed for Congregational Use in Public or Social Worship. By Lowell Mason. Boston: J. H. Wilkins & R. B. Carter. 12mo. pp. 180.

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The Salem Belle. A Tale of 1692. Boston: Tappan & Dennet. 12mo. pp. 238.

The Career of Puffer Hopkins. By Cornelius Matthews, Author of the "Motley Book," "Behemoth," "Wakondah," &c. Illustrated by H. K. Brown, Esq. (Phiz.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 319.

ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES.

An Address delivered at Lenox, on the First of August, 1842, the Anniversary of Emancipation in the British West Indies. By William E. Channing. Lenox: J. G. Stanley. 8vo. pp. 38.

Moral Education. A Lecture delivered at New Bedford, August 16, 1842, before the American Institute of Instruction. By George B. Emerson, President of the Institute. Published by a Vote of the Institute. Boston: William B. Fowle. 8vo. pp. 16.

Address to the Norfolk County Temperance Society, at their Meeting at Quincy, September 29, 1842. By John Quincy Adams. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 24.

Address delivered before the Harvard Musical Association, in the Chapel of the University, at Cambridge, Aug. 24, 1842. By William W. Story. Printed at the Request of the Society. Boston: S. N. Dickinson. 8vo. pp. 24.

Intemperance among Literary Men. An Address, delivered before the Portland Young Men's Total Abstinence Society, on Sunday Evening, July 31, in the Park Street Church. By J. Bannatyne. Portland: A Shirley & Son. 8vo. pp. 24.

Uncas and Miantonomoh, an Historical Discourse, delivered at Norwich, Conn., on the Fourth Day of July, 1842, on the Occasion of the Erection of a Monument to the Memory of Uncas, the White Man's Friend, and First Chief of the Mohegans. By William L. Stone, Author of the "Life of Brant," "Life and Times of Red Jacket," &c. &c. New York: Dayton & Newman. 12mo. pp. 209.

Address delivered by William J. Sykes, Esq. on the 29th October, 1842, before the Mechanics' Debating Society of Huntsville, on the Claims and Duties of Mechanics and other Laboring Men. P. Woodson, Jr. 8vo. pp. 8.

Address of John Quincy Adams to his Constituents of the Twelfth Congressional District, at Braintree, September 17th, 1842. Boston: J. H. Eastburn. 8vo. pp. 63.

Import and Value of the Popular Lecturing of the Day. A Discourse pronounced before the Literary Societies of the University of Vermont, August 3, 1842. By Calvin Pease. Published at the Request of the Societies. Burlington: Chauncey Goodrich. 8vo. pp. 41.

The Professions; an Oration, delivered before the Literary Societies of Marshall College, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, at their Anniversary, September 27, 1842. By George W. Burnap. Baltimore: John Murphy. 8vo. pp. 31.

The Teacher's Calling; an Address delivered before the Maryland Institute of Education, September 24th, 1842. By S. F. Streeter. Baltimore: John Murphy. 8vo. pp. 23.

An Address, delivered before the Society of Alumni of Randolph-Macon College, on the 7th of June, 1842. By Thomas M. Isbell, A. M., of Cumberland County, Va. Published by the Request of the Society. Lynchburg: Tolar, Towley, & Statham. 8vo. pp. 15.

An Address, delivered before the Goethean Literary Society of Marshall College, at its Anniversary, August 29, 1842. By John W. Nevin, D. D. Published by the Society. Chambersburg, Pa. 8vo. pp. 22.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Poems on Slavery. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Cambridge: John Owen. 16mo. pp. 31.

Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 16mo. pp. 368.

This little volume is made up of pieces suggested by the author's visit to places of historic or poetic interest in Europe. They are accompanied by brief explanatory passages in prose. Most of the verses are correct and graceful; and, altogether, the volume is pleasant reading. It is handsomely printed, and embellished with an engraving of Abbotsford. In the course of the volume, the author takes occasion to pay warm-hearted tributes to the great living authors of England. The only thing objectionable in this, is the publication of some passages from private letters, — one from Miss Mitford, for example, in which she describes her aged father, beautifully indeed, but in such a way, as to show plainly enough, that the letter was wholly one of private friendship, and would have been very differently written, had the remotest suspicion of print occurred to Miss Mitford's mind. This letting the public into the secrets of friendly correspondence is, we fear, an unpleasant peculiarity of Americans. It ought to be corrected.

Mrs. Sigourney writes smoothly and easily. Her style is pure, though not vigorous, and the sentiments of her poetry are always good, generous, and elevated.

The Age of Gold, and Other Poems. By George Lunt. Boston: W. D. Ticknor. 16mo. pp. 160.

"The Age of Gold" is a vigorous didactic and satirical poem on the times. It is written in the good old heroic couplet of Dryden and Pope. Mr. Lunt has mastered well the fine movement of this species of verse, which most poets of the present age have deserted for other kinds. This poem contains many excellently pointed couplets, several finished and brilliant descriptions, and a vein of thought strongly and clearly brought out, and weighty in its character. The description of the sturdy forester, in the first book, is a very nervous passage, nimble and hitting in style, and well points the moral of the mad speculations, which have brought such deep dishonor upon the country. We copy the touching conclusion of the poem.

"Thus runs the lay; and now the lyre is broke;
Fled the sweet spell that all its impulse woke;
No more I strive to string the shattered chords,
Or fling its music round my faltering words:
Thou, thou art dead! In vain, in vain I hear
Hope's whisper chide the unavailing tear;
Alas, what voice that sorrow shall restrain
Which weeps for ever since it weeps in vain!
Oh, what avails, though all the world approve,
The verse, that only flowed to meet thy love, —
Thy love, that cheered each task my heart begun,
And well rewarded every labor done!
The living spirit and the soul of thought,
Whose heart corrected all that genius taught;
Whose generous mind, fresh with immortal youth,
Each thought a virtue and each impulse truth,
With every goodness every charm could blend,
Till half forgot the lover in the friend;
By nature's dowry sweet with every grace,

Yet found content in life's sequestered place;
The guileless path of simple wisdom trod,
Whose flowers of heaven allure the way to God;
In modest worth shrank backward from the throng,
And lived the lowly doctrine of my song!
From thee each charm my inspiration caught,
Prompted by thee the lay; and I, that thought
To dedicate it to thy living heart,
Lay it upon thy bier! Henceforth apart
Scarce seem the portals of the earth and sky,
Since such as thou could live and love and die."

— pp. 52, 53.

The rest of the volume is made up of shorter pieces; songs, hymns, lyrics, of various degrees of merit, but, in general, carefully finished.

The Maid of the Doe; a Lay of the Revolution. By an United States' Man. New York: Samuel Colman. 12mo. pp. 260.

Thulia; a Tale of the Antarctic. By J. C. Palmer, U. S. N. New York: Samuel Colman. 8vo. pp. 72.

The subject of Thulia is the adventures of the schooner Flying-Fish in the late American Exploring Expedition. The extraordinary scenes through which this little vessel passed, the perils of the Antarctic Ocean, the terrible sublimity of fields of ice, and mountains gleaming with dazzling hues, — the tempests, in those otherwise silent regions, of driving sleet and snow, — furnish magnificent subjects for a true poet, and as novel as they are magnificent. We cannot say that Mr. Palmer has shown himself equal to his subject, in his poetry, though that is not destitute of felicitous passages, and striking lines. The prose Appendix to the volume, made up from the journals of the Flying-Fish, is far more poetical, and more interesting, than the verses.

What can be the meaning of the comparison in this couplet?

"And Night comes groping through the haze,
Like guilty ghost in cerements dim."

Ghosts commonly dress in white. Perhaps, in the snow-clad regions of the frozen zone, they have to change their color, as Pompey's ghost had to appear in the day-time, "because he would not show at night."

The following stanza is both feeble and affected;

"Here Thulia lies a bank of snow;
Each sail hung round with gelid frill;
Festooned with frost her graceful prow;
And every rope an icicle."

The volume is beautifully printed, and embellished with several spirited engravings.

Fables of La Fontaine; translated from the French by Elizur Wright. Third Edition.

Having already noticed at some length this meritorious work, on its first appearance, we merely refer to it now, to express our satisfaction at the manner in which it has been received on both sides of the Atlantic. The present edition is a cheap reprint, designed for "general circulation," — the former being a costly work, and necessarily limited by that circumstance. The wood-cuts in this edition are very well done. We cordially commend it to what the newspapers call "a discerning public." We have lately compared it, in part, with the *first* English poetical version of the whole of La Fontaine's Fables, by Robert Thomson, published at Basil, in

1805, and apparently little known to English readers. And though we cannot assert, as seems to be thought by some, that our ingenious countryman has been the first to extend the bounds of English literature to this point, we have great pleasure in saying, that we think his version better in most particulars, than that of the English scholar, whose merit is by no means inconsiderable, and of whose labors Mr. Wright was wholly unapprized.

THEOLOGY AND SERMONS.

The Widow directed to the Widow's God. By John Angell James. With an Introduction. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 205.

Remains of Rev. Joshua Wells Downing, A. M., Late of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. With a brief Memoir. Edited by Elijah H. Downing, A. M. New York: G. Lane & P. P. Sanford. 12mo. pp. 329.

Universalism Examined, Renounced, Exposed, in a Series of Lectures, embracing the Experience of the Author, during a Ministry of 12 Years, and the Testimony of Universalist Ministers to the Dreadful Moral Tendency of their Faith. By Matthew Hale Smith. Boston: Tappan & Dennet. 12mo. pp. 396.

Evidence from Scripture and History, of the Second Coming of Christ, about the Year 1843; Exhibited in a Course of Lectures. By William Miller. Boston: Joshua V. Himes. 12mo. pp. 300.

Theopneuston, or Select Scriptures Considered. By Samuel Hanson Cox, D. D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Adapted to be useful to Bible Classes, Sabbath School Teachers, and other careful Readers of the Word of God. New York: Dayton & Newman. 12mo. pp. 180.

A Discourse on the Covenant with Judas, Preached in Hollis Street Church, Nov. 6, 1842. By John Pierpont. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 39.

The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; Translated out of the Original Greek, and with the Former Translations diligently Compared and Revised; with Brief Explanatory Notes. By Jacob and John S. C. Abbott. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 12mo. pp. 586.

A Critical and Historical Interpretation of the Prophecies of Daniel. By Nathaniel S. Folsom. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 12mo. pp. 231.

Ἡ Καινὴ Διαθήκη. Novum Testamentum Græcè. Post Ioh. Aug. Henr. Tittmannum olim Prof. Lips. ad Fidem Optimorum Librorum secundis curis recognovit, Lectionumque Varietatem notavit, Augustus Hahn, in Acad. Vratisl. Prof. Editio Americana Stereotypa, curante Edward Robinson, S. T. D. Neo-Eboraci: Leavitt & Trow. 12mo. pp. 508.

Dissertation on the Prophecies relative to the Second Coming of Jesus Christ. By George Duffield, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Detroit. New York: Dayton & Newman. 12mo. pp. 434.

A Pictorial and Descriptive View of all Religions. To which is added, a Brief View of Minor Sects; on the Basis of the Celebrated and Splendid Work of Bernard Picart. Illustrated with 73 Engravings. Also a History of the Jews, and Life of Mohammed. By Rev.

Charles A. Goodrich, A. M., accompanied by a Map of the World and Chart, Exhibiting the Progress of the Gospel in the last 18 Centuries; the Religions of the Several Nations on the Globe, with their Population, Extent, and Missionary Stations. By J. Olney, A. M. Hartford: Sumner & Goodman. 12mo. pp. 576.

A Discourse in Memory of John Abbot Emery, Member of the Senior Class in Harvard University; delivered in the Chapel, Nov. 6, 1842. By William B. O. Peabody, Minister in Springfield. Cambridge: John Owen. 8vo. pp. 20.

An Address delivered at the Funeral of Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D., in the Federal Street Meeting House, October 7, 1842. Also, a Sermon delivered in the Federal Street Meeting House, in Boston, October 9, 1842, the Sunday after the Death. By Ezra S. Gannett. Published by Request. Boston: W. Crosby & Co. 8vo. pp. 41 and 32.

A Discourse, occasioned by the Death of William Ellery Channing. Preached in Hollis Street Church, Oct. 16, 1842. By John Pierpont. Boston: Oliver Johnson. 12mo. pp. 23.

A Sermon preached in Amory Hall, October 9th, 1842, being the Sunday succeeding the Death of William Ellery Channing. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 12mo. pp. 20.

An Humble Tribute to the Memory of William Ellery Channing, D. D. A Sermon preached at West Roxbury, October 9th, 1842. By Theodore Parker, Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury. Printed by Request. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 38.

A Sermon delivered at the Ordination of Rev. Frederick D. Huntington, as Pastor of the South Congregational Church in Boston, October 19, 1842. By George Putnam, Minister of the First Church in Roxbury. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 8vo. pp. 40.

A Sermon Preached in the Meeting House of the Harvard Church and Society in Charlestown, on Sunday, October 9, 1842, on occasion of the Death of Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D. By George E. Ellis, Pastor of that Church. Printed by Request, for the Society. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 8vo. pp. 24.

A Discourse, occasioned by the Death of William Ellery Channing; delivered in the First Congregational Church, Providence, R. I., October 12, 1842. By Edward B. Hall. Published by Request. Providence: B. Cranston & Co. 8vo. pp. 34.

A Discourse, occasioned by the Death of William Ellery Channing, D. D. Pronounced before the Unitarian Societies of New York and Brooklyn, in the Church of the Messiah, October 13th, 1842. By Henry W. Bellows. Published by Request. New York: Charles S. Francis & Co. 8vo. pp. 28.

Sermons of Consolation. By F. W. P. Greenwood, D. D., Minister of King's Chapel, Boston. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 12mo. pp. 335.

It is not our custom to comment upon works in this department, but we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of expressing, in a word, our sense of the exceeding beauty of these discourses of Dr. Greenwood. It is a great privilege that those have enjoyed, who, in past times, have listened to such lessons of mature and intellectual piety; and now that sickness

has withdrawn the preacher from active service, he takes a most welcome method to deepen and perpetuate the impression, at the same time that its benefit is extended to others besides those who had received it from his own persuasive lips. The following passage, which is not distinguished above many others in the volume, may serve to give some idea of the faultless grace of the style, and the charm of the poetical coloring with which the author's genius can invest even familiar thoughts. It occurs in a discourse entitled "Christ with us at Evening."

"Let us call to mind some of the characters and accompaniments of the natural evening, and mark how the presence of Christ and his religion harmonizes with them, and exalts them.

"Peace comes with evening. It is a gentle and a soothing season. But the peace of Christ, abiding with us, will make it yet more peaceful; because it is the answer of the internal to the external; the quietness of the bosom rendering more profound and grateful the quietness of the atmosphere, of the land, and of the ocean; and because it alone can give security against the fears of darkness, the disturbances and alarms of night. It is a peace which corrects all that harshness of our humanity, which is apt to disturb with its dissonance the repose of nature, or render us impenetrable to its influences.

"The soft, broad shadows come with evening. They close round us as if they would envelope and shade the spirit, too much heated and wearied before, giving it time for restoration. But how much safer and more quiet is the spirit, if, by the side of the Son of God, it claims a higher protection, and takes refuge under the shadow of the Almighty.

"The dews come with evening. They gather coolly on the drooping leaves, and stand in refreshing drops on all the panting flower-cups, and on every blade of grass; but it is only the Christian, only he who places his hope in Christ, and with whom Christ is abiding, who can tell with what a reviving efficacy the dews of heavenly grace fall down upon the drooping soul.

"The bright stars come out with evening. Splendidly they shine, and solemnly, those mighty orbs, — so far away that every beam from them, with all its swiftness, has required years for its journey hither; — but with a more intelligent brightness will they shine, if Christ be with us, to lead our adoring thoughts to the Almighty Father who feeds them with their light, and has prepared a place yet more elevated and more glorious than theirs, in which his redeemed children shall dwell with him for ever.

"Sleep comes with evening. But let us not lie down, as do the flocks and herds in the fields, without a prayer to him who sends us slumber; for we are capable of religion, and they are not. Sweetly will sleep fall upon our eyelids, if we have been holding communion with our Saviour in heavenly-mindedness, and, as if we heard from him the words of kind permission, 'sleep on now, and take your rest,' we can commend ourselves in confidence to the Watchman of Israel." — pp. 328 - 330.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Rambles in Yucatan; or, Notes of Travel through the Peninsula, including a Visit to the Remarkable Ruins of Chi-Chen, Kabah, Zayi, and Uxmal. With numerous Illustrations. By B. M. Norman. New York: J. & H. G. Langley. Boston: Saxton & Peirce. 8vo. pp. 304.

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ART. I. — *Synopsis of the Cruise of the United States Exploring Expedition during the Years* 1838, 1839, 1840, *and* 1841, *delivered before the National Institute, by its Commander*, CHARLES WILKES, *on the twentieth of June*, 1842.

IT is now more than eleven months since the return of this important Expedition, freighted with results which justified the utmost expectations of those who were concerned in fitting it out, or who felt an interest in its success ; and it is upwards of nine months since the interesting document, the title of which we have affixed to this article, has been before the public. It was prepared at the request of the Secretary of the Navy himself, after listening to the unpretending narrative of the chief events of his voyage, given by Mr. Wilkes before the National Institute at Washington, shortly after his return, and contains a succinct statement of the whole cruise of the Exploring Squadron, with a rapid sketch of the brilliant results obtained by the expedition. And yet this narrative of an achievement so honorable to the navy, so useful to the commerce and navigation of the country, so creditable to its projectors, and so beneficial to science, has excited less of public attention in the United States than any of the hundred tales of misery and crime which daily occupy the columns of our papers in all their disgusting details. The results of this expedition will be the first contribution to science offered to the world by the

government of the United States, and we will venture to say, for we have carefully examined them, that they are worthy of the nation that presents them. In the peaceful pursuits of science, as in all the great attributes of a warlike marine, our navy has, to say the least, entered into honorable competition with the navies of the great maritime nations of Europe.

Why is it, then, that the commanders of similar expeditions, so frequently despatched by those powers, are, in all cases, rewarded by the thanks and honors of their sovereign, and their toils and sufferings amply repaid by the sympathy and applause of their fellow countrymen, while the officers of this expedition, who have toiled and suffered as much, and succeeded to the full as well, have been neglected, and even persecuted, since their return home? We are unwilling to consider this conduct of the government and people of the United States as a fresh illustration of the common saying, that Republics are always ungrateful. We are rather inclined to believe, that it has arisen from unfounded prejudices that prevail respecting the character and conduct of the accomplished officers who commanded the two ships, and with regard to the circumstances attending the appointment of Mr. Wilkes, who is only a lieutenant in the navy, to so high and important a command. He was, as he says himself, accused of manœuvring at Washington to obtain this command; an accusation which he fully disproves, by the united testimony of all who had any concern in fitting out the expedition. No blame, therefore, ought to be attached to him for accepting an honorable appointment, when it was tendered to him by his superiors, without any solicitation on his part. Whatever obloquy attaches to this selection must be cast upon the appointing power alone. Mr. Poinsett, in reply to the interrogatory of Mr. Wilkes on this subject, expressly says; — "It (the appointment) was conferred upon you by the President, on my recommendation, given without any solicitation whatever, and before you, or any person connected with you, could have been aware of my intention to propose you for this service." He who was then Secretary of War is, therefore, the only person responsible for this recommendation, and, in truth, for the selection of Mr. Wilkes for this command. This officer himself stands acquitted of all participation in the insult, as it has

been termed, offered to his superiors in rank in the service. He is guilty only of having accepted a command, which he fully understood involved great responsibility, and must be attended with disgrace, if he failed to meet the high expectations entertained by the public of the results of this expedition. But what young officer, who felt himself equal to the task, would have declined this distinguished service? We ask, in all candor, whether, if he had done so, he would have been worthy of the rank which he bore, or of the navy in which he was reared?

Let us say one word on the principle of selecting officers for a particular service without regard to their rank, before we explain the circumstances which led to the appointment of Mr. Wilkes. It has become necessary to discuss it, because even the younger officers have been clamorous against this exercise of a necessary privilege of government. We regard the occasional exercise of this privilege as in a high degree beneficial to the army and navy; and, to the honor of the former service, it is to be noted, that no objection has ever been made by its officers to the means of distinction being placed in the hands of one of their number who was their subordinate in rank; but they have rejoiced in successes gained by persons in any station, which added lustre to their branch of the service. If this principle is to be abandoned, there is no incentive left to the junior officers. They may neglect the studies connected with their profession, stay on shore when they can, perform their duties carelessly, and still be sure of the only reward they can ever look forward to, — slow, but certain, promotion. No hope or expectation is to be entertained, that they may be one day chosen to execute some hardy enterprise, which may illustrate their names, and confer honor on the service to which they belong. They are to be doomed to insignificance, and, therefore, it matters not whether they become accomplished officers or not. Woe to the country where such ideas prevail among those who are charged with its defence! On the other hand, is the government to be reduced to the necessity of employing an officer on all occasions and emergencies, even the most important and critical, because he is of the prescribed rank, and stands foremost on the list, however incapable and inefficient he may be? Surely, no one will advocate a system which might, and, indeed, necessarily would, insure defeat and disgrace.

In order that the motives may be properly understood, which led to the departure from the ordinary rules of service on this occasion, it will be necessary briefly to advert to the circumstances in which the expedition was placed by the resignation of Capt. T. Ap Catesby Jones, who had been appointed to the command by President Jackson, and to the causes which compelled President Van Buren to intrust the completion of its outfit, and the task of getting it to sea, to the Secretary of War. Under the direction of Captain Jones, three vessels, a ship and two brigs, had been constructed for the express purposes of this expedition, a small schooner purchased, and a frigate, the *Macedonian*, completely fitted for the cruise. The public were anxiously waiting the departure of the squadron, which was assembled at New York ; indeed, they were becoming clamorous at the delay ; when suddenly it was announced, that Captain Jones had resigned. Of the correspondence between this officer and the Secretary of the Navy, it is foreign from our purpose to speak, except to observe, that it exhibits throughout a want of that respectful courtesy which ought to characterize expressions addressed by a junior to a superior officer.

And here we must remark, that it is too common a fault with the junior officers in our navy to treat their superiors with disrespect, —not always in a manner which would subject them to a court-martial, although instances of this kind are of too frequent occurrence, — but with a taunting manner, calculated to irritate, and to discredit their commander with his subordinates, and thereby to undermine and destroy the strict discipline which is required on board a vessel of war, in order to render the service safe and efficient. We will venture to assert, that such conduct as has been brought to light in the trial of Commodore Elliot, and in some court-martials recently held, was never witnessed in any other naval service in the world. Not so were reared the gallant officers who gave our navy the standing it now has among the nations of the earth. And we say it in no unkind spirit towards the younger officers of our service, that they are preparing for themselves a period of suffering and bitter humiliation. They too must, in the natural course of events, be called to the command of squadrons, and to lead our ships into distant seas, and on hazardous enterprises ; and, if something be not done to check this spirit of insubordination,

they too are destined to experience the care, anxiety, and mortification, which attend a commander whose inferiors treat him with inattention, and covert or open disrespect.

But we return to the proper subject of this article, from which we have been led by an anxious desire to see maintained, not only the high and chivalrous spirit, but the character for discipline, acquired by our navy in its infancy, and so gallantly and successfully sustained until the close of the last war. Captain Jones's resignation renewed the difficulties of the Secretary of the Navy. He found a large squadron manned and equipped for sea, with a corps of scientific men selected to accompany it, more numerous than had ever accompanied any naval or military expedition, except, perhaps, the French, when they invaded Egypt under Bonaparte, and incumbered with a mass of materials collected by these *savans*, for which it was difficult to find stowage. The first care of Mr. Dickerson was, to find a commander to replace Captain Jones, and, with great judgment, he selected for that purpose, first, Captain Shubrick, and next, Captain Perry; but, as both these officers declined the undertaking, and as it had been considered proper not to order any officer to this squadron, but to cause the services to be voluntarily rendered, their excuses were accepted. Every thing relating to the squadron appeared to be brought to a stand by their refusal. The public clamor against the delay increased, and at length Congress began to notice it, and to call for information. At this period, Mr. Dickerson was taken ill; and President Van Buren, aware of the deep interest felt by Congress, and by the nation at large, in the success of this great national enterprise, solicited Mr. Poinsett, at that time Secretary of War, to take charge of its further outfit, and to send it to sea. Mr. Poinsett yielded to Mr. Van Buren's wishes, at a moment when the duties of his own office were both complicated and arduous; and, calling to his aid the experienced and accomplished officers then composing the Navy Board at Washington, set seriously to work to examine the *materiel* of the squadron destined for this important service.

It was at once found, that the vessels selected were unfit for a voyage of exploration and discovery. It was the unanimous opinion of those officers, that the *Macedonian* drew too much water to venture upon an unknown coast, and

to assist in the survey of bays and harbours ; nor was a frigate of her size considered a proper vessel for such an expedition, as her loss would have terminated the voyage, and thus defeated the great object that the government had in view. For these, and other reasons, not necessary to be enumerated here, it was thought expedient to reject this vessel. On repeated trials at sea, the two brigs, which had been constructed for this especial use, were found destitute of the ordinary sailing qualities of our common merchantmen, and they were necessarily turned over for other service. The schooner likewise proved unseaworthy, and the only one of the vessels which could be retained, was the store-ship *Relief;* and it would have been much more advantageous to the service, if she too had been abandoned. Mr. Wilkes says, in page 9 of his Synopsis, — "The *Relief* store-ship, the only one that belonged to the former squadron, in consequence of her dull sailing, was found but ill adapted to coöperate with the rest." It appears, that, after meeting with a series of disasters, and occasioning great delay to the expedition while in the South Pacific, she was ordered home, and has been since converted into a receiving-ship.

The absolute necessity for remodelling the squadron having been acknowledged by the Navy Commissioners, an inquiry was instituted into the means of doing so, and it was soon discovered, that the liberal appropriations made by Congress, for fitting out this expedition, were exhausted. There was no alternative, but to employ vessels already in the service, and to fit them out with the funds at the disposition of the navy department for that purpose. The sloops of war *Vincennes* and *Peacock*, and the brig *Porpoise*, were chosen for this purpose, and two pilot boats, the *Sea Gull* and *Flying Fish*, were added, which, with the *Relief* store-ship, constituted the squadron as it was finally organized.

This selection of vessels being made, that of a commander claimed the attention of the Secretary. He believed that Captain Gregory, from his known character for enterprise and seamanship, and from the qualities which he had exhibited on former occasions, would prove in many respects a proper choice, and the command was accordingly offered to him. At first, he assented, but subsequently declined the honorable and responsible command. Captain Smith, of Massa-

chusetts, was then applied to, and, after some hesitation, he repaired to Washington to make himself acquainted with the details of the service on which he was about to engage. When these were explained to him, he very frankly said, that there was one portion of the duty expected from the commander of this expedition which he could not perform, nor would he accept the command, unless some scientific officer were assigned to this duty, and appointed to one of the ships. For this object, he designated Lieutenant Wilkes, who was accordingly ordered to Washington from the coast of Georgia, where he was engaged on a survey. On being informed of the wishes of Captain Smith, Lieutenant Wilkes at once availed himself of the privilege granted to officers invited to serve in the squadron, and declined acting in the capacity in which it was proposed to employ him. Captain Smith was requested to designate some other junior officer, equally capable of performing this duty to his satisfaction; but, repeating his wish to be permitted to withdraw from the command, if Mr. Wilkes persisted in his refusal to accompany him as the scientific officer of the squadron, he was allowed to return to his post at Charlestown.

At this period, the idea of appointing Lieutenant Wilkes to the command first suggested itself to the gentleman charged with the superintendence of this expedition. He was confessedly a good seaman and navigator, and was one of the few officers who possessed the requisite scientific attainments to qualify them for carrying out the views of the government in despatching this expedition, and fulfilling the expectations of the scientific world. For it is to be recollected, that the intention of the United States to fit out and despatch an exploring squadron had been long announced; and that both France and England were on the point of sending out squadrons for like purposes, to be commanded by experienced and accomplished officers; and that the honor of the country, as well as the credit of the navy, was deeply concerned in the success of the expedition. Those great maritime powers, in their choice of officers for such commands, had never confined their views to station and rank; but, in every case, they had selected junior officers, of sufficient scientific attainments, and fitting qualifications. Captain Cook was not even a commissioned officer. He was master on board a man-of-war, and received a commission

of lieutenant, to enable him to command the other officers placed under him. There were abundant precedents to justify the appointment of a junior officer to this service; and the Secretary of the Navy exhibited a letter, which he had received from our own Bowditch, in which that distinguished man bore ample testimony to the capacity and scientific attainments of Mr. Wilkes. It was not until after his appointment had been sanctioned by the President, that any one of the older officers offered their services to command the exploring squadron. Five post-captains had been solicited to accept the command, and had either resigned after assuming it for a short period, or had declined it altogether; and no one had volunteered until the squadron was finally organized under the command of Lieutenant Wilkes, when Captain Kennon and Commander Aulick offered their services. Mr. Wilkes selected Lieutenant Hudson as his second; but that officer refused to serve under a lieutenant lower on the list than himself. This difficulty was at length overcome by the expedition being divested of all military character by a general order issued through the navy department, and by the judicious advice of some of the older officers.

These preliminaries being settled, the completion of the outfit went on with spirit. The scientific corps was reduced from thirty-two to eight persons, and some of their duties were assigned to the senior and junior officers. A mass of cumbersome materials, provided by the corps to preserve their collections, and which would have required an additional vessel of transport, was thrown aside. After Mr. Paulding took charge of the navy department, Mr. Poinsett, having drawn up the general instructions under which the expedition was to proceed, resigned its further management into the hands of that officer. The Secretary of War, however, was responsible for the appointment of the officers, the final organization of the squadron, and, in a great measure, for the results of the expedition. We now proceed to show, from the pamphlet before us, what these results have been, and how we believe they will appear to others, whenever they are published.

The instructions were, in the first place, "To determine the existence of all doubtful islands and shoals in their track, and to discover and accurately fix the position of those

which lie in or near that pursued by our merchant vessels in that quarter, and which may hitherto have escaped the observation of scientific navigators."

To examine the supposed position of doubtful islands and shoals, the following method was pursued ; "When arrived within a short distance of the localities, as they appeared on the charts, and in their latitude, a course was shaped to run over their position, the ships being spread out from three to five miles apart, and with lookouts at the mast-heads. Thus a space of twenty miles in latitude, and from fifty to sixty miles in longitude, was carefully passed over." It was ascertained, that several shoals and rocks, which were marked on the charts, did not exist ; while some were found as described, and others, not previously known, were discovered. In this manner, a great service has been rendered to navigation, by sweeping imaginary dangers from the path of the mariner, and pointing out such as are real.

In pursuance of the latter portion of the instructions, the *Antarctic Continent*, from 160° to 97° east longitude, has been discovered ; and, notwithstanding the singular efforts, that have been made to deprive our navy and country of the honor of this discovery, we have no doubt, that, when all the facts, which we have examined, come to be spread before the public, every impartial observer will accord the priority of this discovery to our squadron. Several small islands and dangerous reefs were discovered ; and, among the former, one by the commander of the Peacock, where the natives had never seen any white men before. "The explorations of the squadron," says Mr. Wilkes, "must prove of great value to the whalers and their interests, not only in diminishing the dangers which beset their paths, by furnishing charts and sailing directions, but in opening new grounds for their fisheries, and affording the necessary information respecting places where they can obtain refreshments and supplies, and making arrangements at the different groups for affording them protection."

The hydrographic part of the results of this voyage will be full of interest and instruction. One hundred and eighty charts are now ready for the engraver, and Mr. Wilkes thinks there will probably be as many more, when the surveys are plotted of all the islands, harbours, shoals, and reefs, that have been examined. Sailing directions are to

accompany these charts, with views of all the headlands, entrances to harbours, &c. These are, for the most part, new; for the examinations and surveys were confined to new ground, "unless there was reason to doubt the correctness of previous surveys."

In further pursuance of instructions, the coast of California and the Northwest Coast were fully examined, and observations made within our own territory (Oregon), which the Secretary of the Navy declared to be an equivalent for all the expense incurred by the expedition. The Sooloo Sea was passed through, "in order (say the instructions) to determine, if there is a safe route through it, which will shorten the passage of our vessels, during the contrary monsoons, to and from China." Lieutenant Wilkes says;

"Perhaps no portion of the route passed over in the cruise was found so erroneously laid down in the charts as this. More discoveries and corrections have been made in this locality than in any other portion of our work of equal extent. The entrance of the Sooloo Sea, south of the Island of Mindoro, which I have called the Straits of Mindoro, was very inaccurately laid down; many islands were omitted entirely, and others badly placed with their attendant shoals. This entrance was examined and surveyed, and the route found to be safe and practicable with ordinary care. Thence we proceeded down the coast of Panay to the Straits of Basilan; thence to the Island of Sooloo, and anchored in the Soong Roads, where we had communication with the Sultan of Sooloo, and received from him a stipulation in writing, to protect the lives and property of our countrymen in case of shipwreck, and the terms on which he would receive our vessels and their cargoes. Many corrections were made in the charts of this group. From Sooloo, we passed to the western entrance of this sea. The Strait of Balabac was examined, and a chart made of its entrance, which will much facilitate our navigation to China and the Philippine Islands during the contrary monsoon, instead of passing through the Palawan passage, at all times a dangerous one. Sailing directions have been prepared for this route."

Data for geographical maps of the Islands have been obtained, and many valuable maps will be among the results of this expedition. We have seen those which are in course of preparation, and can bear testimony to the excellence of their execution. "There are over two thousand sheets of drawings, paintings, and sketches, embracing the various de-

partments of natural history, and including portraits and costumes." These drawings, also, we have examined with great pleasure, and find that they are executed in a manner highly creditable to the artists, Messrs. Drayton and Agate.

Although the primary object of the expedition was considered to be the promotion of the great interests of navigation and commerce, still, the officers were instructed to profit by all occasions to extend the boundaries of science, and to acquire useful information, and, for that purpose several scientific gentlemen accompanied the expedition, to make observations in the departments of Philology, Zoölogy, Geology, and Botany; while those of Astronomy, Hydrography, Geography, the science of Terrestrial Magnetism, Meteorology, and Physics, were confided to the commander, and the other officers of the navy. The results will show that this distribution of duties was judicious, and fully justify the liberal policy of the government in fitting out this expedition.

Mr. Wilkes, in his "Synopsis," says; "In Botany, ten thousand species have been obtained, and from three to five specimens of each brought home in a dried state." One hundred specimens of living plants have been brought home in cases. Sections of stems and specimens of wood have been collected and preserved; and the National Institute, ever since its first organization, has been distributing the seeds of flowers, trees, and vegetables, sent home at different times by the gentlemen engaged in the expedition. Geographical Botany, both Terrestrial and Marine, has been particularly attended to, and the observations afford most interesting results relative to the distribution of plants over the globe. A beautiful collection of drawings in the botanical department has been made by Mr. Agate. For the truth of these statements, we can vouch from personal inspection.

In the Geological and Mineralogical departments, much industry and research have been shown. In an examination of various countries visited, drawings have been made of all remarkable geological phenomena, and specimens of minerals and fossils obtained. These are deposited in the Museum of the Institute, and are extremely interesting and valuable. About eleven hundred species of Crustacea have been figured; many of them are microscopic, and rarely

has the zoölogist had such an opportunity to delineate them from life. Results of the highest interest may be expected from the extensive field opened to the labors of the philologist; and some important facts have been ascertained relative to the physical history of man, which could only have been obtained in the course of such a voyage. The very extensive collections in every department of Natural History, now exhibiting in the halls of the National Institute at Washington, bear abundant testimony to the zeal, industry, and ability of Messrs. Pickering, Peale, Dana, Rich, and Couthoy, naturalists, of Messrs. Drayton and Agate, artists, and of Mr. Brackenridge, horticulturist, of the expedition.

Of the labors of the naval officers, we cannot speak too highly. Mr. Wilkes says; "At all important points of the cruise, an observatory was established, and the longitude determined by culminating stars, in connexion with similar observations at Cambridge (Massachusetts) University, by Mr. Bond, and at Washington, by Lieutenant Gillis." This was done by order, and at the expense, of government. Every opportunity was taken to determine the true position of islands, reefs, &c., by observations made on shore. Of their labors in Hydrography, we have already spoken; they were extensive, and the constant aim appears to have been to obtain useful results.

In Magnetism, observations were made at fifty-seven stations, for dip and intensity; and, at every point where the vessels remained a sufficient time, for diurnal variation. The dip was frequently observed at sea, due care being taken during the observations, that the ship's head should be turned in the proper direction. The observations for intensity failed for want of a proper instrument, that of Fox. Observations for variation were taken twice a day, and, at all the islands that afforded suitable positions for results in this department, the instruments were carried on shore, and observations made for dip and intensity.

"For the determination of the Southern Magnetic Pole, observations were made from 35° easterly variation to 59° westerly, between the longitudes of 97° and 165° east, nearly on the same parallel of latitude, which will give numerous convergent lines through that space for its determination. Our greatest dip was 87° 30′. The summit of Mouna Roa, thirteen thousand four

hundred feet above the level of the sea, was among the magnetic stations. The pendulums were swung at six stations, one of them at the summit of Mouna Roa, and another at its base.

"Full meteorological journals were kept during the whole cruise. When in port, thermometers were sunk, and the temperature of springs, wells, and caves, taken for the mean temperature of the climate. The epochs for the periodical meteors in August and November were attentively watched, in each quarter of the heavens, by four observers at a time. Many observations were made on the Zodiacal Lights; and the Aurora Australis was frequently observed.

"Numerous experiments were made to get some idea of the depth to which the solar light penetrates the ocean. Tidal observations were made, and much interesting information obtained relative to the sudden flux and reflux of the sea among the South-Sea Islands.

"The temperature of the ocean, at various depths, was frequently ascertained; and daily experiments made, during the voyage home from the East Indies, at one hundred fathoms, gave some interesting results. Under the line, a stratum of water was passed over, twenty-three degrees colder than at the surface, and ten degrees colder than at the north or south of it, of about two hundred miles in width; giving rise to the belief, that there exists a *submarine* river flowing down the coasts of Europe and Africa, and obeying the same laws that govern the atmospheric currents.

"Refractions, halos, and parhelia were noted, together with the circumstances of their appearance, including the state of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, and sketches were made.

"The limits of the trades, the variable and the periodical winds, were carefully looked to, together with their direction and force.

"The currents of the ocean were often tried by the current log, particularly on the several coasts visited. On that of New Holland, a current was perceived, which the temperature will readily point out, between Sydney and Van Diemen's Land. This current runs, at times, with great strength, and, according to the season of the year, is found at different distances from the land."

We have thus sketched, briefly and hastily, some of the most important results of this voyage, obtained by the unceasing diligence and well directed zeal of the commander, officers, and scientific corps of the squadron. It furnishes,

in our opinion, abundant cause of gratulation and triumph, that, in this attempt, we have accomplished so much for commerce, navigation, and science, and that this first contribution, offered by the government of the United States to the scientific world, has been rendered worthy of a great people.

We regret that there should have been any unnecessary delay in preparing for the press the manuscript notes of the gentlemen concerned in this labor ; and still more, that an effort had not been made, at an earlier period, to publish a new chart of the Pacific Ocean, comprehending all the discoveries made by our enterprising navigators. We hope this will be shortly done.

As we desire to keep clear of politics, and to avoid even the appearance of criticising the measures of the existing government, we will not enter upon the subject of the court-martials, which followed the return of the squadron ; but content ourselves with the remark, that the executive officers of the government at Washington ought to consider themselves in the light of grand-jurors, bound to examine into the character of the charges preferred against an officer, and the nature of the evidence ; and not to order a court, in order merely to gratify the resentment of the accuser, although there may be but little apparent cause for a formal investigation. While on this subject, we must be allowed to mention another grievous abuse, into which the navy department has fallen. We mean the appointment of able and distinguished lawyers to be judge-advocates ; thus compelling the accused, whatever may be his circumstances, to employ the best counsel to be had in the place where the trial is held, or to obtain legal aid from other cities, at still greater expense. This proceeding usually creates a struggle between two members of the bar, thereby enlisting feelings which too often convert the judge-advocate into the prosecuting attorney. If this practice be continued, the discipline of the navy will be destroyed. If a superior officer is liable to be tried on frivolous charges brought against him by a junior, and exposed to ruinous expenses, whatever may be the result of the trial, the discipline of the service will be made to yield to the dread of such an unequal measure of justice, and the gravest faults will remain unrebuked.

Art. II. — *Romans de* Paul de Kock. — 1. *Sœur Anne*. 4 vols. — 2. *Le Jeune Homme Charmant*. 4 vols. — 3. *La Jolie Fille du Faubourg*. 4 vols. — 4. *Ni Jamais ni Toujours*. 4 vols. — 5. *Les Mœurs Parisiennes*. 2 vols. — 6. *Mon Voisin Raymond*. Paris. Gustave Barba, Éditeur. 1835 – 1842.

When Sir James Mackintosh, in India, wiled away some of the tedious hours of exile by perusing novels and romances, of which few were good, and many indifferent, he called himself to account for such an employment of time, and, in a rather elaborate essay, endeavoured to prove that this class of works really merited the attention and serious study of the philosopher and the moralist. As these seductive books have relieved a portion of our own wakeful nights, and even pushed aside some of the grave labors of the day, we are quite willing to justify ourselves by the weight of his authority, and to seek for shelter and encouragement in his ingenious reasonings. He insists chiefly on the effect produced upon the character by contemplating the models of ideal excellence which are held up in fictitious composition, and on the wider field which the reader gains for the exercise of sympathy and the benevolent affections. We can imitate only those virtues with which we are acquainted ; we can pity only the distresses which come within the sphere of our observation. Actual experience does not always furnish a sufficient number of trying occasions, on which the mind may be purified and exalted by pity, wonder, or admiration, may be nerved for future struggles, and strengthened in virtuous resolves. The effect of scenes in fiction is fainter, it is true ; but the lesson may be repeated as often as we please ; and, at any rate, it is so much added to the school of real occurrences. Opportunities for the exercise of the heroic virtues are certainly rare ; but it is an important point in moral culture, to provide for the growth of heroic sentiments ; and here the poet and the novelist are often the most successful teachers.

It may at first appear, that these remarks are not very applicable to the novels of the present day, in very few of which do we find any exhibition of estimable characters, or of noble principles of conduct. The writers of them care

nothing about the moral effect produced, and aim only at creating a momentary interest in their fictitious scenes. Still, there is an undoubted tendency in imaginative writing to exalt the motives, and ennoble the characters, which are intended to engage the sympathy of the reader, much above the standard of real life. In all but the most licentious and degraded of these publications, meanness, duplicity, and crime are reprobated, at least, to a certain extent, and the author pays homage — involuntary, it may be, in some cases — to purity and virtue. He may act under constraint in this respect, for he knows that men are constituted moral beings, and, though each individual may be indulgent enough to his own failings and vices, he is quick to perceive, and eager to censure the moral obliquity of another. Good and evil qualities are blended in the personages who come upon the stage; but the audience discriminate, unconsciously, perhaps, but with unerring tact, between those which are presented for regard and imitation, and those which are designed to be exposed to blame or contempt. Even of such an extreme case as Tom Jones, Mackintosh observes, that "the same book inspires the greatest abhorrence of the duplicity of Blifil, and of the hypocrisy of Thwackum and Square ; and Jones himself is interesting by his frankness, spirit, kindness, and fidelity, — all virtues of the first class." There is hardly any novel that does not incline to praise of romantic generosity, magnanimity, faithfulness, and refinement in love. The inventive faculty is prone to constant exaggeration. Imaginary pictures of virtue and vice are more highly colored, and presented with greater effect, than any exhibitions of them in real life ; and the observer's admiration of the one, and disposition to censure the other, are proportionally increased. Hence, we may perceive some reason for the opinion which is attributed to Turgot by his biographer ; "He regarded romances as books of morals, and he even said, that in them alone had he found any true morality."

For the purposes of this discussion, it has been acutely remarked, history and novels are on an equal footing. The moral influence of a story does not at all depend upon the question, whether it is true. It must be probable, indeed, or it will produce but little effect as an illustration ; but, in all cases, the principle that is illustrated remains the same.

Noble and patriotic feelings are prompted by the consideration of some incidents, recorded by Livy, in the early history of Rome. Some inquirers have satisfied themselves, that this history is a mere collection of poetical legends and fables, and deserves little or no confidence. This discovery has weakened the force, but it has not altered the character, of the lesson which those reputed occurrences teach. Firmness and patriotism are still inculcated by the story of the elder Brutus, though it may be that such a personage never lived.

These views of the advantages of a familiarity with works of fiction, which are in substance those of Mackintosh, may be very philosophical, and very fine; but they have much the air of an apology for a doubtful good, and they leave out of view the principal benefit, as it appears to us, to be derived from the perusal of such books. We regard novels as vehicles of instruction, — as furnishing the means of enlarging our experience, — as increasing our knowledge of men and things. This effect is not the chief object of the writer, we admit; but he aims at it as subsidiary to his main purpose, and it is essential to his success. He designs to amuse the reader by a fanciful picture, the materials of which are drawn from real life. His characters are imaginary beings, but they are still human. They are types of a particular class of our species; they are representations of our common nature, placed in peculiar circumstances, and acting under special influences, but few of which, probably, have ever fallen under our actual observation. They serve, therefore, to increase our knowledge of that nature. They are *studies*, in the artist's sense of that term, — not a particular portrait drawn from life, but a combination of the most familiar and striking traits that characterize a whole class, and forming, therefore, a better representation of that class than any faithful picture of an individual. We might say, if the paradox were not rather bold, that they are more true than the reality. Nature, in the exhaustless variety of her moods, never creates an accurate specimen of a whole species. In each particular case, the common traits are always blended with one or more peculiarities that distinguish the individual. It is the province of art to distinguish and remove these special features, and only by the proper execution of this design is it distinguished from servile imitation. The sculp-

tor, the painter, the poet, and the novelist, aim to set forth the ideal model, which seems to be the constant object of Nature's endeavour, although she always strikes a little on one side.

It is true, that this is only the general idea of imaginary composition, and an idea which, in most cases, is very ill carried out. But it should be remembered, that works of art are studies for the beholder as much as for the artist. The effort to detect the fault is quite as instructive, though not so delightful, as the contemplation of the perfect work. And it is wonderful with what facility the mind engages in this critical task, though it may not be able so readily to give an account of its own operations. A character or a scene in a novel is perceived, or rather it is felt, to be out of keeping ; the former is made to act from insufficient or unnatural motives, the latter is brought about in an improbable way. The reader *feels* the defect, we say, because, the naturalness of the whole work being injured, he receives less pleasure from the perusal. But only the acute and sagacious mind, or the practised observer, can tell precisely where the fault lies ; and the effort to distinguish it is at once the highest pleasure and the sharpest exercise of the faculties of taste. It is more consonant with our present purpose to observe, that the defect in point of naturalness is not at all attributable to the wholly fictitious character of the events described. The reader's pleasure is not diminished by the acknowledged want of reality, but by the accidental want of conformity to the end in view ; and this proves, that a reference is made throughout to a standard which is ideal, though it is also fixed and positive. The novelist aims at truth quite as much as the historian ; but, in the former case, the truth depends on conformity with the general principles of nature ; in the latter, on the faithful statement of particular facts. The writer of history brings together individual instances ; the writer of fiction sums up the results.

Every student of facts, whether occupied with the chronicles of former ages, or with travellers' accounts of distant climes, is constantly weaving romances in his own brain, — unconsciously, perhaps, and, in a greater or less degree, according to the liveliness of his imagination ; but in a way that is essential for the attainment of his chief purpose, which is, to gain as perfect a knowledge as is possible of the

truth. The page before him suggests as much as it actually tells. His fancy clothes the dry bones of history with substantial flesh and blood. The principal personages, whom the annalist describes almost as unconscious agents in a succession of events, as mere abstractions, are endowed by the reader with human passions and wants ; they are imagined by him in their leisure hours, in the midst of their companions, acting with the manners, and surrounded with the circumstances of the age. Different accounts are brought together ; various incidents and traits of character are recollected ; the gaps left by the imperfect chronicles are filled up in a manner consonant with the parts which are fully known ; and the result is a picture of some vividness and completeness, of which not more than half, perhaps, is authentic, in the strict sense of the term ; but, as a whole, it is far more correct and truthful than the dim and imperfect outline which is sketched by the historian. To an imaginative mind of sufficient compass and power, a few meagre events chronicled of an individual are like a few fossil bones in the hands of one skilled in comparative anatomy. They afford hints sufficient for the reconstruction of the whole creature ; and that not by a mere effort of fancy, but by close examination and sure reasoning from invariable correspondences and relations. The animal, says Cuvier, to the skeleton of which these bones belong, must have had such a form, such dimensions, and such habits ; its species is now extinct. The conclusion is wonderful, considering the narrowness of the *data* on which it rests. But it is not more strange than the reconstruction of historical characters by the poet, the dramatist, and the novelist.

Take Shakspeare's conception of Cleopatra, for instance, and consider how few materials are recorded by the writers of her times, from which we can judge of her character, and how perfectly they correspond to this gorgeous and animated portrait. History tells us only, that she was remarkable for her beauty and personal accomplishments ; that Julius Cæsar was subdued by her charms ; that she showed cowardice at the battle of Actium ; that Mark Antony forfeited half of the world for her sake ; and that she finally killed herself in order to avoid being led as a prisoner to grace the triumph of Augustus. The poet calls up from the shades the spirit who was capable of such things, and on

his immortal page she lives again, as fully known, as distinctly conceived, as if the reader had been an inmate of her palace through the whole of her reign. She actually moves before us, — this "rare Egyptian," the "serpent of old Nile," capricious, petulant, proud, fond, bewitching, the very creature born to dazzle, perplex, and fascinate all beholders, to lead the conquerors of the world in chains. It is no ideal portrait, no fancy sketch. Only such a being could have played the part attributed by history to the daughter of Ptolemy, and the paramour of Antony. We agree entirely with Mrs. Jameson, who has "not the slightest doubt, that Shakspeare's Cleopatra is the real historical Cleopatra, individualized and placed before us."

The exercise of imagination is, therefore, quite as necessary as judgment, care, and industry in collecting authorities and weighing testimonies, before we can arrive at complete historical truth. The imaginative writer plays a part which is supplementary to that of the historian, and in nowise inferior to it in importance. Who can doubt, that "good Queen Bess" is more fully, more vividly — ay, more truly — represented in "Kenilworth," than in all the volumes of Hume and Lingard, or in the more ponderous tomes which contain the state papers of her reign? "The Fortunes of Nigel" have performed the same service for James the First, and readers are now familiar with every lineament of the royal pedant, the Solomon of England. Observe, also, that the merits of the novelist, in the communication of truth, are by no means limited to the fuller delineation of character. All the circumstances of past times, the manners, the habits, the modes of thought, the costume, the situation of the people, are described by him from the same materials, and with equal and important additions, made out in the same way, from the study of corresponding relations. Pure fiction, it is true, having no regard to such important purposes, is mingled by the author with what may be called the more authentic stuff, out of which he weaves his gay and party-colored fabric. But this practice only makes the lesson more pleasing, more impressive, and more easy to be remembered.

The preceding remarks apply only to historical fictions, which we have taken as the first instances wherewith to illustrate our position, only because their claims to consideration

and regard are more striking and more easily comprehended than those of romances of a different class. But the merits which we have now to consider are not the less real and positive, though they relate to a different study. Pure fiction is instructive, as it enlarges our knowledge of human nature, by exhibiting wider modifications of character, greater strife of passion, and changes effected by more sudden and striking alternations of fortune, than usually come under our observation in real life. Fortunately for our happiness, the great exigencies, which alone can develope the whole power of intellect, and strength of purpose and of action, that are lodged in man, are of rare occurrence. A knowledge of their effects would not be very useful to an individual, considered merely as a warning, or a preparation against their possible recurrence in his own case. The danger is too remote and uncertain; there is no necessity of guarding against it by special precautions. But the lesson which is taught by such stories has a wider scope, and is useful for more general purposes. Nothing is frivolous or unimportant which increases our acquaintance with the human heart, and shows how much man is capable of doing and suffering, when occasion calls. Here, again, the importance of the monition is not affected by the real or fictitious character of the events by which it is illustrated. The majesty of virtue is exhibited as impressively by Clarissa in the power of Lovelace, as by Socrates when drinking the hemlock, or Cato when directing his little senate at Utica. Isabella, pleading with Angelo for the life of her brother, teaches mercy and magnanimity as strongly as Volumnia entreating Coriolanus at the gates of Rome. And the latter story would lose nothing of its striking and solemn import, though a hundred Niebuhrs should prove it to be fabulous.

But the moral uses of fiction are so nobly displayed by Bacon, when treating of the nature and province of poetry, that we must borrow some of his weighty and magnificent sentences, though the passage is rather hackneyed as a quotation.

"The use of this feigned history hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul; by reason whereof there is, agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact good-

ness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical; because true history propoundeth the successes and issues of actions not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore poesy feigns them more just in retribution, and more according to revealed providence; because true history representeth actions and events more ordinary, and less interchanged, therefore poesy endueth them with more rareness, and more unexpected and alternative variations; so, as it appeareth, poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation. And, therefore, it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things."—*Advancement of Learning*, pp. 142, 143.

After listening to the music of such words, it seems like a harsh and dissonant transition, to descend to the inferior purposes which are answered by fictitious compositions. Yet, in striving to gain a complete view of the subject, we ought not to lose sight of these minor utilities, for they constitute nearly the only claim to respect which is offered by the popular novels of the day. These profess to be pictures of contemporary manners and real life, such as every one is able to observe in some degree, though he naturally seeks to increase his knowledge of them in every possible way. Putting aside the violently sentimental specimens of this class, and some fantastic works which display nothing but an ill-regulated imagination, it is safe to say, that much profit and delight may be gained from these productions. They represent men and manners with various degrees of success, and sometimes, it must be confessed, with no success at all. But even in the latter case we believe that they impose on nobody. The false pictures and caricatures, which they offer, are soon detected and rated at their true value. And the poorest of their species usually have some touch of nature, some spice of lively incident or faithful representation, which kindles sympathy, or leads to reflection. They teach us to sum up our own observations of life, in order to test the fidelity of a sketch by another hand. They enlarge the sphere of these observations, by directing our attention to points which might otherwise remain unnoticed. They

chronicle, for the benefit of posterity, certain characters, customs, and modes of thought, which are indigenous in this age, though they do not excite remark, because they are obvious, and frequently seen. Such works, therefore, are like copper coins, of trifling value when first issued, but of some convenience as small change, and destined to acquire much interest and importance in future times, as monuments of the age when they were struck.

The class of domestic novels, describing minutely and faithfully the interior of households in our own times, without aspiring to touch the higher chords of passion and sentiment, deserves special and honorable notice. Women have labored most successfully in this department, as might be expected from their finer tact, and power of keen and delicate observation. The moral which they teach, when not brought forward too obtrusively, is effective, and admits of a wide application. Founded on common events, it extends over a multitude of cases. Miss Austin's novels, for instance, are like Flemish paintings, in the curious fidelity with which scenes from real life are sketched, and like the admirable productions of Hogarth, in their ethical meaning and tendency. There is a singular charm in these descriptions of ordinary scenes and characters, which are found so dull and wearisome when the reality comes in our way, though the fictitious sketch is so delightful. Mr. Collins, Mrs. Norris, or Miss Steele, would be intolerable, if we were doomed to associate with them in actual life. Why do they become agreeable and interesting, when seen in the framework of fiction? The skill with which they are painted, the excellence of the imitation, does not wholly explain the problem; for characters of greater worth may be delineated with equal power, but without producing so great an effect. A landscape painter cannot render a flat and unmeaning prospect as pleasing as one which combines many points of striking scenery, though the imitation may be equally exact, the drawing and coloring equally faithful, in both cases. His success depends nearly as much on the choice of a subject, as in the art with which it is represented. The truth seems to be, that the writer of fiction carries the reader along with him by a fuller exhibition of motives and actions, and a deeper insight into character, than it is possible to obtain in real life. In ordinary cases, we can learn but half of the story from

actual observation ; we see but one aspect of the persons with whom we are thrown in contact. The novelist tells the whole. He introduces us behind the scenes, shows the means by which the effects are produced, and explains all the secrets of the machinery. We gain a full knowledge of the character without the labor of studying it, and without the tedious necessity of waiting for events by which it may be developed. In the common intercourse of life, we frequently meet with persons whose motives and proceedings are a riddle ; we are perplexed with events, the origin and nature of which cannot be perceived. The novelist supplies a key to the enigma, and his tale becomes interesting from its completeness. On the other hand, he who paints a landscape represents nothing which is not open to common observation. He must even confine himself to the most striking points of the scenery ; and, if there is nothing agreeable in the original, we shall find no pleasure in the imitation.

We have said nothing, thus far, of the many and grave faults which are chargeable upon numerous works of fiction, or of the pernicious consequences of indulging the habit of reading them to too great an extent, because these points are sufficiently obvious, and it was our object to show, that, in spite of these acknowledged drawbacks, there is much good produced by this class of compositions, and this good ought to be clearly perceived and fairly weighed before a sweeping verdict of condemnation is recorded against them. It requires no great penetration, nor any nice sense of morality, to perceive that the novels of Fielding and Smollet abound with coarse and licentious pictures ; that incorrect views of life are presented, and false sentiments of honor and pernicious principles of conduct recommended, in many of the popular romances of the day. Let these evils be duly considered, and proper caution be exercised in selecting the books designed to be put into the hands of those whose tender age or sex should be kept free even from the observation of impurity and sin, and, so far as may be, from the knowledge that such things exist. A broader field of study and recreation may be safely opened to people of mature minds and confirmed principles, acting either as lovers of polite literature, as students of human nature, or as inquirers after truth.

That it is not our intention to keep out of view the ob-

jectionable stuff, of which so many popular fictions are composed, is sufficiently apparent from the character of the books which we now proceed to notice. Few authors of his class offer so many points for just reprehension as Paul de Kock; yet there are few whom it is so difficult to criticise with severity, on account of the many amiable and pleasant traits by which these faults are relieved. He is a merry rogue, an amusing vagabond, whom we cannot find it in our heart to scourge or to gibbet, though certainly he deserves to be sent to the House of Correction. He is a fellow of keen observation and infinite humor, whose pictures of vulgar manners and low life, always coarse and too often licentious, are still drawn with so much liveliness and truth, and presented with so much ease, gayety, and *nonchalance*, that the sternest reader cannot fail to be amused, and even to acknowledge some obligation to the writer, for imparting information respecting persons and scenes which one would hardly wish to visit and observe for himself. No sketches by foreign tourists, nor statistical details, nor formal reports to legislatures and benevolent societies, can give such vivid and correct notions respecting the situation, character, habits, and modes of thought of the middling and lower classes of the French people, as are presented in the pages of this prolific novelist.

The titles which we have placed at the head of this article designate but a small portion of his published writings. We have somewhere seen a list, that comprises no less than a hundred and twenty volumes of his novels, and several have been published since the date of that enumeration. A few of them are elaborately written, aiming to paint a variety of characters and a complexity of events, which should have the rich and diversified interest of regular romance. But such are not the most successful efforts of the author's talent, who rather appears in these stories to be feeling his way, and not to have attained his natural sphere of action. Most of his novels are mere sketches of contemporary manners, put together on a slight framework of incident, which can hardly be called a plot. Some volumes contain only unconnected pieces, probably made up from contributions to magazines and other periodicals, in which the farcical humor of the writer displays itself even to greater advantage than in the longer narrations. A few of these are in the form of

dialogues, and have been represented at the theatres, though not with such success as might be expected from the great popularity of the novelist.

How acceptable his writings are to the great body of his countrymen appears from the number of editions through which they have passed. Well thumbed copies of his novels may be found in nearly every shop, garret, and servant's lodge in Paris ; and if they are more rarely seen in drawing-rooms and gentlemen's libraries, the reason is not that fashionable and educated people have no relish for them, but that they prefer to put them in a corner, and read them in private. One great cause of this popularity is the perfect adaptation of the books to the people and the times. They are eminently national, and even local, in character ; much of the humor and satire, many of the scenes and personages described, being intelligible only to the Parisians. The style, also, is so perfectly French, abounding in modern idioms and conversational phraseology, that it is difficult to gain any idea of the writer's peculiarities through a translation. His finer qualities are quite too volatile to be transmuted ; they evaporate, in the process of change into another language. His novels form a mirror, in which nearly all classes of people in the gay metropolis may behold themselves, with just enough of defect in the glass to impart a comical twist or perversion to the reflected visage. A stranger, commonly, would see nothing in it but a grimacing and unnatural caricature.

It would be too much honor to Paul de Kock, to style him the "Boz" of the French capital. He has none of the fine humanity and broad sympathies of the English novelist, and but little of his dramatic art and moving pathos. But he possesses equal humor, equal skill in delineating all the aspects of a great city and the humbler households in it, and his sketches are marred by a similar inclination for broad caricature. The shop-keepers, laborers, and domestics in a great metropolis, — the "cockneys," if they may be called so, of Paris, — with their opinions, amusements, and habits, are hit off with as much spirit and fidelity by the Frenchman, as Dickens shows in describing their brethren in London. But Dickens is the poet of these people, while Paul de Kock is only their good-natured and laughing biographer. The former paints the sufferings and pleads the

cause of the indigent classes, even while he is amused with their ignorance, eccentricities, and follies. The latter contents himself with drawing ludicrous pictures of their sports and serious avocations, and of the half comical, half philosophical spirit in which they meet a change of fortune. His sketch has naturally a more smiling air, for a Frenchman bears misfortune and want with far more composure and good-humor than his surly brother across the Channel; and the patience with which he endures privation and hardship in his own case, makes him regard with a more careless eye the woes of another. We do not mean, that our author is never serious, or that he has no power over the sacred source of tears. There are passages in his tales which are written with great feeling, and which call out the sympathies of the reader, at times, to a painful degree. But they are feeble in comparison with the touching pictures of Boz, which sometimes harrow the feelings as much as the sublime spectacle of Lear complaining to the tempests. Only in the lighter sketches and sportive moods of talent can any real parallel be instituted between the two writers.

We have not a word to say in defence of the coarseness and indelicacy with which the pages of this French son of Momus are loaded. It is no palliation to observe, that these features really belong to his subject, that vulgarity and licentiousness are stamped on the manners of so large a portion of the French populace, that no representation of them can be complete or accurate which leaves such features entirely out of view. The writer is to blame for an improper selection of materials, or, at any rate, for not making such use of them as may sufficiently indicate the facts in question, without trespassing on the delicacies of speech, or holding up immoral or corrupting pictures. It is one great merit of Dickens as a novelist, while handling similar subjects, and constantly treading on the very verge of that which would excite disgust, that he never steps over the line, nor gives offence by word, allusion, or description, to the most scrupulous delicacy. How much praise is due to him in this respect, especially when compared with Fielding, and Smollet, and some other writers of fiction very popular with a former generation, whose novels, admirable for the most part as works of art, and for wit, humor, and faithful delineations of manners, are now rightly consigned to obliv-

ion, because there is pollution in every page! Our fathers read these books, and praised them, but men at the present day are ashamed to be seen with a copy in their hands. Such a character as Fielding's "Squire Western" has been defended, we know, on the ground, that it is a faithful portraiture of an English fox-hunting squire in George the Second's time. It may be so, though we question whether such a being ever had a daughter like Sophia Western. But what then? The race has probably died out, and would have left no memorial behind them, if a coarse but able writer had not chronicled one to excite the disgust of posterity.

Paul de Kock bears a strong family resemblance to Fielding and Smollet, and, therefore, the present popularity of his stories shows, that the bulk of the French people, in respect to morality and true refinement, are more than half a century behind the English. Not that we would for a moment compare him with the former novelist in the artistlike construction of a plot, or the skilful development of a character. His more natural prototype, in these respects, is Smollet, whom he equals also in heartiness and coarse humor, and in raciness, though not in vigor, of style. The English reader, who is acquainted with "Roderick Random," and "Humphrey Clinker," has, perhaps, as just an idea of our lively Frenchman as it is desirable to obtain. He is a more fertile and careless writer than the Englishman, being probably incited by the applause and support of a larger circle of readers. His subject, also, is a more copious one, as Paris draws together a greater collection of originals, and the national character affords a wider range of amusing peculiarities than can be found on British soil.

Among a population like that of Paris, such books as these cannot do so much harm as in other communities. The causes, which produce the objectionable qualities in the light literature of the day, also deprive them of a part of their power to create mischief or offence. Gallantry and intrigue, there, seem to form in part the common business of life; and a different law, which to foreigners appears much like no law at all, regulates the proprieties of speech and behaviour. People can hardly be injured by a representation in fiction of what is constantly before their eyes in reality. Yet it is evident, that we are even more shocked and

disgusted by a powerful exhibition in writing of the viler qualities of men and society than by the observation of these very qualities in real life, when the misfortune of our situation brings them constantly before us. What is actual appears to exist from necessary causes, or, at least, it is beyond our power to remedy; and we mourn, and pass it by. But the portraiture of it in imaginative writing seems like a gratuitous revival or multiplication of the evil, and our indignant condemnation falls alike on the base spirits which furnish the poison, and the corrupted appetites which are fed by it. It is a noble characteristic of the taste and conscience of man, that they require in art a closer adherence to the principles of the beautiful, the just, and the right, than we can reasonably expect to be exemplified in nature and life. The *beau-idéal* is not found in the world; poetical justice is confessedly unreal, — it does not follow merit and demerit in this stage of existence. But the restraint of circumstances is not felt in the province of invention, and, where man is the creator, he becomes responsible for the whole work. He is bound to "submit the shows of things to the desires of the mind." If he cannot embody in his work that perfect beauty and absolute right, of which we dream, and to which we are constantly reaching forward, he is under an obligation, at least, to remove from it every thing that is base, deformed, ignoble, or impure.

We have already hinted, that it is difficult to give a correct notion of the writings of our author, because a meagre plot is hardly susceptible of analysis, the humor of the allusions and descriptions is often local in its effect, and many of his better qualities are so completely French, that it is impossible to represent them in another language. "*Sœur Anne*" is one of the more finished and least objectionable of his novels, and a few of the scenes are written with much feeling and pathos. M. de Montreville, a gentleman of rank and wealth at Paris, has one son, Frederick, a gentle and susceptible youth, whom he resolves to send away to travel for a time, that he may acquire some knowledge of the world, and forget an unfortunate attachment that he had formed at home. A travelling tutor is needed; and the father selects M. Ménard for this purpose, a foolish pedant, much attached to the pleasures of the table, and a devoted admirer of people of high birth. But the son prefers a more lively companion for

the journey, and finds one in M. Dubourg, a careless spendthrift, who shows his wit in duping others, and often becoming a greater dupe himself. The stratagems and mishaps of this pleasant rogue, his success in overreaching the simple tutor, and his blunders, which involve the whole party in difficulties, are narrated with great spirit and humor, and agreeably diversify the graver incidents of the expedition. The father reasonably objects to such a person as a companion for his son, and Frederick is obliged to leave Paris attended only by Ménard, who is not acquainted with Dubourg. The latter hurries after them in a postchaise, in which he contrives to run against their carriage and upset them, and then politely offers them a seat in his own vehicle. Feigning to be a stranger to Frederick, he introduces himself as the Baron Potoski, a Polish palatine of immense wealth, and the simple tutor at once falls into the trap, treats the supposed nobleman with the utmost deference, and swallows, with unhesitating faith, all the incredible lies which Dubourg utters respecting his paternal estates and diplomatic mission. Some extravagantly ludicrous scenes take place at the miserable inn, where they pass the first night, which complete the deception on poor Ménard, who then eagerly ratifies an arrangement with the false baron, engaging him to accept a seat in Frederick's carriage, and become their companion for the rest of the journey. Only one difficulty remains, as the cautious parent had made Ménard the bearer of the purse, which was to defray the expenses of the whole party. But Dubourg plays upon the poor tutor's fears of highwaymen, till the frightened pedant at last consigns the funds to his keeping.

The party now proceed in great state, as the baron suits their expenses to his supposed rank, and the tutor has no objection to the magnificent dinners and suppers which are provided for them at the inns. When they arrive at Lyons, it soon appears how worthy the purse-bearer is of his trust, for he falls into the company of greater sharpers than himself, and is cheated out of every *sou*. After waiting till Frederick receives another remittance from his father, the three proceed to Grenoble, and at a village near that city, while watching the festivities of the peasants, Frederick becomes acquainted with the heroine of the tale.

"The travellers descended a little hill, and soon came to a valley enclosed by fir-trees and oaks. There were collected the inhabitants of a pretty village, which was just in sight at the end of the valley. It was a holyday, and the peasants were celebrating it by a dance in the open air. A pipe and tabor formed their whole orchestra, but these were quite enough to keep their feet in motion. Joy shone in every face. The peasant girls were arrayed in their smartest dresses; and the peculiar costume of this part of the country usually renders them sufficiently attractive. The elders were seated a little way off, chatting over their cups, while their children danced before them.

"Ménard seated himself at a table, and called for refreshments; Dubourg roamed about among the dancers, whispering soft words to the prettiest girls; and Frederick, after gazing at the scene for a while, sauntered away, and followed the course of a brook, which ran through a double row of willows, near the entrance of a thick wood. Already the sound of the pipe was heard but faintly in the distance, and he was about to turn back towards his companions, when he perceived, a little way off, a young girl seated beside the brook, her eyes turned towards the valley with an air of enchanting softness, and smiling at the dance which she watched from afar, though through the smile could be seen an expression of sadness, which appeared habitual to her.

"She seemed to be hardly sixteen years of age. Her dress indicated poverty, but it was neat and gracefully arranged. Rich, fair hair waved in curls around her open forehead; her features were regular and delicately formed, her mouth was pretty and bespoke an amiable disposition, and her deep blue eyes had a touching expression of softness and melancholy, which harmonized with the paleness of her complexion.

"Frederick stopped and watched her for some time. He could not be weary of such a sight. Why was she alone, beside the brook, while her companions were giving themselves up to pleasure and the dance? Whence that air of sadness which shaded her countenance? Frederick had seen her but for a moment, but he already felt an interest in her fate, and wished to know her history. It seemed as if his heart already shared her sorrows. Just then, several couples of the peasantry came along the path on their way to the dance. He spoke to some of the women, and, pointing to the girl beside the brook, 'Who is that pretty child,' he asked, 'and why does she not share your pleasures?' The countrywomen stopped, and turned a look full of sorrow and pity upon the maiden. Then they replied, 'O, Sir, the poor thing does not dance. It is Sister Anne.' The as-

tonished Frederick waited for farther explanation, but the women turned away towards the dancers, saying again, in a mournful tone, 'It is Sister Anne.'"

Frederick accosts the girl herself, but can obtain no answer. At last, after some difficulty, he finds a person who is acquainted with her circumstances, and he learns the history of *Sœur Anne*. Her mother, Clotilde, who had evidently lost a higher station in society by forming an unequal match, came with her husband to the village shortly after their marriage. At first, they had but this one child; but when she was four years old, a boy was born, and Anne never quitted her brother. For some time, affairs went well with the parents; but then misfortunes came, the harvest failed, and the despairing father enlisted in the army. News soon came that he was killed in battle, but no one dared to tell poor Clotilde, who watched for her husband's return long after his death was known. She passed whole days at the foot of a tree, where he had parted from her, and whence she could perceive the road from the city, by which she expected him to return. If reminded of her children, she answered sadly, "Anne is with her brother; she never leaves him, and will be to him a second mother." In truth, the little girl, who was then but seven years old, astonished the whole village by her intelligence and her affection for her brother. She took care of him, rocked him, caressed him, and anticipated all his wants. The name of "Sister Anne" was the first that the infant learned to stammer, and all the peasants addressed her by that title, citing her as a model of sisterly love.

One stormy night, Clotilde did not return. The cottage was struck by lightning and set on fire; and when the peasants were alarmed, and made a way through the flames into the chamber, they found Sister Anne crouched beneath her mother's bed, clasping in her arms the brother whom she hoped to preserve from death. They were carried out, and it was found that Anne had fainted, and the boy was dead. Anne was soon recalled to life, but the grief and terror which she had undergone had deprived her of the power of speech. When she opened her mouth, she could utter only low, moaning sounds; and since that time she had remained dumb. Poor Clotilde was found dead at the foot of the tree, where she had spent so many days waiting

for her husband. Anne was now alone in the world, and destitute ; but a poor old woman, named Margaret, who inhabited a small hut in the wood, adopted her, and, from the charity of the neighbours, she obtained a cow and some goats. Time had soothed the violence of her grief, and she became gentle and tranquil, and would even smile at times, though an air of sadness always mingled with the expression of pleasure. At the sight of a boy of nearly the same age with her brother, she would show great emotion, and the tears would gush from her eyes. Her looks and gestures were so expressive, that the peasants easily understood her wants, and she was beloved by all.

This story was quite enough to captivate a youth like Frederick, who had romantic, tender, and susceptible feelings. Leaving his two companions to amuse themselves, he spent his whole time wandering about the fields with Sister Anne, and endeavouring to teach her to write, in which attempt he succeeded so far that she learned how to trace the letters of his own name in the sand. He supposed that he was acting only from compassion and sympathy, but a stronger feeling masters them both, and the poor girl is seduced, with hardly a consciousness of wrong on either side. Meanwhile, Dubourg and Ménard are pursuing their own amusements. They form an intimacy with a retired wine merchant, M. Chambertin, and his wife, whose passion for the society of people of rank is as great as that of the poor tutor. The supposed baron plays his part with great dignity and impudence, and the rich merchant entertains him with much ceremony at his house, to which all the notables of the place are invited. The writer's love of fun runs riot in the description of these worthies, and the most laughable scenes succeed ; but the farce is so broad and coarse, that we can transfer no portion of it to our pages. The unlucky intrusion of a former acquaintance at Paris puts an end to these enjoyments, and obliges Dubourg to decamp with speed. But he still contrives to hoodwink the simple Ménard, whose credulity is so great that nothing can open his eyes. The two companions now find themselves separated from Frederick, without any money in their pockets, and with reputations somewhat tarnished among the people of the vicinity. But Dubourg is never at a loss. He finds a miserable company of strolling players, and persuades his comrade to take

a place in it with himself. The rehearsal of a tragedy follows, and all the resources of the false nobleman are taxed to enable poor Ménard to sustain the character, for which he was but ill fitted, of a distinguished performer from Paris on a pleasure tour in the provinces. Their difficulties are brought to a climax, in the midst of the first representation, by the sudden appearance of M. de Montreville, who comes in search of his son, and finds the person, to whose grave charge he had been committed, arrayed in a most ridiculous costume, and on the point of making his *début* in a barn, before an audience of peasants, in the character of Theseus. The father obliges Ménard instantly to get into the postchaise with him, and, soon happening to meet with Frederick, who had walked from Margaret's hut to the village, he also is compelled, without any opportunity to apprize *Sœur Anne* of what had happened, to accompany M. de Montreville to Paris. Deserted by both his allies, Dubourg finds it necessary to quit the players even more suddenly than he had left the house of M. Chambertin; and, after some laughable adventures, in the character, which he assumes, of a quack doctor, he also succeeds in making his way back to the metropolis.

Frederick stands in such awe of his father, that he dares not speak of his *liaison* with the poor girl near Grenoble, though overwhelmed with anxiety for her fate. But M. de Montreville had received some hints on the subject from the poor tutor, and rightly supposing that the sated passion and susceptible heart of his son would soon find a new object, without communicating his purpose to any one, he goes back himself to the village, in order to find out the unfortunate girl, and to make amends, as far as was possible, for Frederick's misconduct. The consequences of Sister Anne's ill-starred love had become apparent, and she had, therefore, lost the respect and affection of the peasants. Made wretched by the inexplicable absence of her lover, after the death of Margaret, for whom with difficulty she obtains burial, she makes up her little bundle, and wanders forth into the wide world in search of the man whose very name she is unable to pronounce. Passing through a wood, she falls into the power of some brigands, by whom she is conducted to their hut, and, a few hours afterwards, M. de Montreville also comes there, ignorant of the character of the place, and

seeking refuge from an attack by another party of the same men. The events which follow remind one of the terrible robber-scene in a forest, described in Smollet's "Count Fathom." By her courage and quick wit, Sister Anne contrives to apprize M. de Montreville of his danger, and the two escape together to a neighbouring village, where she is placed in a good farmer's family, and every provision made for her future comfort and support by her grateful and pitying companion. The father had recognized in her the being whom his son had so foully wronged, but this fact is kept secret from her, as it was intended that she should never see Frederick again.

Returning to Paris, M. de Montreville finds, as he had hoped, that his son's affections are engaged to the lovely and amiable Constance, the daughter of his friend M. de Valmont. The arrangements being easily made, the marriage takes place, and the queerest figure at the nuptials is our old friend Dubourg, who, having received a small inheritance, is resolved to put away his wild and dissipated habits, and become a grave and moral man. Accordingly, on this joyful occasion, he kept such a serious face, that he seemed to have the spleen, and his manner and gait were those of a man sixty years old.

"What the deuse ails your friend Dubourg? Does he usually pass his time in the graveyards? I went up to him once or twice for the sake of conversation, and he recited to me five or six passages from Young's 'Night Thoughts,' and the 'Petit Carême' of Massillon. He is certainly a gay companion for a marriage."

The married couple are happy, except that the amiable Constance is alarmed and made a little jealous by observing, at times, that her husband became pensive and dejected, without any apparent cause. He was really disturbed by remorse and anxiety on account of *Sœur Anne.* Of this sad history, the wife is entirely ignorant. Meanwhile, in the family of the good farmer, the unhappy mute had given birth to Frederick's child, and, through her affection for the boy, the kind people succeeded in dissuading her for a time from engaging in a fruitless search for the father. By tracing the letters on the sand, she had induced them to call the child Frederick, and her silent love of him is described as mani-

festing itself in the most touching way. But, when he was nearly two years of age, she could no longer be restrained from setting out for Paris to seek for Frederick, having nothing to guide her but the written address of M. de Montreville, whom she knew only as a benevolent stranger, and hoped that he would assist her in tracing out her lover. It should be mentioned, that, after his marriage, Frederick had caused inquiries to be made for her at the village near Grenoble, but found that the peasants knew nothing except the fact, that she had disappeared after the death of Margaret. Sister Anne arrives at Paris, and falls into the hands of sharpers, who steal her purse containing the address, and abandon her in the streets. She is reduced to great misery, and gains a precarious subsistence for herself and child from the charity of casual observers. One day, during the absence of Frederick on a journey, Constance observes a poor woman in rags near her gate, tenderly caressing a beautiful boy whom she held in her arms. It was Sister Anne. Constance is interested by the sight, causes the stranger to be brought in, and, discovering that she is dumb, resolves to be the guardian and protector of her and the infant. Having no child of her own, she is particularly attracted by the aspect of the boy, in whom she fancies that she traces a resemblance to her husband. All their wants are supplied, and Anne is once more established in a safe and pleasant home. Frederick returns, and the following scene takes place.

"After the first moments were given to express the pleasure of meeting again, Constance said; 'During your absence, I have taken into the house an unfortunate woman. O! I hope you will love her as I do.' — 'Every thing which you do is right, my dear Constance; your heart can never lead you astray. I am sure beforehand that you have bestowed your charity well.' — 'Ah! it is a young woman, and so interesting! a victim of love; and all of our sex can sympathize with such sorrows! Her seducer abandoned her and a dear little child, whom I dote upon. His name, like yours, is Frederick. But what ails you, my dear? You grow pale, you tremble.'

"'It is the fatigue, perhaps; the hurry and excitement attending my return.'

"Frederick sat down, for his limbs failed him; what Constance had just said had caused an emotion which he could not restrain. He looked fearfully around him, as he asked, with a

trembling voice, 'And this woman, — this child, — where are they?'

"'She is lodged in the pavilion in the garden. But I see her. Come, come quick, my dear,' said Constance, running to meet Sister Anne, who was approaching with her son. 'My husband is returned. Now, nothing is wanted to complete my happiness.'

"Constance took the young mute by the hand, and drew her into the apartment where her husband still remained. On seeing Frederick, Sister Anne uttered a piercing cry; she ran and threw herself into his arms, and fainted as she pointed to her son. Frederick with one hand supported Sister Anne, whose head fell upon his breast, and with the other he covered his eyes, as if he feared to look around him. His son was at his feet; he still supported the mother; and Constance, astonished and trembling, stood before them. In a moment, a thousand different feelings seemed to agitate the wife of Frederick. She changed color; her eyes expressed surprise and anxiety; she shuddered, and seemed to make an effort to drive away the fearful thought which had just occurred to her. But her looks, fixed in turn upon Sister Anne and her husband, sought to penetrate the mystery. Her first impulse was to run to the young mute, and draw her out of Frederick's arms.

"'What ails her? What means this agitation on seeing you,' stammered poor Constance, as she looked at Frederick; 'answer me, then, do you know this young woman?'

"Frederick had no power to answer, or to look his wife in the face. But he saw his son, and, taking him in his arms, covered him with kisses. The heart of Constance seemed to yield to the shock, and the whole truth became manifest to her."

An explanation takes place, and the afflicted wife, mastering her own grief and jealousy by a strong effort, seems to resign Frederick to the affection of his first love. But the trial is beyond her strength, and M. de Montreville opportunely arrives to prevent farther difficulties. He succeeds in making the young mute understand the real state of affairs, and the necessity of leaving the house and seeing Frederick no more. Preparations are made for their departure the next morning; but an accident occurs during the night, which removes the perplexities of her friends, and puts a period to the sorrows of the unfortunate girl. The pavilion, in which she was lodged, takes fire, and Sister Anne, with her child, is in danger of perishing in the flames. In the agony of the

moment, a violent effort of nature bursts the bonds which had so long fettered her tongue, and she cries out, "Frederick, save thy child!" The household were already alarmed; and, as the cry reaches the ears of Frederick, he forces his way into the building, and bears out Sister Anne into the open air, with her child in her arms. The boy was unhurt, but the shock had been too great for the feeble frame of the unhappy mother, and she dies, blessing Frederick and Constance, and commending her son to their care.

Our sketch of *Sœur Anne* is quite imperfect, for it was necessary to pass very lightly over some of the most remarkable and characteristic passages. On the whole, it is a good specimen of the writer's abilities; for the plot has considerable variety and incident, many of the scenes are described with proper and deep feeling, and, though some portions are offensive to a pure taste and a nice sense of propriety, the general impression which the book leaves on the mind is favorable to virtue. Though the scene is laid, for the most part, at a distance from Paris, the characters are evidently drawn from the population of that gay city, with all the aspects of which, and the various classes of its inhabitants, our author is perfectly familiar. Dubourg may be met at any time on the *Boulevards*, M. Chambertin may be seen recommending his commodities for sale in many shops, or going with his wife to the *spectacle* in the evening, and we doubt not, that, due search being made through the attics of houses in the *quartier Latin*, a M. Ménard may be discovered by any one who is in want of a travelling tutor. Paul de Kock has a happy faculty, not only in seizing the general traits of the lower classes of his countrymen, their simplicity, frivolity, and good-humor, but in portraying with ludicrous fidelity the more remarkable features of an original, — the oddities which make up what is usually termed "a character," and thus setting forth a grotesque, but not unnatural, personage. He is a thorough student of eccentricities, and sometimes writes a whole novel with no other apparent purpose than that of exhibiting at full length one odd specimen of humanity.

Un Jeune Homme Charmant is written apparently with great earnestness of moral purpose, the design being to paint in strong colors the wretched career of a young man of fashion, vicious and heartless, who uses his remarkable ad-

vantages of person, wealth, and station in society, only for gaining illicit pleasures and dishonorable ends. The course and termination of such a life, devoted to mere sensual gratifications, and restrained by no considerations of honor or humanity, and the retribution that arrives, when the pleasant vices of youth become the scourges and the brand of maturer years, are depicted with considerable power. The character of her who becomes the victim of "the charming young man," and the incidental sufferings which are caused by his reckless conduct, are also forcibly represented. Unfortunately, the writer uses this moral framework, as it may be called, only as a means of holding up many gay and striking pictures of the scenes through which a fashionable young rake at Paris may be supposed to pass, and of the droll companions by whom he is often surrounded. In this way, the leading idea of the book is sacrificed to its accessories, and an abstract of the plot would give a very false notion of its contents. Indeed, the *forte* of this author lies in the vivid description of separate scenes, which are often but slightly attached to the main thread of the story. The most amusing personages are, not the actors in the plot, or those who carry forward the succession of events, but individuals who are casually introduced only to create a laugh by their peculiarities. Their characters or eccentricities are brought out in a single scene, so far as the author chooses to make use of them, and then they disappear from the story altogether. With such a disposition of materials, the novel appears diffuse and rambling to a great degree ; but it is still interesting as an animated and probably faithful delineation of manners.

Caroline, the heroine of this tale, is made to enlist the sympathies of the reader strongly by the wrongs that she suffers, and the powerful maternal affection which she displays ; but she forfeits them by practising a long continued deceit on a generous husband, and by a timid submission to injury, and a fatuity of conduct, which no reasonable being can pardon. Marianne, her patient and affectionate nurse and attendant, is a far more successful portrait. Indeed, our author seems always to improve, to sketch with greater freedom, variety, and truth, in proportion as he descends in the social scale for the characters and incidents of his fictions. He is quite at home in the cellars and garrets, but

he is ill at ease in apartments of greater pretensions, and appears like a very clown in a fashionable drawing-room. His chimney sweepers, street minstrels, and ignorant peasants, are capitally drawn ; persons in the middling classes are not so good ; and his people of rank and fashion are fairly detestable. The same remark may be applied to a large class of novel writers in some repute, whom it proves to be deficient in real nicety of discernment and delicacy of execution. Refinement, instruction, and good-breeding level outward differences, and reduce society to an apparently homogeneous mass, in which nothing but great tact and acute observation can detect various modifications of character and individual peculiarities. But, where artificial distinctions and observances do not exist, nature unfolds itself more freely, and puts forth such salient traits, that the artist can hardly fail to seize upon some of them in his work, and thus preserve at least a general resemblance to the original. Even Scott, who was a gentleman by instinct, and whose taste and partialities always leaned to the aristocratic side, describes the peasant much better than the lord, and generally makes the domestic a more interesting personage than his master. Paul de Kock is a vulgar fellow by nature, and might, therefore, be reasonably expected to fail in pictures of high life. There is a taint of coarseness and ill-breeding in his most successful sketches, which is not wholly redeemed by all his strength, vivacity, and humor.

La Jolie Fille du Faubourg has even less pretensions than either of the works which we have noticed, to be considered as a regular fiction, or as a book from which any profitable lesson might be derived. To the lover of broad fun, it offers a succession of lively pictures, which might move a monk of La Trappe to laughter, and which are eminently characteristic of the writer, and of the populace for whom they are drawn. Yet the proper heroine of the story, though she occupies only a small portion of it, is an interesting and even a lovely character, showing more purity of conception, and a nicer handling, than one would expect from so coarse a mind. Marguerite is the daughter of a man once in reputable standing, who gained a decent livelihood and the means of giving her a tolerable education, through his labors as a clerk in a banking-house. Nearly alone in the world, having no relatives, and few acquaintances, they find content and

happiness in the proper use of a modest income, and in strong mutual affection. But the banking-house is broken open at night, and a large sum of money stolen, under circumstances which appear conclusively to fix the guilt upon the father. He is tried and found guilty, but, in consideration of his former excellent character, is sentenced only to six years' detention, — a milder kind of imprisonment. The daughter, reduced to indigence, and shrinking from notice on account of the shame of her father's situation, supports herself as a seamstress, and appears in pleasing contrast with the crowd of girls in a similar occupation, of joyous manners, and rather doubtful character, in the midst of whom she is obliged to live. The mode of life within doors, the labors and amusements, of these lively *grisettes*, afford wide scope for the pencil of our city Hogarth, who describes them with admirable spirit and humor, paying far more attention to them than to the principal personage of his story.

Marguerite finds a lover in Alexis Ranville, a young man of good connexions and education, and correct principles, but of the same timid and susceptible character as the Frederic of the former novel. He appears, at first, suffering under an unlucky passion for his cousin, Helen Brevanne, a brilliant coquette, who only amuses herself with the romantic feelings and the awkwardness of her former playmate. A masked ball, to which she invites him only for the sake of betraying him into the most ridiculous acts and situations, for the amusement of her company, affords room for one of those laughable sketches in which our author takes so great delight. Durozel, the friend of Alexis, engages that he shall have his revenge on the spoiled beauty, and, for that purpose, and in order to divert his melancholy, seeks to impart to him ease of manner, and knowledge of society, and to make him acquainted both with high and low life at Paris. The novel is made up chiefly from the events connected with the progress and success of this scheme, a copious store of materials being thus opened for the agreeable and discursive talent of the writer. One of the excursions thus prompted by Durozel is to a party and dance, given, after their fashion, by a number of the seamstresses, and this scene, also, is depicted with great spirit, in the way of broad, though not licentious, drollery. In the house tenanted by them, though not in their society, Alexis meets with Mar-

guerite, and is captivated by her beauty, gentleness, and reserve, and the quiet resignation with which she bears misfortune. His passion for this poor girl, leading him to attribute less importance to other scenes and characters, enables him to acquire the confidence and tact which are requisite for success in fashionable life, and at last he triumphs signally over his cousin, when he had ceased to care for her, or for the people by whom she is surrounded.

It is not worth while to follow out the events by which this end is produced, or those through which Alexis finally discovers and proves the innocence of the father of Marguerite, and, having thus rescued her name from reproach, obtains her hand in marriage. We have said enough to give a general idea of the plot, and of the way in which the author uses it to introduce those broad delineations of low life in Paris in which he excels. We have vainly tried to find in this novel, and in several others by the same author, some passage, which, even under the disadvantage of a translation, might give, without offence to taste or purity, some notion of the comic talent of Paul de Kock. The serious portions do no justice to his abilities, and would not account for his popularity ; and the remainder is so tainted with coarseness, and sometimes with what is worse, that we cannot spread any part of it before our readers. It does not appear that there is any perverseness or obliquity of opinion or sentiment about our author. He does not make war upon the laws of society. He has no new code of morals to recommend, by which virtues and vices shall change places with each other in the estimation of the world. On the contrary, he often shows a proper appreciation of true moral worth, a due discrimination of motives and actions, and a sympathy with suffering virtue. His principles are sound, except in his carelessness with respect to one vice, which exerts a wide and blasting influence over French manners ; but his taste is corrupt. His wit is of the earth, earthy ; his humor has all the pollutions of the kennel. A strange obtuseness of perception appears to beset him in reference to most of the decencies of life and language, the consequence of which is, that his sketches excite disgust quite as frequently as laughter. He has even a preference for wretched vulgarity, and seems to grovel, when the subject would naturally tempt him to soar. The prevalence of

this vile trait in his later writings, and the continued popularity of his works, compel us to believe, that, in this respect, he is only adapting himself to the taste of his countrymen, and that the populace for whom he writes cannot be degraded even by his influence.

The other publications on our list only confirm the view which we have endeavoured to give of the characteristics of Paul de Kock as a novelist, and we can, therefore, pass over them very briefly. *Ni Jamais ni Toujours*, and *Mon Voisin Raymond*, might each be entitled — Passages from the life of a dissipated young man of talent and fortune in Paris. They contain much lively and humorous writing, and some pleasant adventures, though the author copies from himself at times, and the sketches which he presents are recognized as old acquaintances. The field which was open to him in the gay and brilliant city, with its thousand contrasts and shifting scenes, and its laughter-loving inhabitants, though a broad and fertile one, had already yielded him much fruit, and, in his later publications, he appears, at best, to be only gleaning after an abundant harvest. He has, in truth, but a slender vein of invention, and appears to best advantage as an imitator, in making a faithful copy of what is actually before his eyes. And, even in this task, he is most successful, when not obliged to string together the scenes into a connected story, but when each subject stands by itself, and single incidents and characters are not worked up into an elaborate narrative. The two volumes of *Les Mœurs Parisiennes* are filled with such unconnected pieces, and may be reckoned among his most successful and amusing publications. Many of them are quite equal to the best of the "Sketches" of London life, for which we are indebted to Boz.

We have had some scruples about laying before our readers such an account of the light literature of France at the present day as is given above, and in former articles upon the writings of George Sand, and Alexandre Dumas. The question may be asked, Why take any notice of books, which, however indicative of a certain kind of talent, are not suited to the English or American taste, and contain much objectionable and offensive matter? Our answer is, that these publications, with all their faults, are curious, both as a warning and a study; they tell us something respecting

the workings of a depraved taste and imagination, and they throw much light on the character, situation, and opinions, of a large portion of the reading population of France, where they enjoy a great and rapidly increasing popularity. They are as significant, in their way, as were the writings of reflecting and speculative men among the French, just before the outbreak of the revolution of 1789. They show what ideas are simmering in the great cauldron of Paris, and what must be expected, when the fire shall burn more fiercely, and the contents of the vessel shall rise to the surface and overflow. Novels and newspapers constitute nearly all the intellectual food of a great multitude of readers, which is daily increasing, in consequence of the widely diffused means of public education and the cheapness of printing, and the character of these publications is at once an index and a cause of the state of opinion and sentiment among the people to whom they are addressed. Whatever grossness and immorality, whatever licentious speculations upon society, politics, and religion, they may contain, they reflect but too faithfully the moral and intellectual condition of those who read them; and, in proportion to the energy and ability with which they are written, they heighten the very evils which they reveal. It is a source of some consolation and pride, to reflect, that, whatever may be the faults chargeable upon cheap publications of a similar class in the English language, they are far purer and better, more sound in principle and healthy in tone, than the works which are now issuing in great profusion from the Parisian press.

Art. III. — *The Student-life of Germany.* By William Howitt. From the unpublished MS. of Dr. Cornelius. Containing nearly forty of the most famous Student-Songs. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1842. 8vo. pp. 467.

The title of this book will, no doubt, bring up to the minds of most of our readers a vision of young men, assembled together in Universities, with ample libraries and distinguished professors, from whom they learn, that to give two-

thirds of the twenty-four hours to study is less a sacrifice than a self-indulgence. It may be, that here, as in some other cases, half would be better than the whole ; it may be, that their minds would work to more advantage, if not so heavily laden. Still, the thought of such a lofty estimate of the dignity of intellectual pursuits, and such intense devotion to learning, carries with it an imposing title to respect ; and all liberal minds delight to honor the German University, both for what it is, and for what it has done.

With this feeling, we take up such works as the one now before us, desiring to see the interior of this strangely ascetic life ; to know how it is, that these persons become thus independent of common wants and pleasures, and from what sources this high inspiration is drawn. We have no such forms of life among ourselves ; and, though we may not find reason to adopt all their ways, in preference to our own, we feel as if, with due selection, and proper allowance for difference of circumstances, we might gain something by emulation, at least, if not by following their example. With such impressions, we put ourselves under Mr. Howitt's guidance ; and the youth in Dr. Johnson's distich, who applied, with tears in his eyes, to the "hermit hoar in solemn cell," to know the way to happiness, was not more amazed to hear the sage say, "Come, my lad, and drink some beer," than we were, to be conducted, not to the "high, lonely tower," with its pale midnight lamp, but to the bar-room of an inn, where a jolly company are shouting drinking-songs with lungs of brass, draining pots of beer at every cadence, and heaping the jugs into a pyramid to stand in commemoration of what they have done. Or, if this is not enough, we may be admitted to a different scene, where, after preparing themselves for single combat, by head-pieces and mufflers, so as to leave hardly a possible chance of danger, two of these hopeful youths engage in a sham-fight, compared to which, those witnessed at our autumnal reviews are serious and solemn things. Truly, if such is the interior of student-life in Germany, we are content that our own students should never enjoy such advantages, and shall never more complain that their intellectual attainments are comparatively few and small. Richter ingeniously suggests, that these processes are useful, and happily devised for preventing the natural refinement of student-life from going to ex-

cess. We should not have imagined, without being told, that there was any imminent danger of such a catastrophe ; but if it is so, — and he must know better than we, — truly, one could hardly imagine a more effectual preventive than cudgels and pots of beer. We have never perceived any such danger in our seats of learning ; and if the complaint should make its appearance, these are not precisely the remedies to which we should think of resorting. But perhaps it would savor of exclusive presumption, to pronounce that application unsuited to all constitutions, which, we are confident, would not be the thing for ours.

The author perceives that this account of student-life may be received with some irreverence ; and, accordingly, resents by anticipation the reflections which he apprehends will be cast. He is, himself, no fighting character, and, though "not an advocate of that watery suction, miscalled temperance," is not in favor of drinking. Now this "watery suction," as it has pleased him to call it, certainly is temperance, and, like its kindred "spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet," is more likely to nourish high sentiments and imaginations than are those libations of beer and wine, which, as all experience shows, bring down the mind and heart into full communion with the clod. We cannot help thinking him in grievous error on this subject, and very sorry should we be to have him communicate the heresy to young men in this country, or in his own. No doubt, there is a sort of glory in the revel, when the hall is lighted up, when the sympathy of joy and friendship spreads from heart to heart, and the fire of unnatural excitement is just beginning to burn. But let any one visit, by the light of the next morning, the scene of riotous excess, and ask for the lofty sentiments and the glowing fancies of the preceding night, and he will find little poetry, or patriotism either, in the sad heart or the aching head ; he will see that these are not the schools in which any thing great and generous is to be learned, and there can be no greater fraud than to give the impression to the young, that self-indulgence is consistent with any thing great or high. We do not mean to accuse the author of any such design ; his heart seems to be in the right place ; but he either does not see these things in their true light, or he is induced, by his sympathy with the persons whom he describes, to visit their follies with much less con-

demnation than they deserve. It is true enough, as he suggests, that similar scenes are witnessed in other places. If the "Westminster Review" may be trusted, a large proportion of the students at the English Universities lead a life which, when stripped of its foppery and pretension, is sottish and disgusting, to the last degree. Lockhart is no unfriendly authority; and, in his "Reginald Dalton," he gives the same impression, that dissipation prevails, in its most open and shameless forms, throughout those venerable halls. Now all this may be; but it is not very clear, how the circumstance, that the English Universities are bad, can make the German any better. It probably is wiser, as a choice of evils, to stupefy one's self with beer than to inflame with wine; but, instead of setting one against the other, the better course is, to treat both with the contempt they deserve, and never to allow the association of poetry and high feeling with licentiousness and self-indulgence, though many have endeavoured to unite what God and nature have put asunder. Many Anacreons, in various ages, have been the worst enemies of humanity, and the moral sentiment of future times will consign them to a most unenviable immortality.

It ought not to be forgotten, however, that, in every collection of men, — we do not say *young* men, for the thing is not peculiar to any age, — strange practices and sentiments grow up in consequence of their seclusion from domestic influences and other natural restraints, by means of which men at large are kept in order. We see this in the example of the American Congress, so unfortunately assembled in a city of their own, where they are not immediately acted upon by public opinion. Let any one witness an excited scene in that body, and he will be astonished beyond measure, that men, who must be, to some extent, trusted and honored at home, can be so unspeakably childish on these occasions. Nothing would tempt them into these antic exhibitions of themselves in the presence of their wives, children, and neighbours; being well assured, that, if they did so, they would never hear the last of it at their domestic altars. If these things can be in high places, as every one knows that they are, it is not surprising that the same absence of domestic influences should have a similar effect on younger men, leading them into habits of thought and ways of life which others cannot sympathize with, nor respect, nor even understand.

When the curtain is withdrawn from the interior of foreign seats of learning, we see nothing which, in these respects, makes it necessary to blush for our own; but every one, who has resided in our colleges, knows what a peculiar atmosphere is created, and what a strange sort of opinion is manufactured, within their walls. The tragic and the comic are often thrown out of their accustomed places; new and unheard-of propositions in morals are upheld as if they were long-established truths, and with a zeal which would seem grotesque and ironical, if it did not so evidently come from the heart. Actions, which no one, in the open world, would think of defending, are trumpeted forth as efforts of distinguished virtue, and if any one is called to account for one of these exploits, he is looked upon as a Christian martyr. The great difficulty of conducting these institutions arises from the fact, that no mortal can tell how particular things will strike the collective wisdom of a college; in the world, one may calculate with reasonable precision; but there is no Espy to say how, at any given time, within a college, the wind will happen to blow. This occasional waywardness is the chief difficulty arising from the monastic system, as it prevails in our colleges. The moral evils of such retreats have been greatly reduced by that "watery suction" which Mr. Howitt holds in so light esteem. In spite of his authority, we should be very sorry to witness a rejection of the unpretending element. We are thoroughly skeptical as to the genuineness of that fine sentiment which is thought to be associated with drinking. For the ordinary purpose of quenching thirst, still more for moral and intellectual improvement, one draught from a common spring, not to speak of Castalian fountains, is worth a thousand pots of beer. During the rejoicings in London, after the peace of Amiens, Espriella says, that one of these last-named articles, creamy and foaming, was exhibited in a transparency, with a label proceeding from it, containing the words, "I am coming down." This agreeable prediction, doubtless, had respect to the price; but if it referred to the estimation, also, it is in a fair way to be fulfilled among persons of English descent, though, in some parts of the civilized world, it would seem to stand as high as ever.

The associations, which give the tone to social life in the German Universities, appear to have grown out of the ten-

dency manifested by students who come from the same region, to associate together, and, though divided by their pursuits and studies, to maintain a union of sympathy and feeling. This was a very natural arrangement; and, as such, was countenanced by the public authorities. But when they became so many schools of free and patriotic sentiment, they fell under suspicion; and, as they were really more united by regard for their common country, than for the particular part of it from which they happened to come, they followed the prevailing impulse, and were amalgamated into one *Burschenschaft*, as it is called. The murder of Kotzebue, by Sand, in 1819, drew the attention of the government to this association; and, as such notice is rather oppressive than complimentary, the members of the *Burschenschaft* resolved themselves again into their *Chores*, or local unions. These still exist, with their particular colors and badges, though without the freshness of their earlier days. They are generally prohibited by the government, and, therefore, many decline to join them; but they nevertheless exist, and exert an influence over the whole body of the students. It is to them that we owe the existence of some of these precious remnants of former habits to which we have already alluded, and which, without any great loss to manners or morals, might have been suffered to pass away.

Though these *Chores* are under the ban of the government, they contrive to evade its laws and penalties; being less frowned upon, perhaps, because they have lost much of their traditional charm, being rather accidental and capricious than historical and earnest, and, therefore, less dangerous to established power. Sometimes one dissolves, in consequence of the smallness of its numbers, and a new one springs up in its stead. Such an association signifies its purpose to the assembly of seniors, who hold a sort of patriarchal authority; and if it seems good to these elders, the new *Chore* appears, as such, in the next *Allgemeine*, which is the gathering of all the *Chores;* an event welcomed with great satisfaction, inasmuch as it affords a pleasing opportunity for them to pick quarrels with each other. The new company strikes up an alliance with one of the old, and an enmity with some other; a general challenging takes place between the various members, duels are attended with great

delight, and rejoicings — such as might be expected — follow the victory. It is said, that the qualifications for a leader of a *Chore* are great skill in the use of arms, a powerful voice, and a stomach that will hold "plenty of beer." One who has these excellent gifts is duly respected; being considered able, on all occasions, to maintain the honor of the band over which he presides. The next officer is a sort of secretary of war, having charge of all that relates to the duel, such as the arms and etiquette, and holding himself ready to act as second, whenever his services may be required. The third of these literary dignitaries is the treasurer of the association. The affairs of this intellectual body are managed by the *Chore* convent, as it is called, which is connected with the general assembly of all the *Chores;* and, on all occasions of peculiar solemnity, their energies are concentrated in one body. The greatest of these occasions is that of excommunication. When a trader, an innkeeper, or shop-keeper, has offered an injury to a student, he appeals to this tribunal, and, the charge duly authenticated, they make inquiry into the guilt of the accused. If it be proved against him, he is laid under proscription for a given time, and no student, whether in or out of the union, is permitted to enter his premises, or to purchase any thing from him, under penalty of a similar persecution. Beside this venerable body, there is also a beer court, composed, doubtless, of individuals thoroughly habituated to such matters, who are to settle all points of drinking ceremony, which are neither small in importance, nor few in number. The labors of this tribunal, we should apprehend, must be somewhat oppressive; but the honor, such as it is, is probably deemed a sufficient compensation. The students who take no part in any of these proceedings are contemptuously called "camels." The explanation of the term and its application is not given; but it is, doubtless, because the animal in question is so abstinent in respect to drinking, that his name is applied in scorn to those who thus forget the claims of literature, and the higher purposes of existence.

There is an account given of the ceremonies of introduction to one of these associations, of the same highly intellectual character which might be expected from the preceding examples. The *Chores* assemble in one of their most spacious rooms, embellished with the insignia of the order. The

president of the evening sits at a table with a drawn sword before him, and the spectators are well provided with their professional equipment of pipes and beer. The doors suddenly open, and an old *Bursch*, seated in a chair with its back before him, rides in, dressed in jack-boots and leather-breeches, and wearing the hat of a postilion, with the horn at his side, and a sword in his right hand. Sometimes he appears riding on an ass, but not often ; probably from the difficulty of determining which of the two animals is entitled to ride the other. A procession of *Foxes*, or youths who are thus entering upon their literary career, follow him in similar guise, and the whole assembly break forth into a song, consisting of questions and replies ; after which, they proceed to the more serious business of the evening, and furnish each catechumen with a pipe and a pot of beer. When these more general solemnities are over, they proceed to the details of the occasion. First comes the initiation of the "Brand-Foxes," or freshmen entering on their second half-year. The candidates appear in great wigs of tow, and are pursued by the assembled *Burschen* with lighted papers, with which they beat them over the head and face, till the paper burns out, when the service is completed, and they are advanced to the dignity of *Brand-Foxes*. But this does not end the race of ambition. The degree of the *Young Burschen* is before them, and each one sits down by the side of an old *Bursch*, who is to serve as his example. Whatever the venerable elder drinks, the disciple must do the same ; accordingly, at the conclusion of the scene, the younger portion are in a condition more easily imagined than described, and the elders enjoy the placid satisfaction of those who have assisted others in an opening race of glory.

Considering the element of these rejoicings, and the life to which they belong, it would be strange, if harmony should always remain unbroken ; and, accordingly, a way is open to exact redress, and receive satisfaction for insults and wrongs. It is not wholly without danger ; though, setting the friendly *symposium* by the side of the mortal combat, the former seems to us incomparably the most dangerous of the two. In case of a quarrel, the injured or insulted party applies to one of the *Chores*. That respectable body undertakes the management of the affair ; providing a surgeon, appointing the place of meeting, and announcing the arrangements to

the parties concerned. The usual weapon is a long, flexible blade, blunt at the point, and basket-hilted, to protect the hand. Sometimes they make use of pistols or the sabre, but, in general, they betray no rashness in the exposure of their lives.

Each duellist is conducted into a chamber by his witness and second, in order to put on his armor. This consists of a cap, which is generally worn loose, that the blows may take less effect. A tall cravat protects the throat, reaching up to the nose. The arm is secured by a leather glove, over which is drawn a quilted covering, with a bandage about the shoulder. The legs are inserted in trousers of thick leather, coming high over the breast. The whole person being thus invested, it must require considerable adroitness, not merely to give, but to receive, a dangerous blow ; though it is said, that the theological students fight in a large cap, to make the face more secure, since, if they should carry the marks of one of these encounters, their services in the church militant would be less in request than if they had had no experience in arms.

In addition to the other precautions, the second is provided with a rapier fixed in a basket-handle, with which he is to ward off blows intended for his principal, in case the point is presented. When the word is given, the combatants cross their swords, and move round each other, looking for some unguarded part, which, as may be supposed, it is not so easy to find. As soon as a blow is given, the battle is suspended, to ascertain what damage is done. It generally turns out, that the garment is that which needs repair ; sometimes eyes and noses suffer considerable detriment, but the injury seldom reaches the brain, which is but little concerned in these transactions. There are some who have fought thirty, forty, and even sixty times, without any serious wounds. The harmlessness of this kind of duel is its great recommendation to the parties. We observe, that the fire-eaters in this country, ferocious as they are to those who have too much sense and conscience to fight, are extremely civil and complaisant to each other. Explanations are readily given and accepted, where there is the least danger of actual war, though in other cases they are terribly unrelenting. The truth is, that the whole business is stupid and senseless, whether in its harmless or savage form, and, of

all places where it should be tolerated, a seat of learning should be the last.

It must not be supposed, that the authorities smile upon these interesting and amiable proceedings. A reward is offered to those who shall detect offenders, which produces a contest of skill between the beadles endeavouring to make arrests, and the students to evade them. An emissary of the parties is stationed to give a signal of the beadle's approach; in case there is time to disrobe themselves, they leave the ground in a very innocent manner, and return to their usual quarters; but, if the alarm is too pressing, the martialists sound a retreat, not the most dignified, into some neighbouring garret, or cornfield, intending to return, and put on their warlike air again, as soon as the danger is past. Should they be caught, they are conducted to the university prison, in the upper part of the house of the chief beadle. It consists of apartments secured with iron gratings, and furnished only with a bed, a small table, and a wooden chair. The penalty is varied, according to the aggravation of the offence. When books and visits are denied, still more, when the bed is carried out in the morning, as is the case in some universities, the student finds it a serious thing to be left "alone in his glory."

We are introduced to some personages who act an important part at Heidelberg, not precisely in any literary department, but in services which throw some light upon prevailing tastes and feelings. One of these is the Red Fisherman, as he is called, from the color of his hair, a person of great activity, strength, and courage, who, by reason of these qualifications, is able to serve the students, not exactly in their studies, but in other respects, which they hold in as great esteem. At night, when the bell sounds a retreat from public houses, he makes his rounds, and, if he finds any literary characters so much "bemused with beer," as to be unable to obey its summons, he takes one on each shoulder, and conveys the precious burden home. When the students get into difficulty by insulting the neighbouring peasants, who are not slow to wrath on such occasions, he interposes his great strength for the rescue, and saves them from the chastisement they deserve. He is the person always employed in their martial combats, to detect the movements of the police, and give the parties warning in time to fly. As, in

addition to these active services, "he patiently bears their whims and humors in their barleycornish hours," one may easily understand what a treasure such a person must be in any literary institution.

Another person, who serves to furnish intellectual amusement, is one who began life as a student; but, never having been very sound in his understanding, afforded excellent sport to those who were humane enough to take advantage of his simplicity. He received a forged letter, informing him that he was appointed a privy counsellor of the Hesse Darmstadt Court, from which he has derived his present title of Privy Counsellor Diehl. In this letter, he was advised to procure a certain pomatum for his hair, which he did; the consequence was, that his hair was taken off by the application, and his reason, which was weak before, was hopelessly darkened, so that the joke was not only completely successful, but a standing subject of mirth was provided for many a future day. He now employs himself in maturing vast schemes of physical and civil improvement, all of which he commits to interminable reams of paper. By day, he walks round with his dog, to which he is devotedly attached, and is remarked at once for his air of gentle humility, mingled with inoffensive pride. His compositions serve to amuse the students; but it is not easy to tell why; there is nothing very ludicrous in such words as these: "To injure a man in his eyesight irreparably, — to damage his hearing, — to cause his hair to fall off, — to induce epilepsy, — to make his very spirit stand still! Instead of that office of important study to which I believed myself advanced, thus came I to sit where inexpressible pains are given, which make every thing in man, that is of the nature of man, cry out. But the hardest of all was to become a maniac!" It is true, that there are many long passages in his writings which are evidently "built in the eclipse," and thoroughly destitute of meaning; but, in this respect, they very much resemble certain lucubrations which have been greatly admired among ourselves, not so much for the meaning which they conveyed, as for the masterly manner in which their meaning, if they had any, was folded up within them, so as not to be discovered by any uninitiated eye; reminding one of the diamond, taken out from a hundred wrappers, to be exhibited to Belzoni, by an Egyptian who believed it of priceless value,

while the European saw at once that it was part of an old cruet-stopper.

Another of these characters, and surely one of the most respectable, is an old lady, whose vocation is to sell fruit to the students. Not that there is any thing very eminent in her calling; but, by means of it, she has supported her son through the various stages of education, till he has reached the dignity of curate in the church. In one respect, her services must be of great value; she is very free with her well-meant advice, when any members of the university, of her acquaintance, are guilty of any discreditable conduct. This office can be no sinecure, since, judging from what we have already seen, the need of such services must be tolerably general, though they may not be esteemed as they deserve.

There is one characteristic of German student-life which has more to recommend it than some others to which we have alluded. We mean the fondness for music, for which the nation is distinguished. It is found in all ranks and classes, the high and the low, the cultivated and the unenlightened, and exerts a refining effect upon them all. It is said, that, if you take from Germany its music, its drinking, and its smoking, it becomes quite another country. We should be perfectly willing to have it lose its identity, so far as the latter accomplishments are concerned; but its music deserves to be placed in a different association; of the angles of this triangle, it is the only right one; and, if it were possible to redeem the other two recreations from the charge of grossness, it would be done by this beautiful art, which, one would think, might be sufficient, without the aid of more earthly stimulants, to raise the spirits, and warm the heart. In most of the German schools, some instruction in music is given; not very systematic or extensive, but sufficient to give every one some idea of melody, and to enable him to use his own powers. Specimens of the songs most popular among the students are given; they do not convey the most exalted idea of the verse thus married to song; but, perhaps, traditional associations, recollections of former days, and excited social feelings, may give them charms, which a stranger cannot easily discover. Unfortunately, the idea of drinking is quite too often and too prominently presented, and the author says, that, "when the cups have not gone their rounds too diligently, it is a genuine pleasure to listen to them."

The delight would, in our opinion, be quite as genuine, if it were entirely separated from this danger. We do not think much of the moral reflection, that the student may well enjoy these days, because they are few. In all those cases where a man sets fire to his dwelling, to enjoy the present warmth of the blaze, he finds that his momentary pleasure leads on to future consequences which are not so pleasant. Such fires are more easily kindled than extinguished.

The author, apparently from his own observation, describes the accommodations of the student at the university, which, so far as they are illustrative of taste and character, are worth regarding. He represents himself as going with a friend to a chamber, from which, as he opened the door, rolled a dense cloud of smoke, that prevented their seeing any thing within; but they heard a whip whistling in the air, and a voice shouting to a dog, "Down! down!" These dogs are a very general article of the student's furniture, and attend him in his rides, walks, and battles. It is recorded, that, a nose being unfortunately cut off in a duel, one of the dogs present stepped forward and swallowed it, thus putting an end to all hope of its restoration. As soon as the host became visible, he courteously welcomed his visiters, and supplied each with a well-filled pipe, as the first earnest of hospitality. In taking observations, they saw a small sleeping-apartment attached to a larger chamber, which would have seemed comfortable, were it not for the confusion of books, pipes, rapiers, clothes, and writing apparatus, wildly thrown together on tables, chairs, a sofa, and book-shelves, with a little stove in the centre. The student himself was arrayed in a dressing-gown and showy slippers, with a handkerchief thrown loosely round his neck, and an embroidered cap, called a *beer-cap*, on his head. On one wall of the room was *silhouettes*, with a *Chore-band*, or riband showing the appropriate colors of the fraternity, festooned over them. The second contained some likenesses of professors, and views of different cities. On the third wall were pipes of all sorts and sizes; and on the fourth, a *Chore-cap* and guitar, under which was a little table, with preparations for smoking and drinking. The course of life for the day appeared to be this; in the morning, they pursue their studies over a cup of coffee and pipe of tobacco, and then go to the classes; they dine at twelve, then go to the coffee-house, and, in the even-

ing, to the *Kneip*, or meeting-room of the *Chore*, to drink beer. A long dissertation is here given on the various kinds of pipes, and we are assured that this filthy habit of smoking has increased very much within the last twenty years. We were not aware that it could be greater, nor that it ever had been less, than it is now.

There is, however, a brighter page in this volume, to which we gladly turn. It celebrates the enthusiasm for the freedom of their country, which was called out in the students of the universities, at the time when the blood-shod foot of Napoleon was trampling it down. The first *Burschenschaft* (we ought, perhaps, to have said, that the *Bursch* is a student who has been long enough at the university to enter into its social ways and feelings,) was formed when Francis the Second abdicated the German Imperial throne, under the pressure of dishonorable compulsion. The German language and spirit had been elevated by Schiller, Göthe, and Lessing. The French language and literature fell at once in the general esteem. As the literary honor rose, the sense of political degradation became more intolerble, and, as might have been expected, this contrast of glory and shame came home most powerfully to the German student's breast. The effect was, to raise him above the follies which we have described, and to turn the tide of social feeling, which had run in these meaner channels, into one deep and strong current of patriotic self-devotion. The members of the *Burschenschaft* endeavoured to maintain great purity of manners, and to increase their physical strength ; the miserable duel was not allowed between those connected with the union ; the associations of the different universities kept up constant communication with each other ; and the best spirits of the land, seeing that a mighty engine was here in motion and gathering strength, considered it a duty to afford all the aid and encouragement in their power. Their anniversaries were celebrated with processions and torch-trains ; they gloried in copying the dress and customs of their German fathers ; and, as soon as the trumpet sounded, volunteers poured forth from the universities, who had been prepared in these associations, to do and sacrifice every thing in resisting the oppressors of their country. Körner's songs express the inspiration which, at that inspiring time, swelled in every young German heart. Napoleon, un-

fortunately for his reputation and the stability of his empire, did not understand the power of these moral affections, till he saw the mighty spirits rising from the deep where they had slumbered; nor were the Holy Allies aware, that it was dangerous to trifle with those who had once risen against oppression, and had tasted the blessing of the free.

Though the general spirit of this association was moral and elevated, there were some instances in which it ran into wild and criminal excess; — naturally enough, where the precious doctrine is accepted, that the instincts and impulses are a sufficient rule of duty. Of these, the most remarkable case was that of Sand, the murderer of Kotzebue, whose employment in the Russian service required him to furnish reports on the state of literature and public opinion, which were fashioned, perhaps, with more regard to the taste of his employers than to the interests of his own country. One of these reports, which was particularly offensive, became known, through the faithlessness of a transcriber, and it contained charges against certain persons which excited great indignation. In other public ways, also, Kotzebue showed himself the enemy of the free spirit which prevailed; and Sand, a retired and pensive dreamer, who communicated little with others, and brooded in secret over his own duty and destiny, felt himself called to visit the wrongs of his country upon the offender's head.

He said, that the idea of destroying Kotzebue presented itself gradually to his mind, which at first refused to welcome it, partly from a natural shrinking from such a deed, and partly from the feeling that he was born to something better. He often prayed that he might not be called to the effort; but the purpose became a fixed idea, which he could not dislodge, and, when he heard that Kotzebue was about to return to Russia, he resolved that the deed must be done. He made choice of a large and a small dagger, carrying one in the breast of the waistcoat, and the other secured in his sleeve. He then prepared a manifesto, designed to be made public, in which he glories in the deed he is about to do, assigning his reasons for it, and calling upon his countrymen to assert their high destiny. He observed, however, that he stood alone; "I have no dependence but on the Eternal Father; in Him I grasp courage to conquer the last terror, and to accomplish my solemn deed." Cov-

ering his dress with a carter's frock, he left Jena, and proceeded with great deliberation to Manheim, reading the Gospel of St. John upon the way, which, together with Körner's poems, he carried with him. He breakfasted at a hotel, and, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, was conducted by a waiter to the house of his victim. He announced himself to the maid at the door as a gentleman from Mietau, and, as Kotzebue was absent, was requested to call at five in the afternoon. At dinner, he conversed with great composure on various subjects, and, at the appointed time, returned, and found Kotzebue at home. He lamented most of all, when he came into the presence of his victim, that he was compelled to dissemble in order to prevent suspicion. After a few phrases of complimentary address, he drew his dagger, and, with the words, "Here! thou traitor to the Fatherland!" struck Kotzebue down. Then, with the small dagger from the sleeve, he gave him several stabs in the side. The work was done so effectually, that, without any effort, and with but one short cry of alarm, the victim sunk to the floor. The murderer, turning round, saw one of the children, whose scream of terror gave him such a feeling, that he felt bound to make it some recompense, as he said, for the loss of its father, and, therefore, stabbed himself in the breast. In presence of the people, who were at once collected together, he kneeled down, saying, "I thank thee, God, for thy victory!" and, pressing the small sword with his hands, forced it into his bosom, and fell upon his side. But the wound inflicted on himself was not mortal.

This fanatic behaved, at his execution, with great decency and composure. He requested that no clergyman might attend him, because it was, in his opinion, a degradation of the clerical order, to require their presence on such occasions. He expressed the same perverted religious feeling as before. In reference to the murder, he said, that, if, through divine revelation, he could learn that his act was wrong, he should repent it; meaning, probably, a particular revelation to him, for one would suppose that the revelation in the Scriptures was tolerably explicit on the subject of bloodshed, and of doing evil that good may come. His moral theory was expressed in the words, "My own conviction is my law. I act right, whenever I follow it. It guides me better than divine or human precepts." It is

needless to enlarge on the subject; his whole history is a sufficient commentary on the doctrine of those, who think that every vessel can pilot its own way into port by means of the lantern on its deck, much better than by observing the fixed lighthouse on the shore.

The murder of Kotzebue did not create much alarm, since he was neither beloved nor respected in his country; but an attempt to assassinate Ibell, the President of the first Chamber of Nassau, by the fanatic Löning, gave the impression that an evil spirit was abroad, and the *Burschenschaft*, together with all other associations of the kind, was suppressed by the strong arm of the law. As usual on such occasions, these guilty deeds, done in the name of liberty, not only failed of their designed effect, but brought reproach on the name of freedom, and gave a pretext, which was readily seized, for persecuting all men of liberal opinions, for suppressing all free publication of thought, and establishing tribunals for purposes of oppression. In this poor work, Russia took the lead, and thereby lost the honor which she had acquired by her efforts to deliver Germany from the power of France, and by other manifestations of generous feeling.

But we are pursuing the subject farther than we intended. Having great respect for the German mind and character, we cannot say that we have enjoyed this work, though we would not disparage the entertaining powers of the writer. We must say, that this perpetual beer-drinking and pipe-smoking are essentially coarse and low, and, so far from being raised to the skies, by their association with intellect and literature, are much more likely to draw those angels down. The author says, that, "amid all the follies, mad frolics, and nonsense of German student-life, he must be destitute of poetry himself who does not feel it there." We must plead guilty to the charge in its full extent, and, what is worse, feel neither penitence nor shame for others' destitution. We should be sorry to see poetry and high sentiment coming in such a questionable shape into our own universities; but, if the thing should happen, we shall be apt to speak to it, and tell it our minds without reserve.

ART. IV. — *M. T. Ciceronis Tusculanarum Quæstionum Libri Quinque. Ex Editionibus Oliveti et Ernesti. Accedunt Notæ Anglicæ. Curâ* C. K. DILLAWAY, A. M. Philadelphia and Boston. 1842. Two Volumes.

MR. DILLAWAY has lately sent forth two new volumes of his neat edition of Latin classics, containing the "Tusculan Questions" of Cicero. They correspond to the volumes previously published in their appearance, design, and execution. The text in this case, as well as in that of the previously published works of Cicero embraced in this collection, is stated to be "Ex Editionibus Oliveti et Ernesti." We do not suppose this text to be the result of Mr. Dillaway's own critical labors, but simply a reprint of the small London edition, frequently called the "Regent's Edition," which bears on the title-page the same declaration, with the addition "assiduâ recensione accurata." Each volume is accompanied by notes of a miscellaneous character, intended to elucidate the thoughts and language of the author, and to explain historical, literary, and other allusions.

Before entering upon an examination of the manner in which the editor has executed his task, we feel bound to bear testimony to the zeal of Mr. Dillaway in bringing many works of the best Latin authors within the reach of young students in schools and colleges, and thus enabling these institutions to accomplish one of their objects, — the imparting of a knowledge of the Latin language by the use of many *different* authors, — a change no less beneficial, in our opinion, to the pupil, than agreeable to the instructer.

With regard to the text of this work, and of several others of Cicero, it cannot fail to be a cause of regret to every lover of that great Roman writer, that the editor has made a choice so little in accordance with both the claims and resources of the present day. The text of the Regent's edition is a compound of that of Olivet and Ernesti, made by a person who is not even named, and on principles which the reader, unaided by any hint or observation of either editor or publisher, is left to gather, as best he may, from the work itself. There is no preface, there are no notes, stating when and for what reasons, in one case, the reading of Ernesti, in another, of Olivet, and in a third, of neither, is

adopted. The edition is, consequently, worthless in a critical point of view, whatever may be said in its favor on the ground of its neatness and typographical correctness. It may have been a very profitable speculation for the bookseller, but it is certainly a very unscholarlike production. If Mr. Dillaway had any reasons — and we cannot but suppose that such was the case, although he observes an unbroken silence on this subject — for resting satisfied with the results of criticism, in settling the text of Cicero, obtained nearly a hundred years ago, and for eschewing and ignoring the great progress made since then, he should have stated them ; but we must protest against his mode of proceeding, as a strange kind of literary and critical conservatism. If, as we have said, he preferred to take no notice of the labors of a series of illustrious scholars of the last three generations, we should have advised him to adopt either the text of Ernesti or of Olivet, and not contribute to spread and perpetuate such a critical hotch-potch as the Regent's edition.

The edition of Olivet enjoyed, for a considerable time, a great and extensive popularity ; but not so much on account of its merits, as because it was, after an interval of half a century, the first entire edition of Cicero's works ; the edition of Gronovius having appeared in 1692, and that of Olivet in 1740. Olivet does not even pretend to furnish a text of his own, based upon a careful examination of manuscripts, as well as editions ; he took the editions of Victorius, Manutius, Lambin, and Gruter, followed them when they agreed with each other, and selected some one of them when they disagreed. We state, in his own words, what he says of the use of manuscripts ; "At enim, inquies, abstineri a codicibus manu scriptis non oportuit. Equidem, si res mihi sit cum scriptore plebeio, facile adducar, ut credam in bibliothecis latere chartas edentulas, quæ sint alicujus pretii. Verum de Cicerone quid esse spei reliquum potest, in quo jam a renascentium literarum seculo et typographicæ artis exortu studiosorum oculos ita defixit admiratio, ut quidquid in tenebris jaceret, eruere properaverint ? Atqui paucis post annis, et spirante adhuc Victorio, meliores unquam libros inveniri posse vix sperabant ; nunc, ne vix quidem." Orelli, not only one of the first classical scholars of the age, and eminent for his acumen and circumspection as a critic, but a

man of liberal views, says of Olivet's edition ; " Sed ista ipsa Oliveti recensio, præter ceteras, quæ nomen aliquod nactæ sunt, est arbitraria, negligens, omnis generis erroribus referta, exiguo denique cum judicio suscepta." The edition of Ernesti, which appeared for the first time in 1737, is undoubtedly better than that of Olivet, although laboring under several defects. The great sin of Ernesti, as of other scholars since his time, was, that, having conceived some grammatical notions with regard to the language of Cicero, he did not hesitate to alter the text, in defiance of manuscripts and every other authority, whenever it was at variance with his preconceived ideas.

The situation of an American scholar in the exercise of classical criticism is, indeed, unfavorable. Our literary resources, though rapidly increasing, are still very incomplete. How few libraries are there in the country, which contain complete series of the principal editions of the Greek and Latin authors, not to mention manuscripts ! The distance of Europe, and the difficulty of procuring thence literary aid, are so great that, at present and for years to come, any independent and original activity on the part of American scholars in the field of classical criticism is scarcely to be thought of. But, such being the case, it is doubly the duty of one attempting to edit a classic, to avail himself of the assistance which is accessible to him. To use, in editing a work of Cicero, the text of Ernesti, or, what is still worse, the hybrid text of the Regent's edition, and scorn that of Orelli, seems to us an unjustifiable — we had almost said, wanton — disregard of what the scholarship of the nineteenth century has accomplished.

Our remarks, thus far, on the proper selection of a text, have had reference to the works of Cicero in general. Let us approach one step nearer, and see what are the available aids for preparing an edition of the " Tusculan Questions." There is, in the first place, the edition of Davis, a man whose name will ever be mentioned with respect by all who know any thing about the philosophical works of Cicero ; we do not, of course, mean the second edition (1723), in which the text of Bentley, with all his ingenious but bold emendations, was adopted, which Davis himself abandoned in his third edition (1730), and returned almost entirely to his first text. Next comes the edition of F. A. Wolf, that

greatest of modern philologists, who boasted, and with reason too, that he could write as good Latin as Cicero himself; who actually entered the lists against him, by furnishing a rival translation of the well known passage from Phædo, introduced by Cicero into the first book (cap. 41) of the "Tusculan Questions"; and whose edition of the "Tusculan Questions," as well as his lectures on them, are rich mines of classical lore. There is, also, that pattern of an edition by Kühner, who afterward adopted the text of Orelli — no light testimony in favor of the merits of that great scholar. Finally, there is the edition of Moser, a remarkable specimen of patient critical investigation. To neglect aids like these, and turn in preference to the Regent's edition, is not even to stand still in the course of improvement, but to return to the errors and imperfections of a former age.

We could wish to illustrate our remarks on the text chosen by Mr. Dillaway, by examining some passages, but we must not encroach on the space wanted for some observations on his commentary. As it is, we shall not be able to extend our examination over the whole work. We prefer to subject a portion of it to a careful scrutiny, in order to judge thoroughly and fairly of Mr. Dillaway's production, and to show both to our readers and the editor, that we have attentively perused his work, and formed our opinion from something more than merely skimming over its pages. We select for our purpose the first book.

In preparing an edition of a classic for the use of schools and colleges, it is no easy matter to observe, both in the quantity and quality of the notes, a due medium between too much and too little. The same authors are sometimes used, in different institutions, at different stages of the student's progress. A commentary which may render the study of an author sufficiently easy for one kind of pupils, may not be full enough for another. The instructers, too, are of various qualifications; some may be able to furnish a necessary explanation, which the pupil does not find in his edition, while others are as dependent on the assistance of the editor, as the pupils themselves. The same difficulties present themselves in judging of the adaptation of an edition to its object, in determining what notes are needed, and whether the notes given are too numerous or too few. The safest, and, indeed, the only way is, to judge of the book by the book itself,

to ascertain whether the editor is consistent in his supposition of the wants and resources of the student. If, for example, we find that common grammatical facts are explained, while nicer points, peculiarities of the writer or of his age, or of the class of writings to which the book belongs, are left unnoticed, or if the meaning of words and sentences which are comparatively easy is elucidated, while terms and passages presenting real difficulties are passed over in silence, we cannot avoid considering it as a very defective edition.

If we apply this fair rule to the commentary of the edition under consideration, we shall find it liable to considerable objections. In order to present the remarks, which we wish to make, in some kind of order, we shall arrange them in three groups, relating to the superfluities, deficiencies, and errors, of the commentary.

In the class of superfluous notes, we place a great portion of those relating to matters of history, biography, and antiquities. Some of them contain information which, we can reasonably suppose, is already possessed by pupils who read a book like this ; such are the enumeration of the higher deities (c. 13), the account of Phidias and his principal work (c. 15), the remark on the word *Avernus*, familiar to every schoolboy who has read Virgil (c. 16), the account of the golden fleece (c. 20), of the invention of the alphabet (c. 25), the remark on the use of garlands as an emblem of joy (c. 35), the account of the death of Brutus (c. 37), of the battle at Cannæ (c. 37), the note on embalming (c. 45), the account of the battle at Leuctra (c. 46). Other notes touch upon subjects which undoubtedly require explanation, but the information furnished is of too indefinite and unsatisfactory a description to be of much service. To this class belong those especially relating to the history of philosophy and literature, as on early poetry (c. 1), on Homer (c. 1),* on "sedens" and "ambulans" (c. 4). Here, indeed, we are altogether at a loss to understand what Mr. Dillaway means. Does he intend to insinuate that Cicero carried his method as an eclectic so far as to adopt the manners and

* To show, in one instance, what we mean, we will quote this note ; "Homer was born about 160 years after the destruction of Troy, and lived to the age of 104. So says Salianus; some think differently." What would Wolf and Nitzsch say to this?

habits of the leading philosophers, as well as their tenets? We refer also to the notes on Roman funerals (c. 7), on Plato and his philosophy (c. 10), on atomical philosophy (c. 11), on Pyrrhus and Cyneas (c. 24), on the expression "quem Homerum philosophorum appellat" (c. 32) (where the point seems to be misapprehended), on Lysimachus (c. 43), and on Diogenes (c. 43).

Some of the notes, which contain references to other authors, are superfluous, either because they throw no light upon the passages to be explained, or they are inappropriate and inapposite. Of this kind is the note to "esset tamen miseriæ finis is morte" (c. 5); it is not easy to perceive what light the passage from Lucan, or the mention of the Ethics of Aristotle, throws upon the expression. The passage from Pliny (c. 9) does *not* prove the extension of the name Catus to all the Ælii, and is consequently superfluous. If the difference in the forms "corculum," used by Ennius and Cicero, and "corculus," used by Pliny, had been remarked upon, there would have been some object in the quotation. In the note on the opinion of Xenocrates (c. 10), not only the superfluity, but also the form of the quotation is to be noticed. Who would suspect, that, by Lucullus, Cicero is meant, who in one of the Academics puts this expression into the mouth of Lucullus, the principal interlocutor, from whom the book itself is named? The quotations from Hieronymus (c. 12), from Pliny (c. 20), and from Juvenal (c. 22), might all have been omitted.

A more striking instance of an inapposite quotation is in c. 24. Neither the passage in Plautus, nor the one in Virgil, is precisely to the point. All three passages are, indeed, instances of *attraction*, but in a different degree. In this passage, and in similar ones, the subject of the relative clause becomes the object of the main clause; "Nam *sanguinem*, *bilem*, *pituitam*, *ossa*, *nervos*, *venas*, *omnem* denique membrorum et totius corporis *figuram* videor posse *dicere*, unde concreta, et quo modo facta sint"; instead of "Nam *sanguis*, *bilis*, *pituita*, *ossa*, *nervi*, *venæ*, *omnis* denique membrorum et totius corporis *figura*, videor posse dicere, unde concreta, et quo modo facta sint." This kind of attraction occurs particularly with the verbs "dicere," "intelligere," "opinari," "metuere"; it is used in the language of common conversation, and occurs, therefore, fre-

quently in the comic writers, and sometimes in the familiar treatises and letters of Cicero. De Nat. Deor. 1, 26, would have been a passage in point; "*Istud* quasi *corpus* et *sanguinem*, quid sit, *intelligis*"; but, as there is a difference in the reading, we add another instance; Cic. Fam. 4, 1; "*Rem vides*, quo modo se habeat." It would lead us too far, to enter upon an explanation of passages such as those quoted from Plautus and Virgil. Suffice it to say, that both are instances of a bolder kind of attraction, inasmuch as "Hos" and "urbem" adopt the case of "quos" and "quam," without being grammatically dependent on any verb or preposition.

In conclusion of this portion of our remarks, we point out two more quotations of a similar description; one from Ovid, to the "sphæra" of Archimedes (c. 25), and the other from Virgil, where we are again at a loss to understand what resemblance there is between the "duæ viæ" of Cicero, or rather Socrates, and the two roads mentioned in Virgil's description of the infernal regions.

To show how advantageously the space occupied by such superfluous or unsatisfactory notes might have been filled by others more useful, we will now turn to the second class of remarks, relating to the deficiencies or omissions of the commentary, and mention some passages wherein the assistance of the editor would have been appropriate and desirable to both older and younger readers. We regret especially the absence of notes pointing out and explaining many remarkable peculiarities of language. The book being a schoolbook, the object of the editor should have been not merely to confine himself to a meagre explanation of it, but to make it the occasion and vehicle of observations calculated to enlarge the student's general knowledge of the language. We shall mention several passages as affording opportunities of this kind, but enter upon a full discussion of only a few. C. 1; "et cum omnium artium, quæ ad rectam vivendi viam pertinerent, ratio et disciplina *studio* sapientiæ, *quæ philosophia* dicitur, contineretur"; here is a peculiarity of the Latin language, making "quæ" agree with "philosophia," instead of "studio," which is, logically, its antecedent. In the same chapter; "Jam *illa*, quæ natura, non literis, assecuti sunt, neque cum *Græcia* neque *ulla cum gente* sunt conferenda"; and "quæ tam *excellens* in

omni genere *virtus* in ullis fuit, ut sit cum *majoribus nostris* comparanda"; — instances of shortened comparison. C. 2; "At nos metiendi *ratiocinandique* utilitate hujus artis terminavimus modum"; a note might have been of service here. Mr. Otis, who has furnished the only English translation of this work, as far as we know, unless we consider as such a very incorrect attempt at a translation, which has lately appeared in one of our periodicals, misapprehends this sentence; he translates: "But we have advanced the limits of this art no further than its uses in surveying and *reasoning*," instead of "we have cultivated the science no further than it is useful in measuring and *calculating*." Notes would be useful at c. 4, on the meaning of "declamitare," and of "ad," in the sentence "ad id disputabam"; and at c. 6, on the meaning of "narrare," and, c. 7, of "imbutus"; also, in the same chapter, on the sentence, "*Omne pronunciatum* (sic enim mihi in præsentia occurrit, ut appellarem ἀξίωμα; utar post alio, si invenero melius) *id ergo est pronunciatum*, *quod* est verum aut falsum," — an anacoluthon.

No one, who has read with any attention the philosophical works of Cicero, can have failed to notice the frequency of this anomalous formation of a sentence, and perceive that it arises from the easy conversational language in those treatises, allowing this graceful and pleasing irregularity, which would be out of place in a more elaborate form of composition. Kühner observes, very correctly; "Quod quidem negligentius dicendi genus cave putes ex scriptorum oscitantia et incogitantia ortum esse; immo vero dubitari vix potest, quin summi illi scriptores hanc negligentiam arte quadam ac dedita opera quæsiverint, eo quidem consilio, ut dialogorum rationem ad sermonum, quales colloquentes inter se spargunt, formam et veram naturam fingerent." It is not a little surprising, that, of all the anacolutha occurring in this book, some of which are quite striking, and by no means readily understood by a young student, not one is taken notice of. We shall mention the several instances, and make a few remarks upon them.

The anacoluthon is one of the points of Latin grammar, which, like so many others, has received more attention since a new impulse was given, through Wolf and his pupils and fellow-laborers, to the study of Greek grammar. Every

one acquainted with Greek knows how important a part the anacoluthon plays in the formation of Greek sentences. We refer those who may wish to refresh their knowledge of this subject, among other works, to Robinson's excellent translation of Buttmann's larger Grammar. Among modern Latin grammarians, Reisig and Grotefend are to be mentioned, as having treated most satisfactorily of this subject.

It is to be observed, in this place, that many editors of the works of Cicero, not understanding the nature, or not appreciating the advantage, of the anacoluthon, have attempted to alter the text, and, in no respect, perhaps, appears the superiority of the editions of Orelli, Zumpt, Kühner, Moser, and Wolf, more clearly than in those passages in which an anacoluthon occurs.

An anacoluthon is a sentence, the end of which does not grammatically correspond to the commencement. The occasion for using this liberty is, either the intervention of a parenthetical clause, or the great length of the first member of the sentence, especially when increased by dependent clauses, so that the reader may be supposed to have forgotten the form of the first member of the sentence. There are several classes of anacolutha, of which we will mention two. The first is, when, after the intervention of an intermediate clause, the continuation of the sentence is connected with, or made dependent on, the intermediate clause, instead of the first part of the main sentence. An anacoluthon of this description partakes, therefore, in some measure, of the nature of an attraction. An instance of this kind is in c. 30 ; " Itaque commemorat, ut cygni," etc. ; but, as it is one of those passages in which Mr. Dillaway has adopted the inferior reading of Olivet, " cygnis," in preference to Ernesti's text, we shall pass it by. We shall simply observe, that Lambin, being disturbed by the irregular progress of the sentence, if the reading " cygni," which is supported by the best manuscripts, were retained, changed it into " cygnis," an emendation which was adopted only by Bouhier and, through him, by Olivet. Another instance is in c. 36 ; " Hoc premendum etiam atque etiam est argumentum, *confirmato illo*, de quo, si mortales animi sunt, *dubitare non possumus*, *quin* tantus interitus in morte sit, ut ne minima quidem suspicio sensus relinquatur." The clause, " quin tantus interitus in morte sit," is made dependent on

"dubitare non possumus," in the intermediate clause, instead of running thus, "tantum interitum in morte esse"; it being in fact dependent on "confirmato illo."

The second class of anacolutha occurs when the second member of the sentence neither depends on the intermediate clause, nor corresponds, grammatically, to the first member. The first instance of this kind, occurring in this book, is the above, in c. 7; "Omne pronunciatum," etc. If constructed regularly, the sentence would continue, after the parenthesis, "verum est aut falsum."

A very striking case of this kind of anacoluthon is in c. 13, in which Mr. Dillaway again adopts the imperfect pointing of Olivet, instead of the better one of Ernesti. The passage, according to Orelli, is; "Ut porro firmissimum hoc afferri videtur, cur deos esse credamus, quod nulla gens tam fera, nemo omnium tam sit immanis, cujus mentem non imbuerit deorum opinio; — multi de diis prava sentiunt (id enim vitioso more effici solet); omnes tamen esse vim et naturam divinam arbitrantur; nec vero id collocutio hominum aut consensus effecit, non institutis opinio est confirmata, non legibus (omni autem in re consensio omnium gentium lex naturæ putanda est); — quis est igitur, qui suorum mortem primum non eo lugeat, quod eos orbatos vitæ commodis arbitretur? Tolle hanc opinionem; luctum sustuleris. Nemo enim mæret suo incommodo; dolent fortasse et anguntur; sed illa lugubris lamentatio fletusque mærens ex eo est, quod eum, quem dileximus, vitæ commodis privatum arbitramur idque sentire." The argument of the passage runs thus; "As the existence of gods is proved by the fact, that no nation is found without the idea of a deity, (though this idea may, from various causes, be very imperfect), so the immortality of the soul is proved by the fact, that every one laments the death of his friends, because he thinks that they are deprived of the blessings of life, and conscious of that deprivation." It is apparent, that the regular continuation of the sentence would have run, instead of "quis est igitur," etc., "sic permanere animos arbitramur consensu omnium." Forgetting that he commenced the sentence with a particle of comparison, Cicero gives to the apodosis, or second member, — which should correspond to the "ut firmissimum hoc afferri videtur," and, therefore, proceed with "sic,"— the form of a question. The difficulty and obscurity of the

passage are increased, in the first place, by the circumstance, that the parenthesis, belonging to the first member, contains another parenthesis within itself, beginning with "nec vero"; and, secondly, that the apodosis does not proceed straight on, but is, in its turn, interrupted by a second anacoluthon. The regular progress would be; "quis est, qui suorum mortem primum non eo lugeat, quod eos orbatos vitæ commodis arbitretur, deinde quod eos vitæ commodis privatos se sentire (arbitretur)." It will be perceived, that, instead of pursuing this, its natural course, the sentence is broken in upon by the parenthetical clauses, "Tolle hanc opinionem; luctum sustuleris. Nemo enim mæret suo incommodo; dolent fortasse et anguntur"; and, instead of continuing, as was clearly indicated, by the "primum non eo, quod," etc., it closes with a second anacoluthon, "sed illa lugubris," etc. Is it not remarkable, that a passage which, as our readers will perceive, taxes the knowledge, judgment, and attention of a mature scholar, is left without any explanation whatever? Neither the thought, nor the language, elicits any remark. Mr. Otis fails, in his translation, to bring out with sufficient clearness the point of the argument.

Another anacoluthon occurs, c. 22; "Quasi vero intelligant, qualis sit in ipso corpore, quæ conformatio, quæ magnitudo, qui locus; *ut*, si jam possent in homine vivo cerni omnia, quæ nunc tecta sunt, *casurusne* in conspectum videatur animus, an tanta sit ejus tenuitas, ut fugiat aciem"; instead of, "casurus esse in conspectum videatur." The "ut" is forgotten or neglected, and the sentence, which ought to depend upon it, is turned into a question.

The next anacoluthon occurs, c. 28 and 29. The passage is too long to be copied entire; we shall give the leading clauses only; "*Ut*, cum videmus speciem . . . . . hæc igitur et alia innumerabilia cum cernimus, *possumusne* dubitare, quin his præsit aliquis vel effector, si hæc nata sunt, ut Platoni videtur, vel, si semper fuerunt, ut Aristoteli placet, moderator tanti operis et muneris? Sic *mentem* hominis, quamvis eam non videas, ut deum non vides; tamen, ut deum agnoscis ex operibus ejus, sic ex memoria rerum et inventione et celeritate motus omnique pulchritudine virtutis, *vim divinam mentis* agnoscito." The argument is; "As we infer from the organization and government of the world, that a creator or ruler presides over it, although we cannot

see him ; so we infer the divine nature of the mind, although we cannot see it, from its manifestations." "Possumusne dubitare," is instead of "non possumus dubitare," belonging to "ut," at the commencement of the passage. This instance, although not so complicated by far as the one previously mentioned, in c. 13, resembles it in the formation of its second member, the latter containing a second anacoluthon, "sic mentem hominis . . . . . vim divinam mentis agnoscito," instead of "sic mentem hominis . . . . . divinam esse agnoscito."

C. 30. "Quod iis sæpe usu venit, *qui cum* acriter oculis deficientem solem *intuerentur*, *ut* adspectum omnino amitterent ;" either for "qui, cum acriter oculis deficientem solem intuerentur, adspectum omnino amiserunt," or "qui acriter oculis deficientem solem intuentur, ut adspectum omnino amitterent." In this instance, Mr. Dillaway has, very properly, followed Ernesti, instead of Olivet, the latter partly adopting the reading of Lambin, who, in opposition to the manuscripts, altered the text thus ; "Qui acribus oculis." Olivet has, "qui acriter oculis," still omitting "cum."

C. 41. "Quamobrem *sive* sensus exstinguitur, morsque ei somno similis est, qui nonnunquam etiam sine visis somniorum placatissimam quietem affert ; dii boni, quid lucri est emori ! aut quam multi dies reperiri possunt, qui tali nocti anteponantur ! Cui si similis futura est perpetuitas omnis consequentis temporis, quis me beatior ? *Sin* vera sunt, quæ dicuntur," etc. "Sin vera sunt" is here used instead of "sive vera sunt" ; corresponding to "sive sensus," etc.

We have thus, purposely, dwelt somewhat at length upon several instances of the anacoluthon, in order to show that the cases of this anomalous construction are both sufficiently frequent and difficult to deserve some notice. We will now go on to treat, as briefly as possible, of some other omissions.

C. 8. "ut Siculi"; the twofold meaning of "ut," in elliptical expressions like the present, should be noticed, either corroborative, "as may be naturally supposed, since he was a Sicilian," or qualifying, as "considering that he was a Sicilian," "as far as a Sicilian can be so." In this instance, "ut" is used in the former, corroborative, sense. This is a use of "ut" which is frequently misapprehended. There is a striking instance of it in Hor. Sat. I. 6, 79 ; "In magno *ut* populo," "in as far as this (namely, to notice an individ-

ual) is possible in so great a population." It is erroneously explained in Anthon's edition. We will mention one other passage where, as in that from Horace, "ut" is used in a qualifying sense; Cic. de Senect. c. 4. "Multæ etiam, *ut* in homine Romano, literæ"; "great literary cultivation, considering that he was a Roman," or "as far as this can be expected of a Roman." Mr. Dillaway, in his edition of that treatise, has taken no notice of the expression.

Notes are needed, also, at the following passages. C. 8. "Quoniam, si (or 'Quia, quoniam,' according to the best editions and manuscripts) post mortem nihil est mali, ne mors quidem est malum; *cui proximum tempus est post mortem*, in quo mali nihil esse concedis." C. 11. "sed est difficile *confundere*." C. 13. "Tum denique, quam hoc *late pateat*, intelliges"; this expression is twice explained in Mr. Dillaway's edition of "De Officiis"; once (1, 2,) incorrectly, and once (1, 8,) correctly. C. 13. "nemo enim *mæret*"; the difference of "mæreo" and "doleo." C. 14. "Specimen." C. 15. "Quid in hac re publica tot tantosque viros, ob rem publicam interfectos, *cogitasse* arbitramur? iisdemne *ut* finibus nomen suum, quibus vita, terminaretur?" "ut" is dependent on "cogitasse." C. 15. "cum *inscribere* non liceret"; which Mr. Otis mistranslates. C. 16. "*Cujus* ignoratio"; "cujus" is the subjective genitive, referring to "ratione," "whose imperfect cultivation." Mr. Otis's translation is incorrect. In the same chapter, "νεκρομαντεῖα faciebat"; is νεκρομαντεῖα used in its literal signification, "places for practising necromancy," and does "faciebat" mean *constructed*, or is it used for "utebatur," *he made use of?* A note is wanted for the phrase "salso sanguine," in the poetical quotation immediately following. Although we are by no means in favor of burdening the edition of an author, destined for the use of schools, with critical notes and investigations, yet there are exceptions, and this passage is one. Several manuscripts and most editions, especially the older, have "salso." In this case, "salso sanguine" is to be connected with "excitantur." Orelli retains "salso" in his text, but declares himself in favor of "falso," unless "cassæ" (belonging to "imagines") should be found to be the true reading. Moser has "falso" in the text, without making even a remark. "Salso" is explained "by a victim ('sanguis' standing

poetically for 'hostia') strewed with salt ('mola'), or simply as an *epitheton ornans*, like 'salsæ lacrimæ.' 'Falso sanguine,' *without real blood.*" Mr. Otis mistranslates, "defiled with gore." C. 17. "*ad* universi cœli complexum"; Mr. Otis translates correctly, "in comparison to." "Quatuor omnia gignentium corporum." "Momenta," *motions*, or *laws of motion*. Mr. Otis's translation is unintelligible. "Ad pares angulos," *perpendicularly*. Mr. Otis translates, "at equal angles." "Illæ superiores." "Non nominata magis, quam non intellecta"; correctly translated by Mr. Otis. C. 19. "ignibus," which Mr. Otis translates by "fires." C. 20. "Etenim, si nunc aliquid *assequi* se putant, qui ostium Ponti viderunt"; the present infinitive, "assequi," for the perfect, "assecutos esse," though a precise expression of the thought would require the latter. In the same section, "nisi id agat." This idiomatic expression, which occurs not infrequently, is nowhere explained. Mr. Otis mistranslates it, "unless *it* acts and attends"; "id" is not the nominative, but accusative. C. 22. "illa ratio." C. 25. "institiones." C. 26. "*nec* in deo"; "nec" with the force of "ne quidem." In the same section, "ut Jovi *bibere* ministraret." C. 27. "quæ sola divina sunt," "which has no other than a divine nature"; "sola" belonging to "divina," not to "quæ." C. 28. "quamquam *id* quoque"; "id" referring to "videre formam suam." Mr. Otis's translation is obscure. C. 29. "Muneris," *exhibition*, *spectacle*, transferred from the amphitheatrical shows to the universe. "Nec interire *igitur*"; the unusual position of "igitur" after the second word is to be noticed, of which but few instances occur. "Diremptus," an old form for "diremptio." C. 31. "Tantum autem abest ab eo, ut malum mors sit, quod tibi dudum videbatur, ut verear, ne homini nihil sit non malum aliud certe, sed nihil bonum aliud potius; si quidem vel dii ipsi, vel cum diis futuri sumus," one of the most difficult passages in the whole book, is passed by without any comment. C. 35. "honoratis." Mr. Otis, following the reading "honoratus," renders it "honored"; the word signifies "having held high offices," "honores." "Justa uxore." "*Nimirum* etiam Puteolani"; the ironical force of "nimirum." C. 36. "Valet hoc in vivis; mortuorum autem *non modo* vitæ commodis, sed ne vita quidem ipsa quisquam caret"; "non modo," for "non

modo non," when followed by "ne quidem." C. 38. "non modo ipse." C. 39. "Cur." C. 42. "sine mutuatione et sine versura." C. 43. "si quid ei accidisset. C. 44. "At *illa* sicut acerbissimam rem mæret. Et *aliquando* sapiens Achilles. Cum multi inimicos etiam mortuos *pœniantur.*" C. 45. "Quantum autem consuetudini *famæque dandum sit*, id curent vivi." C. 46. "inutile." C. 48. "*Repetunt ab* Erechtheo."

Many of the passages above mentioned have been only named, without a word of comment; for our object is not to write notes to the "Tusculan Questions," but to give our opinion of those of Mr. Dillaway.

Having thus stated both what the editor has done in his commentary, and what he has left undone, we may leave the case in the hands of our readers. From a comparison of the notes furnished by the editor, and those which should have been furnished, but are not, it will appear that the commentary is defective in consistency and uniformity. We beg our readers to recollect, that we do not set up a standard of our own, as to what the commentary should have accomplished, but we take the editor's own grounds. He has shown, by his own notes, what class of readers he had in view. If, in the passages explained by him, the pupil required his assistance, much more does he need it in those pointed out by us as neglected. Or, if the latter might be supposed to be intelligible without any aid of the editor, much more might the same supposition be made for the former. The book, it seems to us, is, in some measure, open to the charge, which can justly be made against so many editions of classical authors, of explaining at large easy matters, and leaving real difficulties unnoticed.

We must say a few words, in the last place, on those points wherein we think the editor is in error. C. 5. Concerning the meaning of the letters *M.* and *A.* Mr. Dillaway remarks; "Some commentators think that Cicero and Pomponius are the interlocutors in this dialogue." This is true; some do think so, but the passage quoted in support of this opinion, at most, proves only that *M.* refers to Cicero; it does not prove that *A.* refers to Atticus. Besides, after saying so much, Mr. Dillaway should have said a little more; namely, that other commentators not only explain the letter *A.* differently, (some "adolescens," others "audi-

tor), but they object expressly to making it refer to Atticus. Davis observes, very justly, that Atticus was at that time an old man, and the expression, "at tu adolescens" (2, 12), as well as the character of the dialogue, shows plainly that the second interlocutor is a young man.

C. 9. "Aliis cor ipsum animus videtur." The editor says; "This was the common opinion of the Romans in the time of Cicero." Whence does the editor know this? C. 10. The editor explains the term "vulgo," by *common* opinions. What does he mean? "Vulgo" is evidently contrasted with "singuli," and signifies, therefore, *sects*, as "singuli" means *individual* philosophers. C. 13. "majorum gentium dii"; can there be any doubt that Cicero uses the term, "majorum gentium," as applying to the twelve higher deities, metaphorically?

C. 13. The editor explains the passage, "reminiscere, quoniam es initiatus, quæ traduntur mysteriis," — "recollect, since you have *begun* to be *imbued* with the knowledge of sacred things, what is delivered in the mysteries of *our* religion." The sense is; "Recollect, since you have been *initiated*, what is taught in the (Eleusinian) mysteries." There is nothing which means, "to begin to be imbued with knowledge," nor were the Eleusinian mysteries a part of the Roman religion, to which alone the expression, "our religion," could be applied. There are traces of a tradition that Ceres was buried at Eleusis.

C. 17. "In sublime ferri." The editor says; "Hence it follows, that they consider the soul corporeal, being one of the elements." Are we to understand that the soul is one of the elements, or what does it mean? In the same section; "Horum *igitur* aliquid animus est, *nec* tam vegeta mens aut in corde cerebrove, aut in Empedocleo sanguine demersa *jaceat*." We remark, in the first place, that both Olivet and Ernesti, from whom Mr. Dillaway's text is said to be derived, have "ne," instead of "nec." Now as to the interpretation. Mr. Dillaway explains the sentence thus; "Nor *does* a mind, so active in its nature, lie immersed in the heart, or the brain, or, according to Empedocles, in the blood." The import of the passage is misapprehended. It is this; "The mind, then, is some one of these (that is, 'igneus' or 'animalis,' or of that fifth, nameless, element); *do* not imagine, that, being of

so active a nature, it is immersed," etc. The subjunctive "jaceat" seems to have been overlooked; or, it may be, that the note is derived from an edition which reads, "nec jacet" (for there are several which have this reading), while the text is that of another. As to Bouhier's emendation, mentioned by Mr. Dillaway, substituting "esto" for "est," "because the consequence implied in 'Horum *igitur* aliquid animus est' does not necessarily follow from what has been said before," the best thing we can do is to quote what Moser says of it; "Bouhierius, nescio quid absurditatis subodorans, conjecit, *horum igitur aliquid animus esto*, quia non recte intelligebat vocem *igitur*, quam dictam existimabat pro *ergo*, ut sit quasi conclusio syllogismi, huic loco non conveniens. Quem refutare necessarium non est."

C. 18. "quorum alter ne condoluisse quidem unquam videtur, *qui* animum se habere non *sentiat*." What does the editor, or rather Pearce, from whom the remark is borrowed, mean, when he says; "In this reading, Cicero does not tell us *why* Dicæarchus was not affected by grief"? What else does, or can, "qui," with the subjunctive "sentiat," mean, than *because he did not perceive*? Mr. Otis translates correctly, though stiffly; "One of whom appears never to have even lamented, that he could not perceive himself to have a soul."

C. 24. "'esset.' This word is to be understood in the Platonic, not in the popular sense." Are we to understand that Plato alone, and his disciples, used the verb εἶναι and "esse" in this sense, or what is meant by the "Platonic sense"? C. 25. "'nec me pudet, ut *istos*, fateri nescire, quod nesciam'; 'ut istos,' the disciples of Socrates." Not the disciples of Socrates, but other philosophers, are referred to, who, ashamed to acknowledge their ignorance, pretend to know what the soul is; *I am not ashamed, as those are, to acknowledge my ignorance.* C. 33. "'ut ego me tardiorem esse non moleste feram'; 'so that I bear with repining.'" We suppose this to be a misprint for "*without* repining."

C. 35. "Cum in *aram* confugisset." The editor says; "A large altar stood in the open court *before* the door of Priam's palace," and quotes Virg. Æn. 2, 500 – 25. But that very passage, v. 512, shows that the altar spoken of was in a court *within* the palace, the "impluvium" of the Roman house, and that Priam and his family were not ex-

posed to the ruthless violence of Neoptolemus until the entrance to the palace was forced. In the same section; "'vitam evitari'; 'invitare' and 'evitare' anciently meant, 'to deprive of life,' and also, 'to take away.'" Where and when does "invitare" mean "to deprive of life"? As to "evitare," it may be derived from "vita," and signify, *to deprive of life;* but others consider it a compound of "vitare," which has the signification, to *take away*, and also to *avoid*. See Schwenck's "Etymological Lexicon."

C. 41. "'summi regis'; Achilles." This is probably a misprint for Agamemnon. In the same section; "'nihil autem melius extremo'; 'but nothing *pleased* me more.'" Why use the past tense, in speaking of a work which is before Cicero, and from which he has just made a long quotation? Is it a misprint for *pleases?*

C. 44. "Ecce alius exoritur e terra, qui matrem dormire non sinat." It would have been well, if the editor had here consulted his friend Bouhier. The person referred to is neither Memnon, nor Polydorus, but Deiphilus, as is the case also in Hor. Sat. II. 3, 60, where Heindorf furnishes the correct explanation. The passage quoted is not from the "Hecuba" of Euripides, where the shade of Polydorus appears to his mother Hecuba; but from the "Iliona" of Pacuvius, who followed a different tradition, given in Hyginus; according to which, Iliona, Priam's daughter, was married to Polymnestor, king of Thrace, and had by him a son, Deiphilus. Anxious for the safety of her brother Polydorus, who had been intrusted to her care by his parents, she exchanged the two children. After the destruction of Troy, Polymnestor, bribed by the Greeks, murdered his own son, supposing him to be Polydorus. In the tragedy of Pacuvius, the ghost of Deiphilus appears to his mother, and calls upon her to bury his body.

In point of typographical correctness, these volumes are quite respectable. Besides some instances, which we have mentioned as mistakes of the press, rather than of the editor, we have noticed only a few misprints; as, on page 152, lines 6 and 13, for 18, read 17; p. 155, l. 5, for "German," read "Greek"; p. 157, l. 15, for ἐντλέχεια read ἐντελέχεια; p. 163, l. 9, for "temples," read "temple"; on the same page, in the last line, for ὄρνια read ὄρνις; p. 173, l. 17, for "stars," read "planets."

We now close our remarks. By adopting the course which we have followed, of subjecting a portion of the book to a careful examination, we have, as we think, aided the reader in forming a just estimate of its merits, far more than by commenting in general terms on the whole. We have given, what an ingenuous and independent reader wants, — facts. We can, moreover, assure our readers, that, if they have made themselves acquainted with the character of this part of the book, they know that of the whole, and even of the preceding volumes of the series. Mr. Dillaway certainly adheres strictly to his original plan. Whatever the merits or defects of the plan may be, they characterize each volume of the series. We speak advisedly on this subject; we have carefully examined all the volumes hitherto published, and could, if there were need, easily make good our statement.

We have given our views of Mr. Dillaway's labors with perfect frankness. He is laboring in a field, the right cultivation of which we deem of vital importance to the cause of sound learning. We have all, years ago, heard many and loud outcries against the study of the classics as a part of a liberal education. At that time, we expressed, in another place, our humble opinion, that this hostility was, in some measure, provoked by the imperfect manner in which classical studies were then pursued. But matters have, for some years, been improving. We can clearly perceive great ameliorations in the classical department of our schools and colleges, and proofs of a praiseworthy activity. The greater this activity is, the more important is it that it should receive and preserve a right direction. To contribute something to this end has been our object in these remarks.

ART. V. — 1. *Elements of Physiology*, by J. MÜLLER, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the University of Berlin, etc. *Translated from the German, with Notes*, by WILLIAM BALY, M. D., Graduate in Medicine of the University of Berlin. Illustrated with Plates and numerous Wood Engravings. Second Edition, with Corrections and numerous Additions. London: Taylor and Walton. 1840 and 1842. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1715.

2. *Elements of Physiology*, by J. MÜLLER, M. D., etc.; arranged from the Second London Edition, by JOHN BELL, M. D., Lecturer on Materia Medica, &c. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. 1843. 1 vol. 8vo.

ONE of the great characteristics of the present state of natural science is the elucidation which its different departments are capable of affording to each other. In the application of comparative anatomy to geology, we have a striking illustration of this proposition. These two sciences, which appear, at first sight, so distinct and unconnected, the object of the one being to determine the laws of animal organization, and of the other to ascertain the structure of the earth, and the changes which it has undergone, are yet most intimately united, and afford indispensable aid to each other. Comparative anatomy determines, with unerring accuracy, the nature of the extinct races of animals, remains of which are found almost everywhere in the superficial crust of the earth; and geology spreads out before the anatomist a far more extended view of animal organization than could be learned by studying only the existing species. Great as have been the results of the application of this science to geological investigation, there can be no doubt that its importance will be still more enhanced, in consequence of the light which it has already begun to throw on the science of Physiology in general, and especially on the physiology of man.

As a department of natural science, human physiology has been slow and variable in its progress; not, however, from the want of a sufficient number of laborers, or from inadequate zeal on the part of those who have devoted themselves to it; but rather from the want of a philosophical

method in physiological inquiry, as well as from the difficulty which organized beings, through the obscure nature of their properties, and the complexity of the combinations of their parts, are constantly throwing in the way of the student. Since the great impulse given to zoölogical and anatomical pursuits by the gigantic labors of John Hunter in England, and the more extended researches of Cuvier in France, a better day seems at length to have dawned. The vain speculations of the old school of physiologists with regard to the functions of organs, founded, for the most part, on gratuitous assumptions, have given way to more rational methods of inquiry. The physiologist of the present day seeks other and better sources of information, and finds the laboratory of the chemist, the hospital, and the dissecting-room, unfailing sources of light and truth. He no longer contents himself with studying human organization, but receives aid at every step from investigating that of the lower orders of animals. Anatomists had labored long and hard in their attempts to ascertain the functions and comparative importance of different organs ; to this end, they have subjected animals without number to the cruel tortures of vivisection, and, after all, have met, in most instances, with indifferent success. The result would doubtless have been very different, had they studied, with equal zeal, the numerous forms and varieties of structure which comparative anatomy now unfolds to our view, and which constitute to the eye of the true observer, as Cuvier has well remarked, " so many kinds of experiments, already prepared by Nature, who adds or takes away different parts, just as we might wish to do in our laboratories, and shows us, at the same time, the various results."

The most extended researches into animal organization have shown, that, however great may be the difference between those creatures which severally constitute the great divisions of the animal kingdom, the anatomical structure of all the members of one division is formed on the same general plan. Such, for instance, is the case with the Vertebrate, Articulate, and Radiate classes. Ascending from organization to the laws which regulate its action, we find that there is sufficient ground for the belief, that the general laws of vitality are the same throughout the whole animal creation, and one of the most distinguished English physiologists

of the present day goes so far as to say, that "it is a great mistake to suppose that there is any thing fundamentally different in the character of the vital operations, as performed in the animal and vegetable structures, or in the simpler and more complicated organisms of either kingdom."* At all events, it appears perfectly clear that an enlarged and comprehensive idea of life and organization can only be acquired by investigating the varied phenomena presented by organized beings, in whatever form or whatever degree of development they may be found to exist.

To the German school of physiologists belongs the credit of having introduced into their systems the structure and functions of the organs of the lower orders of animals, in illustration of that of man. Although we find, in the works of Tiedemann and others, ample use made of the light furnished by comparative anatomy, yet we are not aware that any one, either in Germany or in any other country of Europe, has done so much in this respect as Müller, who is confessedly at the head of the German school.

Every page of his work on Physiology shows that no means of investigation have been allowed to escape him, which were capable of affording aid. Physics, organic chemistry, the comparative anatomy of plants and animals, all lend a helping hand in unravelling the secrets of human organization. We know of no work which is better calculated to illustrate the truth of the proposition at the head of this article, nor one which more fully confirms the often quoted remark of Cicero respecting the common bond which unites all the arts and sciences. In the present notice, we do not propose to enter into any thing like an analysis of the work, which is so concisely written as scarcely to allow even of abridgment, but rather to take up some detached subjects, which may prove interesting to the general reader.

The work begins with "general prolegomena," in which we find an exposition of the general properties of organic beings, and of the characteristics by which animal and vegetable organisms are distinguished from each other, together with some considerations on the manifestation and evolution

* Carpenter's *Principles of General and Comparative Physiology.* 2d Edition. London, 1841. p. 4.

in living beings of the imponderable agents, light, heat, and electricity. On two of these subjects we propose to offer a few remarks ; and first, on a subdivision of one of them, relating to the theory of Equivocal or Spontaneous Generation.

It is now generally admitted with regard to all organized beings, whether animals or plants, the most simple and least known only excepted, that one of the characteristics by which they are distinguished from inert brute matter is the fact, that they owe their origin to other beings precisely similar to themselves, and of which they are the true offspring. The opposite ground, however, is maintained by the advocates of spontaneous or equivocal generation; namely, that living organisms do make their appearance in places where no similar being ever existed before. This is the remnant of a doctrine which has come down to us from remote antiquity, when it was considered applicable to the primeval state of the whole animal kingdom ; but its adherents were obliged to admit, that animals, having been once spontaneously generated, were afterwards capable of producing their like. Empedocles and Epicurus both embraced the doctrine, that all living beings originally came from the bosom of the mother earth, after which, each produced its like ; but they also admitted, that some of the lower orders, such as insects, were derived from the decayed bodies of other animals.* This theory, so far as it regards the greater portion of the invertebrate classes, was not abandoned till after the middle of the seventeenth century, when Harvey took up the defence of the doctrine of "*omne vivum ex ovo.*" The experiments of Redi, also, which were subsequently performed, were an important step in the progress of accurate knowledge, and overthrew, finally and decisively, the whole theory in relation to the insect race. He proved, by a series of experiments conducted in the most rigid and philosophical manner, that the worms or maggots, which swarm on the dead carcasses of animals, were nothing else than the larvæ, or immature and untransformed young, of true insects. He also succeeded in proving conclusively, that the larvæ themselves were produced from eggs deposited by flies or

* Redi, *Experimenta circa Generationem Insectorum*, p. 11.

other insects ; and he witnessed their transitions through all the different stages, from the egg to the perfect state.

Although this was perfectly conclusive, as regards insects, yet the discoveries of Needham and others, by means of the microscope, soon afforded the advocates of the doctrine of equivocal generation a new and strongly fortified position, and one which they have continued to hold till the present time, though it is now so much weakened as to be scarcely any longer tenable. The experiments of Needham, Spallanzani, and others, demonstrated, that, during the decomposition of various organic matters, animal as well as vegetable, myriads of microscopic beings, now familiarly known as Infusory animalcules, made their appearance under such circumstances that it was impossible to trace their origin to other preëxistent beings similar to themselves. It was inferred, therefore, that their origin was spontaneous. Spallanzani labored hard to disprove this inference, but his experiments were not conducted in such a manner as to afford a rigid demonstration of the points which he intended to establish. But, in justice to this great naturalist, we are bound to admit, that the results of his observations have been confirmed by recent inquiries, even in cases which had been considered as wholly unworthy of credit. Ehrenberg, although he has sometimes refused, on insufficient grounds, to admit some of Spallanzani's observations, which have been quite recently repeated with success, has done more than other observers with the microscope, of the present day, to clear up the darkness which hung over the different races of animalcules ; and the results of his investigations, so far as they go, are powerful arguments against the theory of the equivocal origin of these races. At present, the whole argument for the doctrine of equivocal generation rests upon facts furnished by microscopic organisms, as yet but little known or studied, and by that singular race of beings, inhabiting the interior of other animals, the Entozoa, whose history, from the obscurity of their situation, is necessarily but little understood. Although, in these cases, science is yet incapable of demonstrating their origin from preëxisting beings similar to themselves, still, the remark made by Cuvier, more than thirty years ago, is not less true at the present day, that, "although the impossibility of spontaneous generation cannot be absolutely demonstrated, yet all the

efforts of those physiologists who believe in the possibility of it have not succeeded in showing us a single instance." *

We come next to speak of the argument which is founded on the animalcules of Infusions. If a certain amount of animal or vegetable matter is placed in water, and exposed to the action of light and air at the common temperature of summer, we find, that, at the end of a few days, the decomposition of the organic matter has commenced, and that certain species of microscopic animalcules have made their appearance. Perhaps, at the same time, certain microscopic vegetable growths, such as moulds, confervæ, or simple detached cellules, become visible on the surface. These possess all the properties common to organic beings, and the question naturally presents itself, From what are they derived? Are they spontaneously generated from decomposing organic matter, or are they derived from *ova*, which previously existed in a latent state, and have now, for the first time, found a *nidus* favorable to their development? Supposing them to be derived from *ova*, are these contained in the organic matter undergoing the process of decomposition, or do they come from the water, or the air?

"Wrisberg observed that no animalcules are produced when atmospheric air is excluded, for instance, when the surface of the infusion is covered with olive oil. They are generated by an infusion of any animal or vegetable matter, which contains nothing acrid or acid, and nothing which would prevent putrefaction. The development of infusoria commences as soon as a certain degree of decomposition with escape of gas has taken place. From this period, also, a large number of microscopic molecules, produced by the dissolution of the organic matter, are seen in the infusion, sometimes diffused in it, sometimes forming a kind of membrane at its surface. Fray and Burdach state, that infusory animalcules are also generated in an atmosphere of hydrogen and nitrogen.

"Spallanzani, and several other physiologists, attacked this theory of the equivocal generation of animalcules. Spallanzani explained the production of these animals, by supposing ova to have been present in the fluid, and to be developed by the influence of warmth, water, air, and light. This physiologist's own experiments, however, show that organic substances do not lose

* Cuvier, *Rapport Historique sur les Progrès des Sciences Naturelles depuis* 1789. Paris, 1810. p. 194.

their property of producing animalcules by being boiled, and that distilled water is as well adapted for making the infusion as other water. Besides, his observations merely prove that atmospheric air is necessary for the development of these animalcules; that, when bottles, filled with infusions, and hermetically closed, were exposed for an hour to boiling heat in vessels filled with water, no animalcules were discoverable in these infusions when afterwards examined. Spallanzani also found, that the animalcules differ according to the nature of the infusion. From experiments with the seeds of the water-melon, gourd, hemp, and millet, it resulted, that the number of the Infusoria is greater when the germ is in the progress of growth than when the seed is just germinating, and that the number diminishes as the seed decays. The smaller kinds of animalcules were succeeded by larger, until, after a certain time, the power of developing them seemed to be lost. The infusory animalcules from uninjured seeds were said to be larger than those from pulverized seeds. They were generated from flour quite as well as from seeds merely bruised. If, however, the starch of the flour was separated from the gluten, and an infusion made of each of these substances separately, very few animalcules, or none at all, were developed in the infusion of starch, while in that of the gluten a host of living animals were seen. In infusions of barley, Indian wheat, beans, lupin-seeds, rice, and linseed, no animalcules were developed. But, since the genera and species of Infusoria are as determinate as those of higher classes of animals, and since Spallanzani has not particularized the differences of form of his Infusoria, since, moreover, the forms of the Infusoria in the different stages of their development are not known, Spallanzani's experiments lose much of their weight in reference to his discovery of perfectly different animalcules in the infusions of the gourd, chamomile, sorrel, corn, and spelt.

"Treviranus has, by his numerous and more accurate experiments, given a much greater importance to the hypothesis of equivocal generation. The following are the grounds of his arguments; —

"1. Infusions, with the same water, of different organic substances, — for instance, cress-seeds and rye, — give rise to different animalcules.

"2. Light has a very great influence on the process of equivocal generation. Thus, the green matter of Priestley, which is remarkable for its property of exhaling oxygen, is produced only under the influence of light; when water, particularly spring-water, is exposed to the sun in transparent vessels, whether open or close, this matter appears in the form of a greenish crust,

consisting of round or elliptic granules, and presenting at first only slight motions of single molecules, while afterwards transparent threads moving irregularly are discoverable in it. These changes have been most fully observed by Ingenhouss. According to Professor R. Wagner, the green matter of Priestley (generally supposed to be formed of the simple vegetable cells, the Protococcus) consists of the remains of green animalcules, the Euglena viridis, and others, which have died. In that case, the moving threads would be independent beings, distinct from the green matter, and Ingenhouss would have committed the error of regarding different kinds of simple beings as different states of the same molecules.

"3. The Entozoa, and the Spermatozoa, bodies with tails and spontaneous motions, which are seen by the microscope in the seminal fluid, even of invertebrate animals, seem to afford arguments for the spontaneous origin of living beings in organic matter.

"4. Treviranus found in his own experiments, that, under circumstances otherwise similar, different organic beings, namely, Infusoria or Algæ (mould), are formed in different infusions; and he ascertained that these differences did not depend on the water, but on the substances infused in it.

"5. Treviranus observed, that in the same infusion, under different accidental conditions, different animalcules were developed; thus, from an infusion of the leaves of the iris with fresh spring-water, in a long vessel covered with linen, and exposed to the sun, infusory animalcules were generated; in another vessel, placed in another situation, the green matter of Priestley was formed. Thus also the products in the same infusion of rye with spring-water were different, when Treviranus placed a bar of iron in one of the vessels. This result seems to agree with that of Gleditsch, who found, that in separate portions of melon covered with muslin, and placed at different heights, the various living organic substances, namely, mould, byssus, and tremellæ, were produced in different proportions. To this might be added, that Gruithuisen states, that he has found perfectly different animalcules in infusions of pus and mucus.

"From all these facts Treviranus has inferred, that throughout nature there exists an absolutely indecomposible, indestructible (?), organic matter, which is constantly active; which is the cause of life in every thing living, from the byssus to the palm, and from the point-like infusory animalcule, to the monsters of the deep; and which, in its essence unchangeable, is constantly changing its form; that this matter has itself no proper form, but is capable of assuming every one in which life is manifested;

that it receives a determinate form only under the influence of external causes, retains it only during the continuance of these causes, and takes another as soon as other causes act upon it.

"According to Wrisberg and others, the animalcules are formed from particles which separate from the substance infused, and which gradually begin to move; while Gruithuisen says, that they appear first in the solution of extractive matter obtained by the action of water on the infused substance. Professor Schultze remarks, 'I have never seen a globule of blood, or of milk, or of cerebral substance, begin to move about in their several infusions, as a monad, or become changed into one. Every single globule, by its solution, affords matter for the production of several hundred monads.' This last observation, however, does not agree with the results of measurement; Ehrenberg estimates the smallest possible monad at about $\frac{1}{2000}$ of a line, that is $\frac{1}{24000}$ of an inch; while the corpuscules of human blood are only $\frac{1}{3700}$ — $\frac{1}{4600}$ of an inch in diameter, and the globules of the milk are still smaller. Schultze states, that he has observed the conversion of dust-like particles of organic matter into Infusoria; these particles in the water become, he says, in a few hours surrounded by a turbid ring, which extends until the particle is quite dissolved; and then separates into monads." — Vol. I. pp. 11 – 14.

To these experiments and observations may be added a fact which recently fell under the observation of Dumas, the distinguished organic chemist of the School of Medicine in Paris. Having produced artificially, by the direct combustion of oxygen and hydrogen, a kilogramme of water, he noticed, after a certain period, that a vegetable mucosity had made its appearance on the inner surface of the glass in which it was contained, which was closed by a ground-glass stopper.

These instances furnish nearly all the arguments which can be advanced in favor of the spontaneous generation of animalcules. Müller objects to the whole of them, as insufficient to establish the point in question. None of them, he thinks, were conducted with sufficient accuracy to preclude the possibility of germs existing in one or the other of the substances used in the experiments, or in the air by which they are surrounded. The experiments of Spallanzani, as confirmed by later observers, with regard to the revivification of animalcules, especially the Rotifer, prove that these beings may exist in a dried state for a certain period,

during which time they resemble particles of dust ; and, on a new application of moisture, they are revivified, or, as Spallanzani himself expressed it, they undergo the process of *resurrection*. Although other observers, besides Spallanzani, have succeeded in effecting this supposed resurrection, yet the manner in which the experiments were conducted does not afford demonstrative evidence of the truth of the results ascribed to them. On this ground they have been contested, and, more recently, Ehrenberg has added his authority to the opposition, rejecting them entirely, and attempting to show the source of error. The subject has been taken up anew by one of the French naturalists, M. Doyère, who has taken all the precautions necessary to preclude error, and has succeeded entirely in refuting the objections to Spallanzani's experiments. As this is an interesting subject, in a physiological point of view, we give an abstract of the report, made by a Commission of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, on the experiments of M. Doyère.*

The animals on which Spallanzani made his experiments, belonged to the genera *Rotifera* and *Tardigrada*, which inhabit the moss growing on the roofs of houses, and the sand and dust found in the gutters of the roof, and which often become perfectly dry, but assume an active state, whenever they are moistened with water. Spallanzani believed, that these animalcules were capable of being desiccated without losing their vitality, which was completely restored on the application of moisture. His opponents, among whom is Ehrenberg, contend that they are amphibious, and capable of living either in the water or in imperfectly dry sand ; so that, in examining sand which has been for a long time more or less dry, we have an entirely different generation from the one which existed at the time when the water began to disappear, — or, as Ehrenberg says, they are only the great-grandchildren of those observed in the same matter at the commencement of the experiment. By others, it is admitted, that, although the animals themselves die when the sand is deprived of its moisture, the ova are preserved unimpaired, and by a new application of water they are rapidly developed. Lastly, some maintain that the desiccation is

* See *Microscopic Journal*, No. 20. London. October, 1842.

incomplete, going so far, only, as to render the animals torpid, and, though to all appearance dead, they actually preserve a latent life.

The results of Doyère's experiments set all these matters at rest. He has not succeeded in finding *living* Tardigrades in the dry dust, but he shows, that, by the aid of the microscope, corpuscles can be seen, which perfectly resemble the dead bodies of these animalcules, deformed by desiccation, and that, in matter where no living being was previously discernible, living Tardigrades frequently appear on the addition of a little distilled water. M. Doyère is even assured, that it is not impossible to revivify them, if taken one by one and dried separately on a piece of glass, without being surrounded by sand or other material, organic or inorganic. In his experiments, he has been able to count them, and to trace in each individual all the phases of desiccation ; to observe them gradually assuming the appearance of dead bodies, and to determine that these same bodies, dry and brittle, are susceptible of reassuming their primitive form and returning to life, under the influence of a few drops of water. This desiccation was not effected merely by the natural and spontaneous evaporation of the fluids exposed to the air, but was carried still further, by confining the animals, dried on slips of glass, for the space of five days, in the vacuum of an air pump, over a vessel containing sulphuric acid ; others were left thirty days in a Torricellian vacuum, dried by chloride of lime, and, in all these instances, he obtained some resurrections. The experiments did not rest here, but were pushed in another direction, in order to ascertain the effect of different temperatures on these singular beings.

It is known that some animalcules perish when their temperature is raised above a certain limit, inferior, however, to that at which the white of egg coagulates, and which, in the majority of cases, does not exceed 122° F. M. Doyère is satisfied that Rotifers and Tardigrades are not excepted from this law, but perish when the water in which they swim is heated to 105° F. ; and that they cannot then be recalled to life by any means. This, however, is not the case when they have been previously dried. If, instead of experimenting upon those in full life, it is done upon those which have lost all their humidity by the ordinary means of

desiccation, and which appear as dead, it is possible, without depriving them of the faculty of revivifying, to raise their temperature to a degree which would necessarily involve the disorganization of all living tissue containing water beyond that chemically combined with its constituent principles. In an experiment, repeated in the presence of the Commission of the Academy, a certain quantity of moss, containing *Tardigrada*, after having been properly dried, was placed in a stove, and around the bulb of a thermometer, the stem of which extended out of the apparatus. Heat was gradually applied, till the thermometer thus placed rose to 248° F. This temperature was maintained for several minutes; and yet some of the animalcules contained in the moss returned to life, and appeared in their usual condition, after having been placed twenty-four hours in water.

These facts are of much importance for the solution of the question at issue. The result is certainly affected by a circumstance, first pointed out by M. Chevreul, that albumen, deprived of its water by previous drying, can be submitted to a much higher temperature, without losing its solubility, than it could bear, if exposed in the same way in a moist state. From the simple fact, that a Tardigrade, exposed to the action of a temperature of 248 degrees, can still be made to revive, it may be concluded, with great probability, that it can live after the whole of the water chemically free in its body has been dissipated, a degree of desiccation which would seem to preclude the idea of vital movement. Thus the *Tardigrada* and *Rotifera*, when dry, cannot be considered as actually alive, but their mode of existence may be compared to that of a seed, which is organized so as to germinate when exposed to the influence of the air, of water, and of heat; but which, in the absence of any one of these excitements, manifests no sign of activity or life, and can be preserved thus for ages, although the duration of its active life may not exceed, perhaps, a few weeks.

Although we cannot assert, with M. Doyère, that an animalcule may wholly lose its vitality, and assume it again on the application of water, yet no one will refuse to admit, as one of the consequences of these experiments, what is already acknowledged by many naturalists, among whom is Humboldt, that animalcules, or their germs, may be desiccated, without

necessarily losing their vitality, and, when thus dried, that they are capable of being wafted about in the air, until they shall find a suitable *nidus* for their revivification. In experiments which are made in order to determine the origin of the animalcules of infusions, it will always be necessary, therefore, to take those precautions which will wholly remove this source of error, — the possibility of the animals being introduced from the atmosphere.

Another objection, which Müller makes to the argument for the spontaneous generation of animalcules, is based on the liability to error from the presence of the animals, or of their germs, in the water itself in which the experiments are made.

"The equivocal generation of Infusoria is not better proved by the experiments in which boiled organic substances and common water were used; for the water may have contained the ova of Infusoria, or animalcules themselves, which have afterwards multiplied very rapidly at the expense of the organic matter in the infusion. The use of perfectly pure distilled water can scarcely be presupposed, for even water distilled five times may still contain organic particles.

"Those who have experimented with fresh organic substances and distilled water, or even artificially prepared gases, cannot prove that the ova of animalcules, or animalcules themselves, were not in some way contained in the organic substance; the microscopic animalcules, which are known to exist in living tissues, are, indeed, few, and the common globules of the organic fluids, such as those of the blood, have certainly no individual life; but mucus itself contains microscopic animals; the intestinal mucus of the frog, as well as the semen, contains animalcules. Baer has seen microscopic particles moving spontaneously in different parts of mussels. The grain of wheat, and some varieties of agrostis, often contain vibriones, which, even after being dried, recover their active life, if moistened. Some Entozoa also, but still more some Epizoa, will continue to live when placed in water.

"Although some experimenters should have employed organic substances long boiled, with distilled water and artificially prepared air at the same time, still, the accuracy necessary for a sure result is neither probable nor generally possible; since every instrument used for changing the water ought to be absolutely free from particles of organic matter, and every cleansing is a source of errors.

"*Ehrenberg's observations are opposed to the theory.* — The

foregoing remarks do not disprove the existence of equivocal generation; they merely show that it is scarcely possible to prove it by direct experiment. The investigations of Ehrenberg, however, relative to the organization of these animals and plants, which are supposed to be generated in this 'equivocal' manner, have thrown new doubt upon the theory. In the first place, Ehrenberg discovered the real germs of the fungi and algæ, or mould. The propagation of these organic bodies was thus established; it was shown, that, by means of the germs or seeds of the mould, new mould can be produced, which rendered it probable that the cases of the unexpected production of mould arose merely from germs, which had been diffused in the atmosphere or water, having then found the situation required for their development. With regard to the infusory animalcules, their complicated structure was first discovered by Ehrenberg; he found that the smallest monad, $\frac{1}{2000}$ of a line in diameter, has a complicated stomach, and organs of motion in the form of cilia. In others he observed the ova, and the propagation by ova. This excited the greatest doubt with regard to those earlier observations in which, the complicated structure of these animalcules being unknown, they were said to have been seen to originate in particles of the organic substance of the infusion. Ehrenberg has never succeeded in obtaining determinate forms of Infusoria, according to the nature of the infusion; and even by the most similar modes of performing the experiment, sometimes one, sometimes another set of animalcules were obtained. He believes that there are certain forms, of which the number is limited, which are most widely diffused; that the ova, or individuals, of these forms, may exist in all waters, even in some parts of plants, but perhaps only in the noxious parts; and that of these forms different kinds may be much multiplied, according to the kinds of ova, or individuals, which were in the water, or were introduced into it. The increase of these animals appears to be extraordinarily rapid. A single wheel-animalcule, *Hydatina senta*, which was watched for more than eighteen days, and which lives still longer, is capable of a fourfold increase in twenty-four or thirty hours; a rate of propagation which would afford in ten days a million of beings. This, in some measure, explains the extraordinary number of Infusoria in a drop of an infusion. Ehrenberg never observed any animalcules in dew or rain; but there are some which he has found, in Africa and Asia as well as in Europe, in sea water as well as in river water, in the depths of the earth, and at its surface. During their development, however, these animals seem to present many forms, and the forms dependent on the different stages

of development of one animalcule may be easily mistaken for examples of different species. From these observations Ehrenberg concludes, that all Infusoria are, like other animals, propagated from ova, — 'omne vivum ex ovo,' — and leaves it undecided, whether the ova are, or are not, in part really the product of a *generatio primitiva*." — Vol. I. pp. 14 – 16.

The existence of the Entozoa, which inhabit the interior of other animals, lends much more support to the doctrine of equivocal generation than any facts observed respecting the Infusoria. The Entozoa form a class *sui generis*, and are, for the most part, quite distinct in their organization from any thing which exists external to the body. They are extremely numerous, as scarcely an animal can be found which does not furnish one or more species of them inhabiting the alimentary canal, the cellular and muscular tissues, the interior of the vascular system, the humors of the eyes, and even the cavities of the brain. We have no evidence that they come from without, for nothing like them can be found out of the animal organization; neither the earth, the water, nor the interior of plants, contains any races which resemble them. A tape-worm, an Ascaris, a Hydatid, is never met with except in the interior of another animal, and a great number of species can be found only in one kind of animal, each race having its own parasites, differing specifically from those of others. "Many of these Entozoa occur only in particular organs, and generally die when removed from the animal body. They have been observed even in the embryos; and a still stronger proof that they cannot be introduced from without is furnished by the fact, that they exist equally in animals who are strictly herbivorous, and whose food, therefore, cannot be suspected of being the vehicle by which either the animals themselves, or their ova, might be introduced. Even in carnivorous animals, the introduction of Entozoa from without can be admitted in a very few cases only; such are the facts, of the Echinorhynchus of the field-mouse having been sometimes found in the falcon, the worms of frogs in serpents, and the Ligula of fishes in the stomachs of wading and swimming birds."

Ehrenberg endeavours to set aside the doctrine of the equivocal generation of the Entozoa, on the ground, that, since they are provided with organs which are well known to contain ova, the ova themselves may be absorbed, and

carried by the circulation into all parts of the body, and thus find their way into particular organs, or secretions, and even pass by the milk from one individual to another. "It is certainly possible," says Müller, "that they may have originally found their way thither (into the interior of animals) from the fluids of the mother; but the suppositions by which equivocal generation is here sought to be refuted are as improbable as that theory itself. The ova of Entozoa are evidently too large to enter the lymphatics of the organ in which the animal lives; they are much too large to circulate in the capillary blood-vessels, of which the diameter is only $\frac{1}{370}$ of an English inch; the explanation of their occurrence in herbivorous animals by transmission from mother to young is, consequently, completely opposed to known *data* afforded by the micrometer, unless it be admitted that the smallest particle of germinal matter formed by Entozoa already existing was as capable of propagating them as the entire ovum."

From our ignorance of the habits and history of this singular race of animals, it is impossible to arrive at any very satisfactory conclusion respecting the manner in which they find their way into the interior of other animals, and the means by which their progeny is so far preserved as to insure a continuation of their respective species. A judicious and reflecting inquirer, however, will be slow to admit the possibility of their equivocal origin, when he considers that such a mode of generation is entirely without analogy in all races of organized beings, animal as well as vegetable, excepting only such as, from their microscopic size, or the obscurity of their localities, are as yet so little known that we cannot form an opinion with regard to their mode of reproduction; and that almost every step in the progress of zoölogical knowledge adds something to the evidence in the opposite scale.

The only other subject treated of in the "general prolegomena," to which we propose to refer, is that of the manifestation of the imponderable agents in the different races of organized beings. Light, heat, and electricity are evolved by animals, but in very different degrees. Heat is evolved by all the higher orders, so that they are enabled to maintain a temperature independent of that of the surrounding air; the same is also true with regard to many of the in-

vertebrate classes, especially the insects and worms; but experiments are wanting to prove the presence or absence of this power in many of the other races. The experiments of Pouillet demonstrate the evolution of electricity during the germination of vegetables, and Matteuci witnessed a deviation of the magnetic needle, of about 15° or 20°, when the liver and stomach of a rabbit were connected with the platinum ends of the wires of a delicate galvanometer. These manifestations, however, must be referred to the vital and chemical changes, like the evolution of heat, which are going on in the animal economy, independently of the will, or beyond the control of voluntary effort. But to this last statement, there are, among the fishes, a few wonderful exceptions. In addition to the organs common to them and the other members of the genera to which they belong, an apparatus, or battery, is found, destined expressly for the evolution of electricity in large quantities, which they charge and discharge at will, whenever the power is required for self-defence, or, perhaps, for other purposes, as yet unknown to naturalists.

The emission of light is peculiar to a portion of the invertebrate classes. Some of the animals belonging to the genus *Cydippe*, *Beroe*, and *Oceania*, among the *Acalephæ*, are remarkable for possessing this property; and these, with some of the marine microscopic Crustacea, are the principal causes of the phosphorescence of the ocean. Among insects, phosphorescent species of the genera *Lampyris Elater* and *Fulgora* are well known.

The subject of the manifestation of light, heat, and electricity is one of the most curious and interesting which animal physiology can present to our notice, but our limits will allow us to say only a few words respecting the electrical fishes.

The fishes which have the power of generating and accumulating electricity at will, as at present known, consist of a very limited number of species, and these belonging to very different natural families. The most remarkable and best known are certain varieties of the Torpedo, the *Gymnotus Electricus*, and the Malapterurus. The Torpedo is found in more localities than either of the others; as it is now known to exist in Europe, Africa, and near the coast of South America, where it has been described by Humboldt; and it has also

been quite recently noticed by Dr. Storer on the coast of Massachusetts. The electric organs of this fish are situated on each side of the head, filling up the large space which exists between the head and the anterior edge of the pectoral fin. Each organ is made up of numerous quadrangular, pentagonal, and hexagonal prisms, arranged vertically, side by side, and extending from the upper to the under surface of the body. Each prism consists of a thin, membranous exterior, surrounded with nerves and vessels, and containing a great number of thin, transverse *lamellæ* lying parallel, and one above the other, with a gelatinous fluid between them ; so that the whole organ may be said to consist of a series of membranous cells, containing fluid.

The most remarkable anatomical peculiarity noticeable in this apparatus is the enormous size of the nerves by which it is supplied. In the human body, the nerve known as the *nervus vagus*, pneumo-gastric, or eighth pair of cerebral nerves, is distributed principally to the œsophagus, the heart, the lungs, and the stomach. In the Torpedo, this same nerve is distributed to the œsophagus, gills, stomach, and electric organs. If we compare the nerves of the two together, we are struck with the enormous size of those of the fish. They are many times larger than the spinal marrow itself, and, at their origin, in the *medulla oblongata*, are provided with ganglia, which are actually larger than the whole of the brain. A branch of the fifth pair of cerebral nerves is also distributed to the anterior portions of these organs. In the *Gymnotus*, or electrical eel, the structure of the electrical apparatus, which forms nearly the whole bulk of the animal, is not materially different from that of the Torpedo. It consists of a series of membranous cells, filled with a fluid, but not arranged in prisms. These organs are four in number, two on each side of the body, extending nearly the entire length of the animal, which, in its general outline, resembles the common eel. The organs of the *Gymnotus* do not receive their nervous influence from the same sources as those of the Torpedo, but are supplied by two hundred and twenty-four pairs of nerves, which are derived entirely from the spinal marrow.

The effects of the electrical discharges are, for the most part, the same in the Torpedo and *Gymnotus*, though in some particulars they differ. The electricity itself has been proved

by satisfactory experiments to be identical with that manifested in the ordinary way in the physical world. By the shocks or discharges from these animals, the galvanometer has been affected, sparks have been obtained, water decomposed, and needles magnetized. The power of producing the electric discharges is voluntary; and ceases entirely on the destruction of the brain. The *Gymnotus* not only evolves electricity at will, but has the power of determining the direction in which the discharges shall act. When Humboldt and Bonpland seized one of these fishes, one grasping the head and the other the tail, the shock was not always immediate; but, when it took place, it was sometimes given to one and sometimes to the other. The shocks from the *Gymnotus* are by far the most severe, and, to be affected by them, it is not necessary to touch it in more than one point; and the result is the same, if, instead of making the contact with the hand, an iron rod be interposed between it and the surface of the fish. If one hand only is laid upon it, a smart shock is generally felt in the hand and fore arm; if both hands are applied, the shock passes through the breast. "I do not remember," says Humboldt, "of having received from the discharge of a large Leyden jar a more dreadful shock than that I experienced by placing both my feet on a *Gymnotus* just taken from the water. I was affected through the day with a violent pain in the knees, and in almost every joint." The sensation produced by the shock of the *Gymnotus* is like that of the Leyden jar, while that of the Torpedo is compared to the sensation produced by the galvanic battery.

"Electric fishes which are still vigorous exert their electric power as strongly in the air as in the water. If several persons form the chain between the upper and under surfaces of the fish, the shock is not felt, unless these persons have previously moistened their hands. The discharge, however, is felt by two persons who, while grasping the Torpedo with their right hands, complete the circle, — not by holding each other by the left hands, but by each dipping a small bar of metal into a drop of water on an insulated body. Dr. J. Davy had observed that the dorsal and ventral surfaces of the electric organs of the Torpepo have different electric properties. This has been confirmed by Linari and Matteuci [and M. Colladon], who have found that the direction of the currents is from the dorsal to the ventral surface; and that the dorsal surface, therefore, may be regarded as

the positive, the ventral as the negative pole. [M. Colladon observed, that, when the wires were applied to two symmetrical points of the back or belly of the fish, no effect was produced on the galvanometer ; but that there was always distinct evidence of an electric current, when two non-symmetrical points of either surface were touched ; the part nearest to the electric organ being positive with relation to other parts on the back, and negative on the belly. Nearly similar results have been obtained more recently by M. Matteuci. He found that all points on the back, lying over the entrance of the nerves into the electric organs, were positive with relation to other points of the same surface, and that the corresponding points on the abdominal surface were negative with relation to all other parts of the belly ; and hence was enabled to explain the occurrence of currents when one surface of either electric organ was touched at two different points, or the same surface of both organs at non-symmetrical points. The interior of the electric organ being examined, it was found that each layer near to the dorsal surface was positive electric with regard to those nearer to the abdominal surface.] Spallanzani observed that the Torpedo loses its power of giving shocks when its skin is removed. Matteuci, however, states that the electric shock of the Torpedo is only weakened by the removal of the skin, and is felt even when slices of the organ are removed. But few truly physiological experiments have been hitherto performed on the nerves of the electric fishes. Dr. Davy observed that the electric discharges of a Torpedo continued after the brain of the fish was divided lengthwise ; but that, after the removal of the brain, no more shocks were given, even when the nerves of the electric organs were irritated. In one instance, when a small portion of brain had accidentally been left in connection with the electric nerves of one side, the fish gave a shock when irritated. M. Matteuci found that the intensity of the shock diminished in proportion to the number of the nervous fibres going to the organ which he divided, and that it was no longer given when all the nerves were severed. The death of the fish, produced by morphia, was attended with strong electric discharges and convulsions. When the animal had ceased to give shocks, even though irritated, discharges stronger than ordinary were excited by touching the part of the brain (an enlargement of the medulla oblongata) from which the nerves of the electric organs arise. [All parts of the brain in front of this fourth lobe or enlargement of the medulla oblongata may be removed without arresting the electric discharges. The cerebral hemispheres may be touched, wounded, or cut away, without any discharge being excited ; but

irritation of the optic lobes between the cerebral hemispheres and cerebellum sometimes caused an electric discharge, when the animal was vigorous.] From these results, M. Matteuci infers that the electric force of the Torpedo is not generated in the electric organs, that the current receives its direction from the brain, and that it is only strengthened in the former organs as in a Leyden phial or secondary pile. These conclusions appear to me, however, to be by no means justified by the foregoing facts; for, if the brain were the source of the electricity, its generation might be excited and its presence demonstrated even after the removal of the electric organs. The brain may charge these organs by exciting in them a heterogeneous chemical state, or it may merely cause them to discharge the electricity with which they have by their own energy charged themselves.

"A remarkable circumstance observed by M. Matteuci, in his more recent experiments, but requiring confirmation, was, that a galvanic current, directed through the nerves and electric organ of the Torpedo, excited a discharge, whether the current was made to pass from the nerves to the organ, or in the opposite direction; but that, when one pole was applied to the electric lobe of the brain and the other to the electric organ, no discharge was excited, unless the galvanic current was directed from the brain to the organ." — Vol. I. pp. 71, 72.

In order to give some idea of the manner in which the author treats the different subjects that fall within his province, we shall select a single chapter for analysis, as a more extended abstract would exceed our limits. For this purpose, we take up the chapter on respiration.

The end of the function of respiration is the introduction into the animal economy of a certain amount of oxygen, and the exhalation, or separation from it, of a certain amount of carbonic acid and water. At every moment, man is, by means of his lungs, borrowing from the air its oxygen, and, while life lasts, there can be no arrest of this process, beyond a few moments, without imminent danger. Lavoisier and Menzies have estimated, that, in the course of one year, man consumes from seven hundred to eight hundred pounds of this gas, and yet the weight of his body, at the end of that period, varies but little from what it was at the commencement. "The carbon and hydrogen of certain parts have entered into combination with the oxygen introduced from without, by means of the lungs and skin, and have been given out in the form of carbonic acid gas and the vapor of water.

At every moment, at every expiration, certain quantities of its elements separate from the animal organism, after having entered into combination, within the body, with the oxygen of the atmosphere." * Dumas, in his Lecture on Chemical Statics, referring to the changes which are continually going on in the animal economy, asks; "Have we not proved, by a multitude of results, that, in a chemical point of view, an animal constitutes a true apparatus for combustion, in which carbon is incessantly being burned, and returned to the air, in the form of carbonic acid; and in which hydrogen is also continually burned, and as continually forming water; from which, in fine, azote is constantly exhaled in a free state from the lungs, and, in that of the oxide of ammonia, from the kidneys?" †

This function, so important in man, is common to the whole animal kingdom, and is inseparable from animal existence. Its relative importance, however, is very variable; for we find that the amount of oxygen consumed by worms and cold-blooded animals is very small. It varies much, as in the case of a bird compared with a fish, and yet so important is respiration to all, that to place an animal in a medium in which it cannot go on is a sure means, sooner or later, of destroying life. Müller, in treating of the organs by which the function is carried on, gives a general outline of the different forms which they assume in the different classes of animals, commencing with the more simple, and ascending to the more complex. Thus, we have a series of contrivances brought to our notice, varying in their degree of complication as we ascend from the lower to the higher classes, and these complications are commensurate with the extent and activity of the function. The series thus examined affords an illustration of the general proposition, that, as we descend in the animal scale, there is a tendency to dispense with the division of labor which is carried to so great an extent in the higher classes, and, instead of having a special organ appropriated to each function, we have all the functions performed, as it were, by a single organ, and that one is the whole body of the animal. Thus, in the *Hydra*, or fresh-water polypus, there is no organ appropriated specially to

* Liebig's *Animal Chemistry.* London, 1842. p. 13.
† *Leçon sur la Statique Chemique.* Paris, 1841. p. 4.

the function of respiration, but this takes place over the entire surface of the body, which surface is the only seat of sensibility, and is also capable of performing the office of a stomach ; for, according to the experiments of Trembley, this animal digests its food equally well, if completely turned inside out. What is here said of the organs of respiration is equally true in respect to the nervous, vascular, and other systems.

Respiratory organs are divisible into two kinds, according to the nature of the medium in which the animal lives, whether it be the air or the water. As it is from the surrounding medium that they all borrow their oxygen, the organs are varied to suit the conditions under which they exist. Aërial respiration is carried on, almost universally, by cavities which exist in the interior of the body, assuming the form of lungs, simple pouches, or complicated and ramified tubes. In all of these, however, the air is admitted into the interior of the organ. In aquatic respiration, on the contrary, excepting in the case of those animals in which it is effected by the entire surface, the organs assume the form of tufts, or fringes, or gills, and, in all cases, the surrounding medium comes in contact only with their external surface. For illustration, we will cite a few examples from the book ; and first, in relation to the aquatic races.

In the polypi, the whole surface, as has already been intimated, serves for respiratory action. In the infusory animalcules, the only respiratory organs seem to be the delicate vibrating filaments called *ciliæ*, with which, in many species, the surface is in part or wholly covered. They are so minute that the highest magnifying power is needed in order to perceive them. These *ciliæ* perform, also, the office of locomotive organs. In the aquatic mollusca and annelides, the respiratory organs are distinct, and usually assume the form of tufts or fringes, which are situated on the outer surface of the body, and float freely in the water. In other cases, they appear as thin laminæ, more or less concealed in the interior, accessible to the water, and are commonly known as gills. In the crustacea, the gills exist in a more complicated form ; and, in the fishes, they assume a more perfect organization than in any of the preceding classes.

Among animals breathing air, the terrestrial mollusca afford the simplest form of respiratory cavities. In the slug

and snail, we have a simple pouch excavated in the body of the animal, opening externally by an orifice distinct from the mouth, and generally at a distance from it ; and, on the inner surface of this cavity, the vessels ramify by which the blood is carried to and from the atmospheric influence. In a portion of the spiders we find a similar arrangement, but the pouches are more numerous, and the interior is more or less subdivided, so as to increase the amount of surface. Among the rest of the spiders, and in the whole class of insects, the respiratory organs consist of a series of minute and highly ramified tubes, which traverse every portion of the body, so that the air performs a circulation similar to that of the blood in the higher classes. Among the vertebrate classes, the reptiles have lungs constructed with the greatest degree of simplicity, consisting of large and hollow pouches, the surface of which is slightly subdivided into cells ; such is the case with the frogs, the serpents, the lizards, and the tortoises. Those which frequent the water have large lungs, containing more air than is necessary for their immediate use, and serving as reservoirs, from which oxygen is procured while they lie concealed beneath the surface. In birds and quadrupeds, whose temperature is much higher than that of the preceding classes, and the activity of whose muscular, nervous, and circulating systems is also greater, we find lungs of the highest degree of complication, the whole interior being divided and subdivided so as to secure the greatest possible amount of respiratory surface.

There is still another race of animals, which, though truly aquatic in their habits, occupy a position intermediate between the two divisions above mentioned. They constitute the order of *true* amphibious animals, being provided with internal pulmonary organs, and with external tufts or gills, so that they are capable of respiring either air or water. This is the case with the Proteus, the Siren, and the Axolotl. Some of the lower orders of reptiles, in their immature condition, have the same organization as the Proteus, which is intended, however, only for temporary use, the gills subsequently disappearing, but the lungs continuing to be developed, and, in the adult, the function being performed as in other air-breathing animals. The tadpole of the common frog is thus organized, the gills not disappearing until

it undergoes its metamorphosis, when its extremities are fully developed, and it becomes capable of terrestrial locomotion.

Having thus given a general view of the respiratory organs, as presented by the different classes, the author proceeds to an exposition of the *effects* of respiration; namely, its action upon the atmosphere, or upon the air contained in the water, the comparative amount of oxygen consumed, and carbonic acid exhaled, by man and the lower animals, the changes which the blood undergoes in its circulation through the respiratory organs, the causes of its change of color, in a portion of the animal kingdom, during its passage from the venous to the arterial system, and the theory of the chemical process. Lastly, he treats of the respiratory motions, and of the influence of the nerves on the different stages of the respiratory function. Having passed in review the different theories which have been advanced from time to time by Lavoisier, Laplace, Davy, and others, he sums up the present state of our knowledge on this subject as follows:

"Till within the last few years, therefore, the theory of respiration was involved in inexplicable difficulties. Blood agitated with atmospheric air was known to yield carbonic acid without the influence of the living organ, becoming at the same time of a bright red color; it was believed, however, to contain no pre-existing carbonic acid; and yet frogs were found to exhale carbonic acid when no oxygen was respired, and in nearly as large a quantity as in atmospheric air.

"Now, however, the problem is satisfactorily solved. The excellent experiments of Professor Magnus have shown that both kinds of blood contain oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid gas, that arterial blood contains more oxygen than venous blood, while carbonic acid is in larger quantity in the venous than in the arterial. During respiration, carbonic acid is extracted from the blood by the atmospheric air, oxygen being yielded to the blood in its place; a portion of the carbonic acid still remains, however, dissolved in the arterial blood. In the process which is constantly going on between the blood and the texture of the organs in the capillary vessels of the body, the oxygen, which is a vivifying stimulus for the organized substance, disappears in part from the arterial blood, and carbonic acid is formed; the venous blood, therefore, contains a larger proportion of carbonic acid, though it retains some of the oxygen. The venous blood

reaching the lungs is again deprived of a part of its carbonic acid by the action of the atmospheric air. The interchange of the carbonic acid and oxygen in the lungs is wholly in accordance with the physical laws of the absorption of gases. A fluid impregnated with a particular gas does not give it out as long as its surface is subjected to the pressure of the same gas; but, if it is brought into contact with a different gas, an interchange takes place until the gas with which the fluid is impregnated, and the gaseous atmosphere which presses upon it, are equally mixed. This law affords a ready explanation for the exhalation of carbonic acid by frogs in hydrogen and nitrogen in as large quantity as in atmospheric air, as well as for the fact that hydrogen and nitrogen transmitted through blood become impregnated with the carbonic acid which it contains.

"The proportion of carbonic acid contained in the blood is sufficiently large to account for the whole quantity exhaled from the lungs.

"Supposing that two ounces of blood are expelled from the heart at each beat, ten pounds must pass through the lungs in a minute; and these ten pounds of blood ought to contain 27·4 cubic inches of carbonic acid, — such being the volume of this gas which Allen and Pepys found to be exhaled from the lungs during a minute's respiration. But, admitting that the quantity of carbonic acid really exhaled from the lungs is less by one half than the experiments of Allen and Pepys would indicate, — and it certainly is less, — and adopting the estimate of Sir H. Davy, who calculated that 15·8 cubic inches is the amount of carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs during each minute, still ten pounds of blood ought to contain nearly sixteen cubic inches of that gas.

"The experiments of Professor Magnus have shown, that the blood contains at least one fifth of its volume of carbonic acid; and, since one pound of blood measures about 25 French cubic inches [one pound avoirdupois of water contains 27·7 English cubic inches, the same weight of blood about 26·4 English cubic inches], every pound of venous blood ought to contain at least five cubic inches of carbonic acid, and the ten pounds of blood which pass through the lungs in a minute, 50 cubic inches [60 English cubic inches], of which it may easily be conceived that 15·8, or even 27·4 cubic inches, may be exhaled in the respiratory process.

"A small quantity of nitrogen is absorbed by the blood from the air respired, but does not appear to perform any office in the system, since its proportion is the same in arterial and venous blood.

"The object of the respiratory process is evidently, first, the absorption of oxygen into the blood, which conveys that gas as a stimulus to the different organs of the body; and, secondly, the removal from the blood of the carbonic acid which is formed in the capillaries. That the latter is not the main object is clearly shown by the fact of frogs falling into a state of asphyxia when made to respire in hydrogen and nitrogen, although the quantity of carbonic acid which is exhaled in those gases is not in the slightest degree less than in atmospheric air." — Vol. I. pp. 357, 358.

We are aware that it is impossible, from a short notice like this, to form a true idea of the whole work under consideration; to this end, nothing short of attentive study will suffice. The student who shall avail himself of the treasures contained in it, will be convinced that Professor Müller, as might have been anticipated from his high European reputation, was eminently qualified for the great task which he has undertaken; and that, before entering upon his labors, he had acquired all the preliminary information essential to his success. He has a thorough acquaintance with physical and chemical science, and the anatomy of man and the animal races; and to these qualifications must be added an acute and philosophical mind, slow to admit the opinions of others, unless supported by substantial evidence. Nearly every page affords sufficient testimony of the truth of what is here advanced. We do not wish to imply, that no objectionable opinions are brought forward; some there certainly are, perhaps many; to discuss these in detail, however, is a business that falls within the province of journals strictly devoted to medical and physiological science.

With regard to the English edition of this work, we have no other remark to make than that it is in the highest degree satisfactory, not merely from the beauty of its typographical execution, but on account of the numerous marginal illustrations and diagrams, which are indispensable for a clear understanding of many portions of the text. With respect to the American edition, although we are by no means disposed to doubt the ability of its editor, or that he has performed his duty as faithfully as the circumstances would admit, we think that it is much to be regretted that any abridgment should be undertaken, especially since it often requires, as in the present case, the omission of im-

portant evidence, and the insertion of general and imperfect summaries. The absence of engraved illustrations in the body of the text must be regarded as a great objection to the American abridgment, and, should a new edition be called for, we trust that it will be found practicable to supply them.

ART. VI. — *History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in* 1789, *to the Restoration of the Bourbons in* 1815. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, F. R. S. E., Advocate. Paris: Baudry. 1841. 10 vols. 8vo.

MR. ALISON'S History has many excellent qualities, and some striking faults. It is the elaborate and highly finished work of an able and conscientious writer, who has given to it the patient toil of many years, and who may be considered as having staked his reputation upon its success. It is not a brilliant production; it does not bear the marks of genius; it is not imbued with any profound philosophy. But it is full of interest, and it embodies a great amount of information, carefully collected, and admirably digested and arranged, and presented in a way that cannot fail to absorb the attention of the reader. It is conceived on a comprehensive plan, which admits every thing that can elucidate the main subject, without violating its unity; and it is executed with a care, fidelity, and spirit, that cannot be too highly appreciated. The author endeavours to be strictly impartial, and he is generally successful in the attempt. His work contrasts very favorably, in this respect, with the Life of Napoleon, by Scott, which is so full of English prejudices and unfairness, that, notwithstanding the great merits of its execution, it can hardly be said to possess any historical value whatever. This remarkable book always appeared to us like a sort of high Tory romance, or a plea in favor of Castlereagh politics, illustrated by a half fabulous account of French Jacobinism and the crimes of Napoleon. Mr. Alison's work has far higher claims to consideration and trust. Yet his Tory principles are as violent, and carried as far, as

were those of Scott, and he has written this history with a purpose, but half concealed, of checking the spirit of innovation, and applying a corrective to the democratic tendencies of the age. What, then, are the grounds of our confidence in his general fidelity as a historian? They are found in the abundant evidence, which the book affords, of the honest intentions and ingenuous spirit of the writer, — in his sincere conviction that the story, if fairly and fully told, without artifice, concealment, or falsification, would answer all the purposes which he had in view. He seems to have been aware of the bias which existed in his own mind, and of the suspicion that it would throw upon his narrative, and he therefore goes honestly to work to counteract it, and to afford the reader, at every step, the means of verifying his statements and testing his conclusions.

His plan, as he remarks in the preface, "was to give on every occasion the authorities, by volume and page, from which the statement in the text was taken"; and this is done not only for every paragraph, but in many instances for every sentence. He has taken care, also, "to quote a preponderance of authority, in every instance where it was possible, from writers on the opposite side from that which an English historian, surveying the events with the feelings which attachment to a constitutional monarchy produces, may be supposed to adopt; and the reader will find every fact almost, in the internal history of the revolution, supported by two Republican and one Royalist authority; and every event in the military narrative drawn from at least two writers on the part of the French, and one on that of their opponents."

This plan, which is fully carried out, affords satisfactory proof of the integrity and conscientious spirit of the writer. It is evident that he intended to tell the truth, without reserve, exaggeration, or undue coloring, and, if he has failed to do so, he has afforded abundant means, at every step, whereby his departures from strict veracity may be detected and exposed. And the result is what might be expected from such a plan, when ably and fairly executed; for, after a full examination, we do not hesitate to say, that this is the most complete and honest history of the French Revolution which has yet appeared either in England or France. Certainly, no work by a British pen deserves to be com-

pared with it; and we think every reader will accord it the preference, in point of fulness and impartiality, over the early narratives by the French Royalists, Bertrand de Molleville, Lacretelle, and others, and the more recent and popular works of Mignet and Thiers.

Mr. Alison has had the advantage of coming after these writers, and he has made good use of the fruits of their labor, and of the vast store of other materials, respecting the history of the French Revolution, which have been accumulating with great rapidity for half a century. The various publications on this subject would now fill a library by themselves, and most of them possess intrinsic, though partial, interest and value. Besides the great collection of "Revolutionary Memoirs," filling sixty-six volumes, which contain the authentic narratives of persons actively engaged in the great events which they describe, there is a multitude of contributions to the general history of the period, both civil and military, most of them coming from very trustworthy sources, which furnish an inexhaustible mine of information. Mr. Alison cannot be too highly praised for the diligent and effective use which he has made of these copious materials. It would be difficult to mention a single publication of any note relating to his subject, which is not quoted or referred to in the course of these volumes. French, English, and German authorities have been consulted with equal attention, and some Spanish and Italian writers have afforded collateral and subsidiary information, of which our author has availed himself to the great advantage of his work.

The time has gone by for viewing the eventful history of Europe, from the commencement of the revolution in France, to the second restoration of the Bourbons, with the rancor of political feeling and national animosity. Another generation has come upon the stage, who have had no share in the exciting events of those times, and who refuse to be blinded by the false coloring and distorted pictures, the forged narratives and unfair suppressions of the truth, with which party writers, during the heat of the contest, sought to animate the zeal of their own faction, and to disable their opponents. The truth is elicited from a comparison of opposite statements, and the publication of letters and official documents, and, when the facts are known, it is an idle attempt to resist

or evade the conclusions which may fairly be drawn from them. Whatever may be the predilections or wishes of historians and political writers, they are now forced to do justice to the characters and measures of the several leaders and parties in the great contest. Colonel Napier's recently published "History of the War in the Peninsula" is a striking instance of this impartiality, which writers are now compelled to manifest, on account of the subdued tone of public feeling, and the multiplication of authorities, which leave no shelter for error or prejudice. It is written by a British officer who bore an active part in the war; but its tone is calm, temperate, and discriminating, and it bestows nearly as much praise on the military abilities and administrative talent of Soult and Suchet as on the transcendent genius and energy of Wellington. What a wide difference there is, in point of temper and fairness, between this work and Southey's history of the same war, the first volume of which was published some twenty years since! Mr. Alison's work affords another happy instance of this great improvement in candor and liberality of judgment, on the part of English historians. Even his estimate of the character of Napoleon, though marked with some traces of the exasperated feelings with which the English conducted the war against him, is, in the main, candid and just.

The preparations of our historian for his task were not confined to the careful examination of every thing that has been printed in relation to his subject. He has visited the several places where the great battles between the French and their opponents were fought, and, in most cases, describes the particular scene of each contest, and the general theatre of the war, from personal observation. His style being sufficiently perspicuous, this intimate knowledge of the ground imparts much force and clearness to his descriptions, and the account of the military movements and events is at once animated and intelligible. His summary of the political events, and other internal transactions, in each kingdom involved in the contest, is drawn up with great perspicuity and completeness, and combines an amount of information respecting the finances, and the state of parties, in each country, which it would be difficult to find elsewhere in such a condensed form. Supplementary chapters are given, at intervals, on the history, general condition, and internal

resources of each nation, and the character of the people, which leave nothing to be desired in the way of subsidiary information for understanding the influence which each power exerted on the course of events in Europe. Great labor has evidently been bestowed on these digressions, so that they present a full and succinct digest of facts, collected from the most authentic sources, and presented in such a copious and lively style that they are among the most agreeable and instructive portions of the book. Mr. Alison has adopted so broad a plan, that some of these chapters — the general sketch of British India, for instance — seem to have only a remote connexion with the principal topic ; but they are so well executed that we fancy no reader will complain of their presence. This very chapter on India is admirably done, and there are others, which are but little inferior to it, on St. Domingo, Poland, Turkey, Russia, and France at different periods. The one on America is the most unfortunate in the book, as it is full of errors, some of them very serious, which we shall have occasion to expose in another part of this article.

In the general distribution of his subject, and in the arrangement of particulars so as to preserve clearness and continuity of interest, without violating chronology or interrupting the thread of events, Mr. Alison's history may sustain a comparison even with the magnificent work of Gibbon ; and his subject is hardly inferior in splendor, magnitude, and importance, to the " Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." He is quite a master, also, of what may be called historical perspective, by which leading events and characters are brought forward with due prominence, while the minor occurrences and personages are left in the background. We could wish that he did not remind us of Gibbon in another respect, — the most exceptionable peculiarities of his style. The imitation is here quite obvious, though it is not a happy one, and we object altogether to the choice of a model so faulty and vicious, even in its copiousness and magnificence. Mr. Alison's style is always stately, artificial, and ornate ; but it wants the richness of illustration and the epigrammatic turns which lend attraction even to the glaring faults of Gibbon. It is too uniformly balanced and modulated, with sentences " of formal cut," the different members of which are often helped out with superfluous epithets, in order to sustain

the rhythm. It is abundant, flowing, and, for the most part, perspicuous; but it is sadly deficient in ease, grace, and naturalness. It betrays labor. The writer is evidently thinking of his garb, and doing his utmost to appear at advantage; and, consequently, the reader's attention is continually diverted from the narrative to the language. Mr. Alison has not a very fertile imagination, but he is ambitious of ornament, and his favorite metaphors and comparisons, which are neither novel nor striking, are repeated till the reader loathes their presence, and are often huddled together with little regard to sense or correctness. It is remarkable that a style, which is evidently studied and elaborate, should be so frequently loose and incorrect. We need not go far in search of faults, for there is hardly a page that does not contain them. The following may be taken as a sample of their quality.

"It was not the ripple of a minute that burst upon the shore, but the long swell of the Atlantic, wafted from distant realms, and heaved on the bosom of remote antiquity." — Vol. I. p. 14.

"*The long swell of the Atlantic, heaved on the bosom of remote antiquity,*" is a figure quite worthy of Mr. Robert Montgomery, or, as he is usually called, Satan Montgomery. Another extraordinary application of metaphorical language is found in the following sentence.

"*A connected chain of words, which float unchanged through the otherwise forgotten floods of time*, may be traced from the tribes of the Caucasian range to the Cordilleras of Mexico and Peru." — Vol. X. p. 279.

"Mr. Hume has said, that fanaticism was the disgrace of the great rebellion, and that we shall look in vain among the popular leaders of England at that period for the generous sentiments which animated the patriots of antiquity; but, without disputing the absurdity of many of their tenets, and the ridiculous nature of much in their manners, it may safely be affirmed, that such *fervor* was the only effectual *bridle* which could be imposed on human depravity, when the ordinary restraints of law and order were at an end, and that, but for that fanaticism, they (?) would have been disgraced by the proscriptions of Marius, or the executions of Robespierre." — Vol. I. p. 213.

It is not easy to see what kind of *fervor* is here spoken of; and any excitement of feeling is usually regarded rather

as a *spur* than a *bridle*. We cannot perceive how the patriot leaders of England, under any circumstances, could have been disgraced by proscriptions that were made centuries before, or by executions which took place centuries after, the period of their own existence. The whole sentence is loose, awkward, and incorrect, to the last degree.

"It is such men, in every age, who have ultimately obtained the lead in public convulsions; like the vultures which, invisible in ordinary times, are attracted, by an unerring instinct, to the scene of blood, and reap the last fruits of the discord and violence of others." — *Ibid.*

We never supposed that vultures were "invisible in ordinary times," nor that they were wont to "reap the fruits" of the discord of "other" — vultures, as the writer seems to assert. The following are fair specimens of our author's habit of running down his favorite metaphors.

"Amidst the expiring embers of civilized institutions, they spread the flames of barbarian independence; on the decayed stock of urban liberty, they engrafted the vigorous shoots of pastoral freedom." — Vol. I. p. 17.

"On the ancient stock of Saxon independence, the English engrafted the shoots of modern liberty; in its stead, the French planted the unknown tree of equality. In the British Isles, the plant has become deeply rooted, and expanded widely, in its native air; time will show whether the French have not wasted their endeavours in training an exotic unsuited to the climate, and unfruitful in the soil." — Vol. I. p. 121.

These are marked instances of incorrectness and bad taste in composition, and would detract seriously from the reputation of the writer, were they not balanced by some excellent qualities of style. The narrative is generally clear and animated, and the descriptions are often vivid and picturesque. The moving story of the trial and execution of Louis is finely told; and the pictures of most of the great battles fought by Napoleon, particularly those of Eylau, Friedland, and Wagram, are drawn with great vigor, distinctness, and effect. The fearful history of France, during the Reign of Terror, which has so often tasked the descriptive powers of the most eloquent writers of our age, was never presented in a manner more forcible and impressive than that of Mr. Alison. Indeed, when he is simply carrying forward

the narrative, and relating the various events as they occurred, his style is generally clear, vigorous, and in good taste. It is only when he stops to moralize on the several occurrences, and when he is beset by the pestilent ambition of fine writing, that his language becomes tumid, labored, and incorrect. It had been well for him, if he had kept in mind the remark of an able critic, that "half of the affectation and offensive pretension we meet with in authors, arises from a paltry ambition of being eloquent and ingenious out of place."

We could wish that the reflections, with which Mr. Alison has loaded his narrative, were not open to more serious objections, — that they did not so frequently rest on preconceived opinions, on national and party prejudices, — that they were not so generally superficial and commonplace. Many lessons are taught with terrible effect by the great events of the French Revolution, and the observer is sadly deficient in sagacity and penetration, who can find in them nothing but a solemn warning against the evils of democracy. We do not object to this moral of the story, so far as it goes. Every friend of free institutions, every loud-tongued advocate of the rights of the people and of their capacity to elect their own rulers and manage their own affairs, may learn wisdom and moderation from the crimes and the punishment of the French Jacobins, and the delusion and sufferings of the French people. But the same history gives a warning quite as impressive to the favorers of aristocratic governments, and the prejudiced opponents of all reform. It shows that oppression and misrule, the obstinate retention of old customs, and the bigoted support of the privileges of the few against the rights and the wants of the many, may be equally destructive to both parties in the state, — to the ruling powers, who may be exposed ultimately to every species of injury and outrage from an exasperated populace, and to the uninstructed people, who may be taught by mournful experience what a sad and difficult task it is to govern themselves. Mr. Alison reads but half the lesson, and thereby commits as great an error as if he had never opened the book. He has not coolness and judgment enough to weigh all the facts on the record, and to draw a conclusion which shall harmonize with all, and be applicable with certainty to future cases. His mind is not sufficiently comprehensive to take in all the

aspects and bearings of his subject, nor sufficiently acute to perceive how often his story contradicts the moral that is drawn from it. He is fair and candid as a narrator, but not as a reasoner, and he very ingenuously supplies the materials for contradicting his own theories.

There are different modes of considering the great drama of the French Revolution, according to the several points of view assumed by the different historians, or the bias which is given to their reflections by their preëstablished opinions on the nature of various governments. The French republican writers have inclined, of late, to speak of the whole course of events as directed by an irresistible fatality, by which the actors in them were impelled to do a work that was often repugnant to their feelings and wishes, and which produced results that they had never contemplated. They were passive agents in the hands of a terrible Destiny, and, therefore, were not accountable either for the follies or the crimes which they committed. Fate willed that the Revolution should take place, — that it should go on and prosper, — though disorder, suffering, and criminality of every kind, were the attendants or the means of its progress. The nobles were exiled, religion was suppressed, prisoners were butchered, the King was murdered, cartloads of men and women, of all ranks and classes, were dragged daily to the guillotine, because it was necessary that these things should be, in order that a reaction should not take place in favor of tyranny, and that France should not be overrun by the armies of the stranger. No detestation is expressed of the character and motives of the agents in this fearful work, but only admiration and respect for the terrible energy and audacity which they showed, in vindicating the rights of man and saving their country. Many innocent victims fell, but their sufferings and death, and the general misery and anarchy that prevailed, ought not to be regretted, since all was necessary for the safety of the republic.

This is the theory of the Revolution, which is set forth by Thiers, Carlyle, and some other popular writers of the day, and certainly a more detestable one was never framed. It is quite a prevalent one in France, where extravagant speculations on history and politics meet with a more favorable reception than in most other countries. We have ourselves conversed with intelligent Frenchmen who openly

defended these views, saying that the Reign of Terror was indeed a terrible thing, but it was inevitable, and the only mistake committed was in putting a stop to it too soon, for many political calamities thereby occurred, which might have been averted, if a few more thousand heads had fallen. Mr. Alison is a conscientious and pious man, and he rejects this theory, as repugnant alike to all moral and humane feelings, and to common sense. Unluckily, he puts one in its place, which varies quite as widely from the truth, by going to the opposite extreme. We shall have occasion to consider his views at length ; but, meanwhile, we must say a word on a slight modification of the French estimate of the Revolution, which finds some upholders in this country.

This doctrine is, that the crimes of the Jacobin party in France, however atrocious in themselves and melancholy in their consequences, ought not to draw down general indignation on the direct authors of them, but rather on the privileged classes in France, whose contempt for popular rights and continued oppression of the lower orders finally brought upon their own heads a long delayed and righteous retribution. We do not suppose, that persons who look at the subject in this light wish to justify all the acts of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre ; but they desire to call off our attention from the infernal proceedings of these men, and to fix it on the noble object which they had in view. But we do not believe in the propriety of hiding such crimes from notice, nor in the justice of the plea which is set up in order to palliate them. The people who cannot vindicate their personal rights and national independence, except by such means as these, do not deserve to be free. It may be true, that a salutary warning to all oppressive governments is offered by the terrible severities practised by the French Revolutionists ; but these same acts have brought a reproach on the whole cause of freedom and reform, and go far to justify the arbitrary proceedings of rulers, who may stop the first outbreak of popular spirit, and allege their motive to be a just regard to the rights of humanity and the welfare of their subjects. It must be remembered, that the Revolutionary tribunal was set up, and the Jacobin party began its inhuman career, long after the real contest was decided, and the first object of the struggle was gained. The battle of freedom was fought and won in 1789. After the capture of

the Bastille, on the 14th of July in that year, the whole power was virtually taken from the hands of the King, and lodged in the National Assembly. All the privileges of the nobility and the feudal burdens were destroyed in a single night, on the motion of the nobles themselves; tithes were suppressed, and the ecclesiastical property was seized for the benefit of the state; the trial by jury was fixed by law, *lettres de cachet* were done away, the national guard was organized, the most oppressive imposts were abolished, and, to crown all, a right of suffrage, as liberal as that which now exists in Massachusetts, was determined by the constitution, and thereby the principle of universal equality was recognized, and all authority was admitted to flow from the people. The free government established with these provisions and safeguards existed for three years, till the fatal 10th of August, 1792, when the populace of Paris established the sacred right of insurrection, and anarchy and butchery began. The Jacobins then ruled France with a rod of iron for nearly two years, and a more cruel and tyrannical government never existed under the worst of the Roman emperors or the despots of the East than in their "free and indivisible republic." We see not how it is possible to find either cause or palliation for their proceedings in the circumstances which preceded, or in those which were contemporary with, the establishment of their power. It is an outrage on common sense, to affirm that they were rendered necessary either to vindicate or preserve the liberty of the country.

Besides, most of the victims during the Reign of Terror were neither the persons who opposed the Revolution, nor those whose crimes had brought it on. Many of them had had nothing to do with the course of public events; many others were among the earliest advocates and defenders of the rights of the people. By their fate, the terrible prophecy of Vergniaud was accomplished, and "the Revolution, like Saturn, devoured its own children." If some of the nobles were rightfully put to death, because the order to which they belonged once exercised odious privileges, and had been guilty of oppressive acts, surely, no similar consideration justified the execution of Bailly and Brissot, the first apostles of French liberty. If it was necessary to visit the sins of former monarchs on the head of their innocent descendant, Louis the Sixteenth, we see not what crimes were expiated

by the death of M. de Malesherbes, his aged and eloquent defender at the bar of the Convention. If it was right to execute the Queen, in order to terrify the royalists, and because she once incited the King to oppose the Revolution, we cannot perceive why Madame Roland, also, was sent to the guillotine. The truth is, the Committees of Public Safety and of General Safety, in whose hands the whole power was lodged during the period of Jacobin rule, were opposed by other factions, equally ambitious and reckless with themselves ; and, knowing that their own immediate adherents were few and weak, they sought to strike down opposition, or to silence it through terror, by causing blood to flow in torrents. Meanwhile, they had the address to persuade the ignorant people, that only aristocrats and royalists were sent to the guillotine, and that their death was necessary in order to save the country. Among these aristocrats were such men as the half insane Anacharsis Clootz, and the miserable Hébert ; among these royalists were Danton, who planned the massacres of September, and Westermann, who commanded the mob when they attacked the Tuileries on the 10th of August. Robespierre was never supported but by a small minority in the Convention ; but the success of his system of terror was evident enough, for the majority dared not vote against him, until he was about to send them, also, to the scaffold. Then, indeed, they gained courage for a desperate effort, and the monster fell.

It may appear strange, that the people could be so far deluded as to support the miserable and cruel faction that wielded, for so long a time, the destinies of the country. But the explanation of the fact is obvious enough. The better portion of the community, the intelligent and the educated, had been driven into exile, or were shut up in prisons, or were rendered dumb through terror. The lower classes, composed of the vile populace of the most corrupt of European cities, and of the uninstructed peasantry, intoxicated by a sudden accession of power, and alarmed by exaggerated reports of foreign invasion, could not be pacified except by immediate and striking proofs of the boldness and efficiency of their government. The war raged upon the frontiers, out of their view and hearing ; but they could imagine that it was ably conducted, when every unlucky general was brought home and guillotined before their own doors. They could

believe that the persons at the head of affairs were active and earnest in the cause of the people, when crowds of victims were daily sacrificed under the denomination of aristocrats and traitors. Distress and famine prevailed, for the crops were short, and the ruin of commerce and manufactures, consequent on the destruction of confidence, and the withdrawal or concealment of capital, threw vast numbers out of employment. Irritated by suffering, and unwilling to believe that the country could be reduced to so unhappy a state from natural causes, when its political condition was so much improved, they ascribed all their misfortunes to the machinations of the banished nobility, of the persecuted clergy, of the prisoners already immured in their dungeons, or of traitors within their own councils. The Convention and the Committees could not give them bread, but they could deliver up victims in abundance, as objects of popular vengeance. When the proceedings of the revolutionary tribunal were not speedy enough for the impatient ferocity of the multitude, the cry of "a conspiracy within the prisons" was raised, and the wretched inmates of these dwellings were dragged forth without a trial, and butchered at the doors. The revolutionary passions of the people were kept constantly awake by the display of new objects to be obtained by their activity and daring; the present misery which they endured was represented as the effect of the opposition offered by the royalists to the progress of innovation; and the populace were dazzled by the prospect of boundless felicity, when the liberty and equality for which they contended should be fully established.

There has been some dispute respecting the extent to which blood was shed in France, while it was under the sway of the Jacobins. Mr. Alison adopts the estimate of Prudhomme, a republican writer, whose prepossessions certainly would not lead him to exaggerate the horrors of that period. According to his account, 18,603 persons were guillotined by order of the Revolutionary Tribunal. This number is definitely ascertained. The other statements are more vaguely given, being formed in part from conjecture. Thirty-two thousand fell victims at Nantes, when the Jacobin agent, Carrier, visited that city; and, of this number, more than twenty-seven hundred were women or children, who were either shot or drowned. Thirty-one thousand perished

at Lyons, under Fouché, Couthon, and Collot d'Herbois. This estimate does not include those who were killed at the Abbaye, the Carmes, and the other prisons, on the 2d of September, or the victims of the Glacière at Avignon, or the inhabitants of the little town of Bedoin, all of whom perished. If we take into the account those who fell during the protracted and bloody struggle in La Vendée, the aggregate will be swelled to more than a million. But these last died in battle, or were killed in hot blood, during the fury and excitement of a civil war, and ought not, therefore, to be reckoned with the others, who may be considered as the proper victims of the Revolution. The whole number of these cannot fall far short of eighty thousand.

It is not a very appalling amount, say some writers ; more have fallen in two or three great battles ; more perished by violent means every year during Napoleon's career of destructive conquest. We cannot reason on the matter thus coldly, for death on the battle-field is quite a different thing from death on the scaffold. War is a great game, played by soldiers, in which life is the stake, and is cheerfully surrendered, when fortune goes against them. They are prepared for their fate, for the chances of its occurrence enter into the deliberate estimate which they form of the good and evil attached to their unhappy profession. But the victims of civil disturbances, sacrificed by popular frenzy, or by the unrighteous judgment of a civil tribunal, or the subjects of a deliberate massacre, are called upon to surrender life under circumstances most fearful to them, and most revolting to humanity. Death is embittered by the consciousness that it is undeserved, and by the want of preparation, which unguarded innocence fails to make. The heart is not steeled against the coming of the king of terrors, in a dungeon, or in a popular tumult, as it is in the presence of assembled armies, and in the excitement of a charge or an assault. A general who had braved all the dangers of war might well be unmanned at the prospect of being seized by a mob in the streets, and hung up at a lantern-post. The proper distinction between such cases is made by the very instinct of nature. The fall of a single head by an unjust sentence is felt to be a greater wrong, it shocks our moral feelings more, than the slaughter of hundreds in a military contest. We do not seek to palliate the enormities of war,

but we no more confound them in character with the horrors of a massacre in cold blood, than we do with the sufferings and deaths caused by a famine, a pestilence, or any other of the judgments of God.

From the tenor of these remarks, Mr. Alison may well infer, that we are not disposed to conceal or excuse the extravagances and crimes committed by the Revolutionary party in France. But we are still less inclined to adopt the lesson which he derives from them, and to inculcate which seems to be the leading purpose of his History. In his eyes, the French Revolution was a great experiment to test the sufficiency of popular rule, and the expediency of making any innovations in a form of government; and his conclusion is, that the evils which marked its rise and progress, the iron despotism to which it was reduced by Napoleon, and the final conquest of France by the Allies, with the consequent wreck of all the hopes which the movement party had entertained, have for ever decided the question against the cause of the people and of reform. At least, these events, he thinks, have proved what fatal consequences must ensue from the progress of democracy; for he seems despondingly to admit, that this progress is inevitable, and that the cause of the people must ultimately triumph, though by the ruin of all the higher interests of humanity. "Experience in every age," he observes, "has abundantly proved that the fervor of democracy is fatal to the best interests of mankind, and rapidly leads to the greatest miseries to all classes, because it subjects society to the guidance of those who are least qualified to direct it; but yet that it is of all passions the most difficult to eradicate from the human heart, and, when once it is generally diffused, whole generations of political fanatics must be destroyed, before it can be reduced to a degree consistent with order." "The successive ambition and passions of the different bodies who rise to eminence soon occasion that frightful effusion of blood, or those wild and anarchical measures, which, by involving whole classes in destruction, necessarily lead, though by a painful process, to a restoration of the natural order of society. This it is, which, in every age, has made democratic madness terminate in military despotism; *this is the great moral to be derived from the history of the French Revolution.*" — Vol. II. p. 226.

Mr. Alison appears to have been haunted by the spectre of democracy, till it has nearly unhinged his reason. In no other way can we explain the extravagance of his language respecting it, the frequency and earnestness with which he returns to the topic, or the contradictory assertions which he makes in his eagerness to point out all the mischiefs and dangers to which it leads. To illustrate his manner of handling this theme, we quote a few paragraphs, which might be multiplied at pleasure, for kindred passages are thickly scattered throughout the ten massive octavos of his History, and seem to contain, in his opinion, the whole philosophy of the subject.

"The reasonings of the learned, the declamations of the ardent, the visions of the philanthropic, have generally been rather directed against the oppression of sovereigns or nobles, than the madness of the people. This affords the most decisive demonstration that the evils flowing from the latter are much greater and more acute than those which have originated with the former; for it proves that the former have been so tolerable as to have long existed, and, therefore, have been long complained of, whereas those springing from the latter have been intolerable, and speedily led to their own abolition. The evils of democracy, when intrusted with the direction of public affairs, have in every age been found to be so excessive that they have immediately produced its overthrow; and thus the experience of individuals does not in every age present the same numerous examples of democratic, that it does of aristocratic oppression; just because the former species of government is so dreadful, that it invariably in every old community destroys itself in a single generation, while the latter often maintains its dominion for hundreds, or even thousands of years. History, indeed, is full of warnings of the terrible conflagration which democracy never fails to light up in society; and it is a secret consciousness of the damning force with which it overturns their doctrines, that makes the popular party everywhere treat its records with such contempt. But how many of the great body of the people, even in the best-informed community, make themselves masters of historical information? Not one in a hundred. Thus, in a period of political convulsion, history points in vain to the awful beacons of former ruin, to warn mankind of the near approach of shipwreck; while perfidious democracy, ever alive to the force of falsehood, or misled by the deceitfulness of sin, again for the hundredth time allures the unsuspecting multitude by the exhibition of the forbidden fruit; and popular change is eagerly

longed for by the simple masses, just because its evils are so excessive that they invariably quickly terminate the republican regime; actual personal experience can rarely be appealed to as to the effect of a contagion which almost always consigns its victims to the grave. And thus it is that the strength of revolution consists in the very magnitude of the falsehoods on which its promises are founded, and the universally felt impossibility of bringing them, for any considerable time, to the test of actual experience." — Vol. x. pp. 510, 511.

"The reason why, in every age of the world, the triumph of democracy has immediately, or at least shortly, been followed by the destruction of all the best interests of society, and the total ruin in particular of the whole principles of freedom for which it itself contended, is clearly illustrated by experience; and the moment it is stated, it must be seen to be one of universal application. It is not that the working classes of the community are in themselves more depraved or more corrupted than the classes who possess property and have acquired information. It is probable that all men, in every rank of life, when exposed to the influence of the same temptations, are pretty nearly the same. But there is this difference between them, and it is an essential one in its ultimate effects upon the interests of mankind that, though the dispositions of the Aristocratic or Conservative party may be just as selfish at bottom as those of the Democratic, there are several causes which permanently retain them in a comparatively fixed, safe, and beneficial course of government, and which, as they depend on general principles, may be expected to be of universal application." — Vol. x. pp. 511, 512.

"'The rule of a mob,' says Aristotle, 'is the worst of tyrannies'; and so experience has proved it, from the caprice of the Athenian democracy, to the proscriptions of the French Revolution. The reason is permanent, and must remain unaltered while society holds together. In contests for power, a monarch has, in general, to dread only the efforts of a rival for the throne; an aristocracy, the ascendency of a faction in the nobility; the populace, the vengeance of all the superior classes in the state. Hence, the safety of the first is usually secured by the destruction of a single rival, and his immediate adherents; the jealousy of the second, extinguished by the proscription or exile of a limited number of families; but the terrors of the last require the destruction of whole ranks in society. Measures, dictated by the alarm for individuals, become necessary when they have perished; those levelled against the influence of classes require to be pursued till the class itself is destroyed.

"It was not a mere thirst for blood which made Marat and Robespierre declare and act upon the principle, that there could be no security for the Republic till two hundred and sixty thousand heads had fallen. Hardly any men are cruel for cruelty's sake; the leaders of the Jacobins were not more so than the reckless and ambitious of any other country would be, if exposed to the influence of similar passions. Ambition is the origin of desperate measures, because it renders men sensible only of the dictates of an insatiable passion; terror is the real source of cruelty. Men esteem the lives of others lightly, when their own are at stake. The revolutionary innovations being directed against the whole aristocratic and influential classes, their vengeance was felt to be implacable, and no security could be expected to the democratical leaders, till their whole opponents were destroyed." — Vol. II. pp. 31, 32.

"The professed object of the Decemvirs was, to establish a Republic in France, after the model of the ancients, to change the manners, the habits, the public spirit of the country. Sovereignty in the people, magistrates without pride, citizens without vice, simplicity of manners, fraternity of relations, austerity of character; such were the basis on which their institutions were to rest. There was one objection to them, that they were utterly impracticable, from the character of the great body of mankind. To accomplish this object, it was indispensable to destroy the whole superior classes of society, to cut off all those who were preëminent among their neighbours, either for fortune, rank, talent, or acquirement. This was the end accordingly proposed in the indiscriminate massacres which they put in execution. And what would have been its consequence, if completely carried into effect? To sink the whole human race to the level of the lowest classes, and destroy every thing which dignifies or adorns human nature. Such was the chimera which they followed through these oceans of blood. Politicians have no right, after such proceedings, to reproach religious enthusiasm with the reign of the saints, or the approach of the millennium." — Vol. II. p. 179.

What opinion, by way of contrast, Mr. Alison has been led to form of aristocratic and monarchical governments, will appear from the following extracts.

"'It has been often observed,' says Mr. Hume, 'that there is a wide difference between the judgment which befalls the conduct of others and that which we ourselves pursue when placed in similar circumstances. The reason is obvious; in judging of others, we are influenced by our reason and our feelings; in act-

ing for ourselves, we are directed by our reason, our feelings, *and our desires.*' In this simple observation is to be found the key, both to the fatal corruption which democratic ascendency never fails to produce in the state, and to the more effectual check which, in conservative ascendency, is provided at once against its own tendency to selfish projects, and the dangerous encroachments of the other classes of society. When the holders of property are in power, and the masses are in vigilant but restrained opposition, the majority of the community, who give the tone to public thought, necessarily incline to the support of virtuous and patriotic principles, because they have no interest to do otherwise. Hence, although doubtless in such communities some abuses do prevail, and will prevail to the end of the world, from the universal tendency to corruption in mankind, when acting for themselves, and actuated by their own interests, yet, upon the whole, the administration of affairs is comparatively pure and virtuous, and the community obtains a larger share of good government than has ever yet been obtained under any other form of human institutions. Above all, in such circumstances, the public mind is preserved untainted; public spirit is general, and forms the mainspring of national action; and this invaluable temper of mind, more precious far than all laws or political institutions, not only preserves the heart of the nation entire, and forms a salutary control upon the measures of the holders of power, but, by influencing the very atmosphere which they breathe, imparts a large share of its glorious spirit to those in possession of its reins, and open to its seductions. And hence the long-continued public spirit and greatness of the British and Roman empires, and of all communities in which power has been for a long period in possession of the holders of property, and the general thought has been directed by the aristocracy of intellect.

"But all this is totally reversed, when the popular leaders get themselves installed in power, and the democratic party are in possession of an irresistible preponderance in the state. The moment that this fatal change occurs, a total revolution takes place, not merely in the conduct of government, but in the vigilance with which they are guarded and watched by the great body of the people. The holders of power, and the dispensers of influence, find themselves surrounded by a host of hungry dependents, to whom necessity is law; and who, impelled by a secret consciousness that their political ascendency is not destined to be of long duration, because they are disqualified to maintain it, strive only to make the best use of their time, by providing for themselves and their relations at the public ex-

pense, without the slightest regard to any consideration of the public advantage. On the other hand, the great body of the people, formerly so loud in their clamors against corruption, and their demand for a virtuous and patriotic administration of public affairs, now quietly pass by on the other side, and either openly and with shameless effrontery defend every species of abuse, because they profit by it, or preserve a studious silence, and endeavour to huddle up those nefarious, and to them beneficial excesses, under the cry of a reformation of the state in some other department, or a wider extension of the power from which their leaders derive such considerable benefit. Thus, not only is the power and influence of government immediately directed to the most corrupt and selfish purposes, but legislation itself becomes tainted with the same inherent and universal vice. In the general scramble, where every one seems on the look-out for himself, no other object is attended to but the promotion of separate interests, or class elevation; the public press seldom denounces, in general cordially supports, all such abuses, because their leaders, and the writers in its columns, are benefited by them; and, what is worst of all, public feeling becomes universally and irrevocably corrupted, because the great body of the people profit, or hope to profit, by the abuses in which the leaders of their party indulge." — Vol. x. pp. 515, 516.

"Since the creation of man, a vast majority, probably at least nine tenths, of the human race have existed under the government of single monarchs or chiefs, exercising nearly absolute power within their separate principalities. Not to mention other examples that must be familiar to every reader, the whole of Asia, embracing six hundred millions of inhabitants, or nearly two thirds of the whole human race, has, from the earliest period to the present hour, been uniformly governed by the absolute power of a single individual. Certain restraints upon the uncontrolled exercise of human power have no doubt existed in Asia as well as in other parts of the world; but they consist not in any limitation of power in the sultan or chief, but in his occasional dethronement; the remedy against the evils of oppression is, not the limitation of authority, but the murder of the despot. Great as have been the evils which in every age have flowed from the selfishness, the rapacity, and iniquities of these arbitrary governors of their species, it is yet evident that there must be some general and substantial benefits which have resulted from their rule, or it would long ago have been terminated by the common consent of mankind. Lightly as European independence may think of Asiatic despotism, philosophy will not despise a system of government under which two thirds of the

human race have subsisted from the beginning of time; and which is so firmly rooted in universal consent that no amount of tyranny on the part of individual sovereigns, and no changes resulting from religion or conquest, have ever made them for one moment think of altering it. Whatever is found to have existed to a great extent among mankind for a very long period must necessarily have been attended with great practical advantages which have overbalanced its evils; and the sagacious observer of such institutions, if he cannot discover their utility, will rather suspect that his powers of observation have been defective, than that mankind, for so long a period, and over so great a surface, have obstinately persisted in what was destructive to themselves. But it is evident what has occasioned this uniformity of government in the East; the advantages of despotism are as clearly marked as its evils. They consist in the rude but effective coercion of human passion by the vigorous hand of single administration; the substitution, it may be, of the oppression of one for what certainly would be the licentiousness of all." — Vol. x. pp. 508, 509.

These are long extracts, but we have made them in order that the views of the historian may be fully placed before our readers, and in the hope that they will be read attentively, in connection with the following remarks. We might object to such sweeping conclusions respecting the character of men in general, and the influence of political institutions upon this character, on the ground that they rest on too narrow a basis, that they are deduced from a single experiment, which is quite insufficient to support so broad a theory. The pernicious effects of democratic power, and the general incapacity of men to govern themselves, are inferred from one trial, made in France, in 1792, under circumstances, according to Mr. Alison's own showing, most unfavorable to success. But we prefer to insist on the more general objection, that our author's speculations on the nature of different governments are made without any reference to the character of the people who are to be governed; that he seems to have no idea of such a thing as fitness and adaptation in matters of politics, or that one set of institutions may work admirably in one country, while it would produce nothing but confusion, discord, and unhappiness, in another. He appears to maintain, that a democracy, or a monarchy, is a good or evil thing in itself, irrespective of the habits, condition, and general intelligence of the people among

whom it is established. To take an instance mentioned in the last of the foregoing extracts, Mr. Alison seems to think that perfect despotism is an excellent thing in central Asia. Does he believe that it might be safely introduced into the west of Europe? Is he quite sure that it would work equally well in England? He is bound to answer these questions in the affirmative, if he is entitled to argue against democratic institutions in general, on the ground that they were shamefully abused, and that they led to frightful excesses, in France, about half a century ago. No man, in the possession of his reason, would wish to establish a popular government for the serfs of Russia, the *lazzaroni* of Naples, or the licentious and degraded populace of Paris. And no man, except Mr. Alison, would suppose that the crimes of the populace last mentioned, when maddened by previous suffering, and suddenly emancipated from all external control, were fairly imputable to the cause of democracy.

Not the most earnest advocate of free institutions, we presume, would claim for them any power of modifying the whole national character, of rendering men better or wiser than they were before. This character may be more widely developed, and fully manifested, from the absence of the restraints imposed by a harsh and arbitrary government. But it will not be altered, except through the slow influence of improvements gradually introduced, of systems of education more widely diffused, and moral lessons more faithfully taught and scrupulously followed. The doctrine of the advocate of political reform, or, as Mr. Alison prefers to call it, of political innovation, is simply that, supposing men to be already wise and good enough for this particular end, freedom will make them happier. It will enable them to take care of their own interests, and, as they have the greatest stake in the matter, it is to be presumed that they will do this better than any person who is appointed, by the mere accident of birth or fortune, to do it for them. It is necessarily presupposed that they know already what these interests are, and how they will be affected by the measures of a government.

The argument which our author uses will be found, unluckily for him, to work both ways, and to be quite as destructive to the theory of the divine right of kings, as to the

defence of the rights of the people. It is, surely, quite as reasonable to charge upon the cause of monarchy all the folly and wickedness of particular kings, as to make democracy accountable for the demerits of a particular republic. Mr. Alison has made out a long and heavy indictment against the people, recounting all the offences committed by the French revolutionists. No great knowledge of history is necessary in order to make out an equally black list of the sins of monarchs, and of a privileged nobility. There is little to choose between a Tiberius, a Louis the Eleventh, a Henry the Eighth, or a Venetian oligarchy, on the one hand, and a Danton, a Marat, a Robespierre, or a Parisian populace, on the other. "The martyrdom of Louis the Sixteenth," says our author, "has thrown a sainted light over the fall of the French monarchy." The death of Hampden, and Sidney, and Warren, and Bozzaris, has placed an imperishable halo over the cause of freedom and national independence. Such historical instances may be multiplied at will, but, unless they are investigated with a cautious reference to all the attendant circumstances, as many may be adduced on the one side as on the other, and the real point at issue is left quite undecided. Our author is certainly the last person to weigh them with fairness.

The failure of the hopes of the liberal party in France is to be ascribed as much to the extravagant expectations which they entertained, as to the unwise measures by which they sought to effect their purpose. Mr. Alison has successfully exposed the folly of some of their wild theories, and seems to imagine, that, having done so, he has effectually proved the inexpediency of any political reform. But we are not disposed to burden the cause of freedom with the necessity of defending the wild speculations and strange hopes, which were held out by the philosophers of the French Revolution. These men possessed genius, learning, taste, eloquence, philanthropic intentions, in fine, almost every high quality of heart and intellect, excepting piety and common sense. They did nearly as much injury to the cause which they had most at heart, by the delusions which they fostered in their writings and speeches, as by the false measures which they adopted in action. A free government implies equality of political privileges, but it cannot create — what these men claimed as a consequence of it — equality of social condition. De-

mocracy will bake no bread for the people ; it will not remove the necessity of labor. It will not take away those original and unequal endowments which are the primitive cause of the ordinary distinctions of society, and which seem to establish the principle, as a law of God and nature, that there must be an aristocracy of talent, and a consequent unequal distribution of the goods of this life. Attack the institution of property, if you will ; but, unless you effect a new distribution of wealth every month, be sure that, before the end of the year, there will be as great a difference as ever between the fortunes of individuals. All the political changes, which the most prolific theorist can conceive, will not obviate this result, for they cannot do away with the fundamental difference in men's characters, from which it proceeds.

We may remark, in passing, that Mr. Alison is a little unfair in charging the leaders of the Revolution, even at its worst period, with a direct attack upon property. They resorted to forced requisitions, it is true, and graduated the compulsory loan on their estimate of the wealth of the individual, making it increase in a rapidly ascending ratio, according to his supposed power to bear it. But in so doing, they only adopted — carrying it a little farther, perhaps — a principle of taxation which has been put in use by every civilized government on the globe. England is practising upon it at this moment, in her property tax. But the French patriots committed nearly as great an error as that charged upon them by our author, when they encouraged the populace to expect, that the reforms which they were introducing into the government would bring about a political millennium, that social equality would be established, and equal means of happiness be placed in the hands of all, by the indirect yet speedy influence of the new constitution.

It is not true, what Mr. Alison and the *doctrinaires* of French politics, though with very different motives, have maintained, that democracy presupposes either the perfection or the perfectibility of the human race. It does not require that the whole people should be absolutely wise and absolutely virtuous, but only that the majority of them should be as intelligent, as well-informed, and as well-disposed, as are the majority of kings. This is not claiming much for them, considering the character of many who have occupied

a throne in Europe. The dream about the perfectibility of the species has visited the imaginations of philosophers and speculative men in every age, and, it must be confessed, with little profit either to themselves or others ; but we are quite sure, that this fanciful speculation is as valid for all purposes of political discussion, as are the theological considerations, through which Mr. Alison seeks to disprove the capacity of men to govern themselves. "It is not difficult to see," he observes, "what it is which in every age has led to the speedy discomfiture of every project formed for the improvement of human institutions based on democratic principles. It is the principle of HUMAN CORRUPTION."* This doctrine he explains, according to his own view of it, as follows ; "That every individual is born innocent, but with dispositions to evil, and dispositions so strong that in no instance whatever is their effect altogether avoided" ; and he goes on to assert that "an insensibility to this doctrine, or determination to resist it, is the real cause of the whole of the innumerable disasters which, in every age, have made democratic ascendency terminate in misery, bloodshed, and ruin." We respect the motives which may induce a writer to employ an argument of this character, although we may wonder at his simplicity. Is it possible he does not see, that this principle, like every other Scriptural doctrine, introduced in such a discussion, and for such a purpose, is a two-edged sword which cuts in both directions ? In our eyes, at least, total depravity on a throne is quite as formidable as total depravity among the people. Nay, it is rather more so ; for, as selfishness is a great element of human depravity, and as, by common consent, the "greatest good of the greatest number" is the object to be attained, it would seem that the selfishness of the greatest number, if they had the power in their own hands, would be an incentive and a help for the accomplishment of this purpose ; whereas, the selfishness of kings and nobles, they being the smaller number, tends directly to defeat the happiness of the multitude. The superior acquirements of a race of monarchs, or of a privileged class, arising from their superior education, cannot obviate the effects of the evil motives and dispositions by which, according to this theory, all men are actuated. This supe-

* Vol. X. p 503. The capitals are Mr. Alison's own.

riority will only add to their capacity of doing wrong, and enable them more effectively to pursue their own interests, to the neglect or injury of those of the whole people.

Our author's reasoning is still more faulty, when, in drawing a comparison between the different kinds of government, he comes to speak of the greater cruelty of a democratic power, proceeding from the greater number of enemies whom it has to encounter or to fear. A monarch, he observes, aims to destroy only a single rival for the throne ; a nobility has nothing to dread but the existence of a faction in its own body ; while the populace fears the vengeance of all the superior classes in the state, and, therefore, endeavours to banish or extirpate them all. In the first place, this reasoning does not apply, except during the period of a revolution ; for, after the popular sway is permanently established, there are no bodies of men whose privileges or rights are disturbed by its continuance. In this country, for instance, we have no kings or nobles to dread or to persecute, since the institutions to which they belong never fairly took root in American soil. It is idle to argue from the confusion, cruelty, and bloodshed, which almost necessarily attend any great political change, against the character of the government which is formed and established by such violent means, but which exists long after the necessity of using them is done away. We do not estimate the excellence of an individual's constitution from the height to which the delirium rises, when he is in the crisis of a violent fever, but from the vigor and powers of endurance which he displays, when he is in an ordinary state of health. The character and tendency of different political institutions must be inferred from the effects produced during a long series of years, after the excitement of revolutionary passion has died out, and when the ordinary workings of the machine of state show how the interests of humanity are to be affected by it in the long run. Fortunately, some republics have lasted long enough to afford the necessary *data* for settling the question in this way, and the result may be quite unlike the conclusion adopted by Mr. Alison. A little reflection would have enabled him, from the events which he has himself consigned to history, to correct the erroneous premises upon which he has argued the question. After the fall of the Jacobins in 1794, and till the establishment of the Consular power in 1799, a purely

republican government existed in France, under the Directory ; and, though faulty enough in other respects, it is no more open to the charge of cruelty than any of the aristocratic or monarchical governments with which it contended.

But we go further in our objections to the extraordinary argument here used by the historian. We wholly deny his proposition, that a democracy is more cruel than a regal or an aristocratic government, because it has more enemies to fear. Rival candidates for the throne are not the only or the most formidable foes which disturb the security of monarchs. They have also to dread the hostility of their people, and it is not often by lenient means that they attempt to subdue the insurrectionary spirit. It is as much the interest, and it has been as much the custom, of kings to crush their disaffected subjects by severe measures, as of a revolted people to take a bloody revenge for the misery and oppression which they have suffered. Charles the First and Louis the Sixteenth perished on the scaffold, victims, it may be, of the unjust resentment of those whom they formerly governed. But we cannot think only of them, or of other murdered kings ; for a noble army of martyrs in the patriotic cause, as distinguished and far more numerous than they, also claim our sympathies. Nor is the case much better for Mr. Alison's assertion, if we compare the clemency of the nobles with that of the people. The detestable oligarchy of Venice became a byword among the nations for its cruelty. Has our author never heard of the "Bridge of Sighs," or of the "Lion's mouth" in the ducal palace, or of the hundred stories connected with them, as terrible as any relating to the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris ? The history of the Roman Patriciate is that of one long-continued struggle, not merely of opposing factions within their own body, but also of the whole order with the Plebeians, or the mass of the people, whom they oppressed ; and the fate of the Gracchi proves that the victory of the nobles was not always a bloodless one.

And this leads us to remark on another of the extraordinary applications of historical facts, which Mr. Alison makes in support of his reasoning. We refer to his allusion to the devastating conquests of other countries by the Roman legions, and to the oppression practised upon the subjugated provinces, as instances of "the evils which republican ambi-

tion brings upon mankind." We refer our readers to a passage, (Vol. X. page 510,) which we have not room to quote. We have read history differently. Most of the foreign wars undertaken by the misnamed republic seem to us to have grown out of the crimes or the fears of the nobility. Their aggressive conduct provoked hostilities, and they welcomed the war as a means of draining off into the army the overflowing population, whom they could not, at the same time, feed and keep in subjection at home. The people often refused to enlist, till they had obtained a redress of grievances from the Senate, and that body frequently saw with pleasure the progress of a foreign enemy, which relieved them from more formidable domestic foes. The enmity of other countries was provoked, and insurrections excited in the conquered provinces, by no cause so frequently as by the unjust, rapacious, and oppressive conduct of those scions of the Patriciate who were sent abroad as proconsuls and generals of the armies. Besides, the most extensive foreign conquests were made, just at the time when even the poor semblance of a republic was tottering to its fall, and by the very men who caused its overthrow. Julius Cesar carried the eagles of the legions much farther than they were ever borne by his predecessors, and by this success prepared the way for a victory over the aristocratic faction which supported his rival, and over the liberties of his country. It is true, there was a popular element in the administration, but it was so skilfully checked and balanced by the distribution of electoral power, and by the art, wealth, and influence of the nobles, that it existed less in reality than in name. Our historian is welcome to all the illustrations, which he can gather from Roman history, of the evil effects of popular power, even when the state was considered free. He may even push his researches further, and, from a comparison of the history of the Empire with the annals of the Republic, gain some new light respecting the tendencies of different forms of government. Whatever oppression and cruelty were practised by Rome under the consuls, or to whatever party in the state these unjust acts may be attributed, we fancy no one will consider them as equal, in respect of their injurious effects upon the well-being of mankind, to the manifestations of wickedness and folly by many of the Roman emperors.

But the most striking illustration of his argument, because

it is the best known and the easiest to be studied, is found in the practical operation of the republican institutions of this country. Mr. Alison's chapter on America is an elaborate and interesting one, though it is so slenderly connected — through the late war with England — with his main subject, the history of Europe during the French Revolution, that we suspect it would hardly have found a place in his work, if it had not been for its intimate bearing on the political discussion, into which he enters with so much earnestness. It is quite apparent, then, that a strong bias existed in his mind, when he first undertook a general summary of information respecting the condition, politics, and prospects, of the United States. The lesson taught by American experience of a popular government was previously determined by his feelings and prejudices, and he investigated the subject in order to discover evidence only on one side. In such a case, it was inevitable that he should make blunders, but we were not prepared to find them so numerous and glaring as seriously to impair the credibility of other portions of his work.

With his usual caution, he has given the authorities in the margin for the principal statements in the text, and therefore it is only in the incidental and unguarded allusions to facts, made in the middle of a sentence, that he falls into the gross errors in which he is wholly unsupported by the testimony of others. But Mr. Alison's experience ought to have taught him, that further precautions were required ; that it was necessary, not only to accumulate, but to weigh authorities, in order that he might not go on merely repeating the blunders or the calumnies of other writers. De Tocqueville and Chevalier were tolerably safe guides, though even into their works, the theoretical and generalizing spirit peculiar to a Frenchman has led to the introduction of some unfounded or exaggerated statements. But what persuaded our author to follow with implicit credence in the track of the whole herd of English tourists, — to trust such observers as Captain Hall and Miss Martineau ? Most of the unfavorable statements respecting the working of the institutions, and the character of the people, of this country, are made on the authority of these two writers ; though the ardent loyalty of the one, and the speculative Jacobinism of the other, rendered them equally unsafe and treacherous

guides. We have a great respect for the abilities and the character of Miss Martineau, but, while in this country, she had neither eyes nor ears for any thing that was not connected either with her views of theoretical democracy, or the abolition of slavery, and her work, therefore, as a whole, is as prejudiced and unfair as the most libellous productions of the English press respecting the United States. Having examined her volumes at length, at the time of their publication, we need refer now to only one of her statements, which is adopted without hesitation by Mr. Alison, as a proof of what is here advanced. Alluding to the character of the clergy in this country, she speaks with some respect of those members of the profession who are the most "secular in their habits of life." But "those exclusively clerical are the worst enemies of Christianity, except the vicious." What must be thought of the temper, judgment, or discrimination, of the writer who would hazard such an assertion as this, respecting a large and most respectable body of men, not one in a hundred of whom she, probably, ever saw or heard of? And, because no one ever ventured to insult the clergy, by undertaking to refute such a ridiculous assertion, Mr. Alison gravely adopts it, and consigns it to history, as a proof of the low ebb to which religion has sunk in this country!

Of the errors for which our author alone is responsible, the following is one of the most curious, in which one would think that any schoolboy might have corrected him. "*The two States of Massachusetts and New England* continued to refuse to send their contingents to the war."* He evidently supposes that New England is a separate State; and, in order that there may be no doubt about the matter, the blunder is twice repeated, on pages 319 and 369 of the same volume, where he speaks of "the Northern States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, *and New England.*" This mistake is a ludicrous one, but it is not of much importance for the narrative or the arguments of the writer. As much cannot be said for the next blunder that we notice, as it has a serious effect on his reasoning and conclusions.

"All the State judges, from the highest to the lowest, are elected by the people, and are liable to be displaced by them.

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* Vol. X. p. 348.

Their tenure of office is sometimes for three, sometimes for four, sometimes for six years, *but never for life.*" — Vol. x. p. 305.

We were on the point of saying, that it was but justice to Mr. Alison to mention the fact, that he was, probably, led into this blunder by M. de Tocqueville, who, in a passage quoted by our author, is made to affirm of all the judges, — even without distinction, so that the remark applies to the national, as well as to the state judiciary, — that "they are elected by the majority, *and hold their offices at their pleasure.*" But what was our astonishment to find, on recurring to the original, that the proper qualification of M. de Tocqueville's remark was inserted in the very sentence here cited, but omitted in Mr. Alison's translation, while the words italicized in the translation are not found in the original! The following is the passage from the French writer, which is correctly translated by our author, (Vol. x. p. 300,) excepting the clause in small capitals, which is omitted, and the clause above quoted in italics, which is an interpolation. "*Lorsqu'un homme ou un parti souffre d'une injustice aux États Unis, à qui voulez vous qu'il s'adresse? A l'opinion publique? c'est elle qui forme la majorité; au corps legislatif? il représente la majorité, et lui obéit aveuglément; au pouvoir executif? il est nommé par la majorité, et lui sert d'instrument passif; à la force publique? la force publique n'est autre chose que la majorité sous les armes; au jury? le jury, c'est la majorité revêtue du droit de prononcer des arrêts: les juges eux-mêmes,* DANS CERTAINS ÉTATS, *sont élus par la majorité. Quelque inique ou déraisonnable que soit la mesure qui vous frappe, il faut donc vous y soumettre.*" — Tocqueville, *De la Démocratie en Amérique.* Cinquième Édition. Paris. 1836. pp. 143, 144.

In the common English translation by Mr. Reeve, the sentence is thus correctly rendered; "The jury is the majority invested with the right of hearing judicial cases; and, IN CERTAIN STATES, even the judges are elected by the majority."* We are unwilling to accuse a writer, who shows so much apparent candor and fairness as Mr. Alison, of wilfully misstating facts, and deliberately falsifying the authority cited in support of them; but, when we remember

* Reeve's translation of Tocqueville's *Democracy in America.* London. 1835. Vol. II. p. 155.

that this alleged fact, respecting the want of an independent judiciary, forms an important point in his reasoning, and is referred to, again and again, in order to prove the general insecurity of life and property in the United States, it must be admitted that his character as a historian is subject to a very serious imputation. The deception could affect only a few of his English readers, for, of course, none in this country, and not many in Great Britain, need be informed, that the independence of the judges of the national courts is secured by an express provision in the Constitution, which requires, that the offices shall be held "during good behaviour," and the compensation attached "shall not be diminished during their continuance in office." With respect to the State courts, in thirteen States, the judges hold office during good behaviour; in eight others, they are appointed for periods not less than seven years, and, in some instances, these periods are for twelve or fifteen years. In two States, only, they hold office but for one year. In but one instance, are they elected directly by the people, and they can never be removed by the direct action of the people. In thirteen States, they are appointed by the legislatures; in twelve, by the governors, with the advice of a senate, or a council. They are removable only by impeachment, or, in some instances, by an address of both branches of the legislature, for which, usually, the votes of two thirds, or three fourths, of the members of each house must concur. Let Mr. Alison compare these facts with the statement quoted from him on the preceding page, and then, perhaps, he will be able to explain his extraordinary perversion of the language of M. de Tocqueville.

We have still to notice a few misstatements by our author, which are not of so much importance, except to show the hurried and careless manner in which he prepared the chapter on America. Speaking of Washington, he observes, that "one of the last acts of that great man was to carry, by his casting vote in Congress, a commercial treaty with Great Britain." * Does Mr. Alison need to be informed, that the President has no vote in Congress, and that Washington never was a member of that body after the adoption of the Constitution in 1788? He evidently refers to the

* Vol. X. p. 315.

ratification of Jay's treaty by precisely a constitutional majority in the Senate, in 1795 ; its ratification, in spite of great opposition among the people, being due mainly to the firmness and great personal influence of Washington.

Our author seems to be very ill informed respecting the powers and duties of the President, for the following blunder, one would think, could not have been committed by any one who ever read the Constitution of the United States. Any one of the authorities, that he cites in such profusion, would have put him right upon this point. "The President carries the laws into execution, but he has no share in their formation ; he can refuse his sanction, but, by a singular anomaly, though that prevents their execution, it does not prevent them from being laws, and carried into effect, when a more pliant chief of the republic is elected." * A singular anomaly, indeed ! The supposition appears to be, that, when the Executive refuses to sanction any bill passed by Congress, the law only falls into a sort of trance, from which it is awakened when any future President favors its enactment.

In speaking of the banks in this country, Mr. Alison makes the following assertion. "The law allows any rate of interest agreed on by the parties to be taken, and it is often excessive ; one *per cent.* is a usual, three *per cent.* a month no uncommon occurrence." † The law fixes the rate of interest in every State and territory in the Union ; in not one instance is it more than 8, and, in twenty-one cases out of twenty-nine, no more than 6 *per cent.* a year is allowed, the penalty being usually a forfeiture of the whole debt.‡

To show that literature meets with little encouragement in America, our author adduces the names of Cooper, Channing, and Washington Irving, as proof that "the American soil is not wanting in genius of the most elevated and fascinating character ; *but their works are almost all published in London, — a decisive proof that European habits and ideas are necessary to their (?) due development.*" § Let us turn this reasoning the other way. 'The names of Scott, Wordsworth, and Dickens, indeed, amply demonstrate that the

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* Vol. X. p. 297. † *Ibid.*, p. 285.
‡ See the *American Almanac* for 1842. Boston. pp. 106, 107.
§ Vol. X. p. 306.

English soil is not wanting in genius of the most elevated and fascinating character ; but their works are all published in Boston, — a decisive proof that American habits and ideas are necessary to their due development.' Does Mr. Alison perceive into what an absurdity he has fallen, or does he need to be informed farther, that the justly distinguished writers whom he has mentioned all reaped their first harvest of applause on American ground, that all their works are published here, and ten copies of them are circulated here while one is sold in London ?

We are sorry to notice these instances of carelessness, or of something worse, for they throw suspicion on other portions of the work, which were probably executed with more diligence and fidelity than this unlucky chapter on America. They show, at any rate, how dangerous it is for the historian to enter upon his task with a preconceived theory firmly established in his mind, which prevents him from seeing any thing but one class of facts, or arguments affecting but one side of the question. The democratic tendency of the age, the spirit of innovation and reform, is the spectre which our author would fain exorcise by any charm, but "it will not down at his bidding." It is evident, that he intended his work should produce an immediate effect upon public opinion on subjects not directly connected with his principal theme ; for, in the latter portion of it, especially, the allusions are very frequent to events that have occurred since the French Revolution, and to the political aspect of things at the present day. This ulterior purpose has exerted a great influence, also, as we have already remarked, on his account of the institutions, and the character of the inhabitants, of this country. It has frequently betrayed him into the error, which even M. de Tocqueville has not always avoided, of attributing to our political situation many peculiarities which ought rather to be ascribed to physical circumstances, the nature of the country, the origin of its inhabitants, the religion of the first settlers, previously acquired habits, and a hundred other causes, which, independently of democracy, have had an immense influence on the tone of American thought and feeling. He is often guilty of the blunder committed by the Hamiltons and the Trollopes, who went among the pioneers of civilization, — men whose office it is to level the forests and subdue the wilderness,

and whose lives are passed on a flat-boat or in a log cabin, — and there uttered loud complaints, because they could not find the luxuries of an English drawing-room, or the intelligence and decorum which are shown in an English fashionable assembly. We pray all foreign tourists, especially English conservatives, who may hereafter visit this country, to remember that there are other influences here at work, besides a popular government, to modify the feelings and the prospects of the people.

We have no fault to find with the summary account given by our author of the events of the last war between England and this country. The narrative is, in the main, a fair one, justice being done to both parties in the contest, and the blame for the commencement of hostilities being laid pretty equally on the English and American governments. Our business is, chiefly, with the writer's general sketch of the condition and prospects of the American people, as affected by their political institutions. With what feelings Mr. Alison approached this portion of his labors may be inferred from the following extract.

"Here, then, is a country in which, if they ever had on earth, republican principles have enjoyed the fairest ground for trial, and the best opportunity for establishing their benefits. The land was boundless, and, in the interior, at least, of unexampled fertility. The nation began its career with all the advantages and powers, and none of the evils or burdens, of civilization. They had the inheritance of English laws, customs, and descent; of the Christian religion, of European arts, and all the stores of ancient knowledge; they had neither a territorial aristocracy, nor a sovereign on the throne, nor an hereditary nobility, nor a national debt, nor an established church, which are usually held out as the impediments to the blessings of freedom in the Old World. How, then, has the republican system worked in this, the garden of the world, and the land of promise?" — Vol. x. p. 300.

The direct answer which is made by our author to this question is startling enough; for he says, explicitly, that "There is no security whatever either for life or property in America." The spoliation of the commercial classes, he thinks, has already been effected; and "the period, when the attack on landed property, if the present system of government continues, will commence, may be predicted with cer-

tainty." Is life secure, then, he asks, when property is placed in such imminent peril? "Experience, terrible experience, proves the reverse; and demonstrates that not only is existence endangered, but law is powerless against the once excited passions or violence of the people." Such wild assertions as these are harmless, for they can deceive no one, and we might pass them over in pity to the individual whose prejudices could so far overcome his judgment as to induce him to consign them to the pages of sober history. But the alleged facts on which the charges rest, may deserve a moment's consideration. Will it be believed, then, that the only support for these sweeping conclusions is found in two or three doubtful instances, related by Miss Martineau, of the practice of "Lynch law" in the western and southwestern States, about as many cases of riots in some of our cities, and the political warfare against the late Bank of the United States, which Mr. Alison chooses to consider as a revolt of the indigent classes, and as an organized attack upon property? We might as well cite the dreadful murders committed, a year or two since, by Courvoisier and Daniel Good, to prove the general insecurity of life in London. Has not England had recent experience of riots and insurrections in her manufacturing towns and districts, far more serious than any which have occurred in the United States during the present century? A bitter contest, often giving rise to popular commotions, is going on at this moment between the manufacturing and the landed interest in England, and ever and anon the cries or convulsive struggles of the starving Chartists are heard, yet no one thinks of saying, that the institution of property is seriously menaced in Great Britain. At one time, as Mr. Alison himself tells us, there was a concerted opposition to the Bank of England, very much like the present political contests about banking institutions in this country, the cry there being, "To stop the Duke, go for gold"; yet our author does not maintain that there was then an insurrection of poverty against wealth in London.

These instances, although enough to expose the extravagant absurdity of the charges made against America in particular, will not suffice to disprove all that our historian has said of the evil consequences of democratic institutions in general; for most of the events referred to have happened

since the passage of the Reform bill, when, according to Mr. Alison, the evil principle of democracy was enthroned in the British Constitution, and all the evils which have since visited England must be ascribed to its fatal influence. Go back, then, to an earlier day, to the time when the Manchester mob was trampled down under the hoofs of the dragoons, or even to the period of the "No popery" riots, in 1780. London was then the scene, for several days, of more frightful excesses, committed by a maddened populace, than have ever disgraced an American city, even during the troublous period of the Revolution, and the excitement of a civil war. The elegant mansion of the Chief Justice of England was sacked and burned, the prisons were delivered of their inmates and then committed to the flames, many of the intoxicated rioters perished in the conflagrations which their own hands had kindled, nor were the tumults quelled till a strong military force had reduced the city, as it were, to a state of siege. And the supposed leader of this mob was no vulgar and low-born demagogue, but a peer of the realm. These things took place in aristocratic England, before the crown had been shorn of its brightest beams by the encroachments of the people; and no historian in those times ventured to say, that the government was, therefore, powerless, and the persons and fortunes of the citizens were at the mercy of any band of ruffians. Yet, because a crowd of persons in Boston, some eight years since, seized an obnoxious individual, and conducted him in triumph through several streets, without offering any other violence, Mr. Alison declares, that life and property are not safe in the United States.

Of the two stories borrowed by our author from Miss Martineau, we can only say, that the one relating to an occurrence at Mobile rests on very doubtful authority; she did not witness the event; the newspapers, according to her own account, never breathed a syllable about the matter; and we never heard of it till the appearance of her book. It was an article of American news that came to us by the way of England; and we have always believed, that, in this case, as in some others, some wicked wag, knowing the lady's appetite for the marvellous, especially in tales of such a class, made a very bold experiment upon her credulity. And does Mr. Alison think, on the strength of two or three "travel-

lers' stories" of this description, to establish on the pages of history so grave a charge against the character of a whole nation? The report of a dreadful affair at St. Louis, unhappily, is too true; but even this account, as given by Miss Martineau, and quoted by Mr. Alison, has all the effect of falsehood, for it is but half told. An individual committed a most atrocious crime, which excited the liveliest indignation among the people, and an impatient and furious mob tore him from the hands of the officers of justice, and put him to a most cruel death on the spot. Humanity and reason forbid, that we should justify or palliate such an action! It was a crime as abominable as that of which it formed the penalty. But it showed no indifference to right and wrong on the part of its perpetrators; it was a wild and terrible act of revenge for outraged right, which we might praise among savages, though we execrate it in a civilized community which pretends to be governed by law. As such, it was everywhere reprobated; and, as a similar event might occur under any government, it leaves no peculiar stain on the character of our institutions, or of the whole people. Even in the streets of London, the minions of the law have often had a struggle with the excited populace, who would fain have torn the criminal from their grasp, and inflicted vengeance on him more speedy than that of the courts. About a century and a half ago, a Lord Chancellor of England was exposed to great peril in this way, and he died in a few weeks, from the injuries and fright that he had actually received. Such an act manifests a strong, but ignorant and licentious, zeal for justice, and, though we deplore its occurrence, we may even proudly say, that the degraded subjects of an Eastern despotism would not be capable of such a crime.

But it is really a pitiful business to scrutinize the two or three instances of popular violence, on which our historian founds the monstrous assertion, that "the atrocities of the French Revolution, cruel and heart-rending as they are, have been exceeded on [this] side of the Atlantic." Mr. Alison himself suggests the unanswerable plea to be offered by American writers in such cases, "that it is unjust to hold their institutions responsible for acts common to them with all mankind." A longer catalogue may be formed of riot and crime, occurring during any given period, in France or England, than in the United States. And is no allowance

to be made for the fact, that popular outbreaks in those countries are kept down by a large armed force, while, here, there is nothing to restrain the people but their own sense of right? Take away from Paris the ten thousand troops of the line; remove from London that large body of armed and disciplined men in uniform, not called *soldiers*, — oh, no! freeborn Englishmen would not tolerate the presence of soldiers in such numbers, — but "the Metropolitan Police"; and then strike the balance between the popular commotions occurring in those cities, and in unguarded Boston or New York. We would not taunt Europeans with the precautions which they find necessary, in order to preserve the peace in their large cities. But do not let them seize on every instance of a trivial disturbance here, in order to show by contrast the admirable order and security which they enjoy, under the protection of the bayonet. We all know, that a price is to be paid for liberty, and, for our own part, we are not inclined to chaffer about the sum, so that we may be relieved from the necessity of meeting a soldier or a policeman at every corner. What is called "Lynch law" is as little known in New England and the Middle States as in Great Britain; and, if some lamentable instances of it have occurred in the new settlements, let any reasonable person decide, whether they are to be ascribed to the fact, that a great tide of emigrants, from all parts of the world, is flowing in upon a region which, a few weeks ago, was a wilderness, and where as yet they have hardly had time to organize tribunals of justice, or to the pernicious effects of democratic institutions. The very fact, that this flood of immigration continues, is enough to show how baseless are the charges which we are now considering. Men do not remove their household gods from a place where they are protected by a strong and just government, to one where neither life nor property is secure. The English, Scotch, and Irish do not emigrate to Turkey, though some of her fertile plains are nearly as destitute of population as our western forests.

But we have something better than indirect testimony to the peaceful, humane, and orderly character, in general, of the people of the United States. We appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, — from Mr. Alison reasoning against democracy, to Mr. Alison, the historian, candidly narrating facts. The following are some of the admissions that escape

him, when, for a moment, he is not haunted by the fearful apparition of popular rule.

"These principles have not been abandoned by the descendants of England, in their transatlantic possessions. When the Americans threw off the yoke of Britain, they retained its laws, its religion, its institutions; no massacres or proscriptions, no confiscations or exiles, disgraced the rise of their liberty; no oblivion of the past was made the foundation of their hopes for the future. The English Church is still the prevailing religion of the land; (?) the English decisions still regulate their courts of justice; and English institutions form the basis on which their national prosperity has been reared. Amidst the exasperation of a civil war, they have never deviated from the usages of civilized life." — Vol. I. p. 49.

"Two hundred years have elapsed since the British exiles, flying the real or imaginary persecutions of Charles the First, first approached the American shores; and their increase since that time has been unparalleled for so considerable a period, in any other age or part of the world. Carrying with them into the wilderness the powers of art and the industry of civilization; with English perseverance in their character, English order in their habits, and English fearlessness in their hearts; with the axe in their hand, the Bible in their pocket, and the encyclopædia (!) by their side; they have multiplied during that long period in exactly the same ratio, and the different States of the Union now contain above seventeen millions of souls, of whom fourteen millions are of the Anglo-Saxon race." — Vol. x. p. 280.

"This marvellous rapidity of increase has hitherto not only been unattended with any addition to human suffering, but it has taken its rise rather from the prodigious extent to which, owing to the combined bounty of nature and efforts of man, general prosperity has been diffused through all classes of the community. Among the many marvels which strike an European traveller on his first approach to the United States, one of the most extraordinary is the general well-being which pervades all classes of the community." — Vol. x. p. 286.

"Nothing is more remarkable in America than the universal activity and industry which prevail in all classes of society. That the Anglo-Saxon race in Europe is laborious, persevering, and energetic, need not be told to any one who witnesses the colossal fabric of British greatness, or the vast impression which England has made in every quarter of the globe. But, enterprising as it is in Great Britain, it is not influenced by such a restless spirit of activity, such a perpetual fever of exertion, as

appears among its descendants in the New World. The vast facilities for the acquisition of fortune, which the prodigious increase of population, and boundless extent of fertile land, afford; the entire absence of all hereditary rank or property, which opens the career of power and distinction alike to every citizen; the engrossing thirst for gold, which springs from its being the only source of distinction and the only durable basis of power, have combined, with the active and persevering habits which they have inherited from their Anglo-Saxon ancestors, to produce in the Americans an universal spirit of industry and enterprise, to which nothing comparable has ever been witnessed among mankind. It is the fervor of Roman conquest, turned only to war with the desert; the fever of French democracy, yet 'guiltless of its country's blood.'" — Vol. x. p. 290.

But Mr. Alison fears that we shall soon lose the good character which he has here given us. He fears that the poor, who form the majority, will soon attack the rich, and even declares that the time for the spoliation is fixed. "As soon as the majority of electors, in any of the States, have come to be persons without any interest in the soil, and when the back settlements have become so distant, by the advance of civilization, that it is less trouble to take their neighbour's fields than to go to the Far West to seek possessions of their own," then the attack on property in land will commence, commercial wealth having already fallen a prey to the spoiler. Why not say at once, When all the people become thieves, then men's purses will be in danger. There is nothing new in these lugubrious warnings; the Halls and the Hamiltons have dinned them into our ears a thousand times. The great mistake committed by these prophets of ill, lies in supposing that, when men have the power, they will also have the will, to rob their neighbours. They either overlook, or wholly deny the fact, that there is any thing like a sense of justice or of moral obligation in man, and appear seriously to maintain that the only reason why, in any country, the many do not seize the possessions of the few is, that they are not strong enough to commit so open a robbery. We have already avowed that we are no disciples of the doctrine of perfectibility; but we have still less faith in the opposite gloomy theory of Hobbes, — that man is a wild beast, fit only to be chained in a cell, lest he should prey upon his fellow-brutes. Why, even if moral ties had no force, and re-

ligion were but a name, if there were no punishment to be feared in this world, and no retribution hereafter, selfishness would still teach man, that it was bad policy to plunder his brother, for his ill-gotten gains would only become the prey of the next ruffian that was stronger than he. Who does not see that, before a reckless and unprincipled majority can even begin the work of spoliation, they must be not only miserably poor, but must have lost all hope of becoming rich by any means? And what human being was ever reduced to such destitution? The majority do not rob now, says Mr. Alison, because the majority is still composed of those who have some wealth, and each one fears for himself the rule which he would fain apply to his neighbour. But a man will guard his hopes with as much vigilance as he shows in watching over his possessions. If a general system of plunder were instituted, a man must renounce the last expectation of ever possessing wealth. The very convicts in the penitentiary have more sense than that; the old proverb says, that there is honesty even in that community.

But it is idle to go about controverting a theory by argument, which is already confuted by experience. The political power in this country is already in the hands of those who have the least to lose and the most to gain by an attack upon property; and what indications are there, that they are inclined to use their strength in this way? Mr. Alison appeals to "the violent outcry which has been raised in every part of the Union against the paper credit and the commercial aristocracy." He might as well cite the present existence of a "corn-law league" in England, as a proof that the property of the landholders there is endangered. Whenever the capital and industry of a country are divided among several great interests, it is natural that jealousy should grow up between them, and that each should endeavour to gain for itself the patronage and support of the government. Each tries to push aside, to surpass, to humble, but not to rob, the other; for capital is vested in all, and he who attacks one form of property, does his best to destroy the institution itself. In this age, neither in the United States, nor in Europe, can the jealousy existing between the various professions drive either of them to such an act of madness. Experience teaches them better. The failure of the banks and the stoppage of credit, which Mr. Alison considers as

the effect of blows aimed at the commercial classes alone, have nowhere been felt more severely than in the agricultural States. And his fears for the landholders are quite as unnecessary as his sympathy with the merchants. His theory is, that property in land is less secure in proportion as it is farther removed from the back settlements, where land can be had for little or nothing. Yet the farmer in Massachusetts sleeps not a whit less soundly than his brother in the west of New York, although he is much farther off than the latter from the forests of Michigan, or the prairies of Illinois. Mr. Alison's reasoning depends on the false assumption, that, when men cannot buy western farms at a low price, they will steal those of their eastern neighbours.

We do not seek to conceal either the evils or the dangers that wait on a popular government. He must be a resolute advocate of it, who cannot learn prudence and caution from the moral of the terrible story, which is told in the first two volumes of the work before us. But do not let these evils be confounded with others, which are common to all forms of government, because they are inseparably connected with the imperfections of human nature. In this vague talk about a pure democracy or a pure aristocracy, we must not lose sight of the proper character of our own institutions, which is, perhaps, as far removed from the one as from the other. From many of the dangers peculiar to the former we have been secured by the wisdom and foresight of the founders of the Constitution. They devised restraints on the action of the people, and, by accepting the instrument which they framed, the people submitted to those restraints, and voluntarily tied their own hands. The frame of government under which we live is a system of checks and balances, nearly as complicated and artfully arranged as that which forms the British constitution. The independence of the judiciary, the guaranty of the perpetual obligation of contracts, the division of the legislative power into two chambers, the peculiar formation and functions of the senate, the members of which are elected by the State legislatures, and not by a direct popular vote, the qualified negative upon legislative acts accorded to the President, the long term of office granted to the executive and the senate, and many other provisions, are skilfully devised and efficient limitations of the power of the majority. Many of these pro-

visions were copied into the State constitutions, or borrowed from them, and thus a double barrier was erected between the rights of the individual and the tyrant will of the multitude. Without these checks and limitations, one might as well be an inhabitant of Turkey as of the United States; for the essence of despotism consists in the action of a sovereign without the restraint of law, no matter whether that sovereign be one man, or a privileged class, or a majority of the people. The want of such salutary restraints as these in the constitution adopted in France, in 1791, is justly considered by Mr. Alison as the chief cause of the lamentable failure of the government which the Revolutionary party sought to establish. Miss Martineau, in the ardor of her attachment to the purest form of democracy, objects to the admission of such articles into the American constitution. "The senate is an anomaly," she observes; "the appointment of the judges for life is another departure from the absolute republican principle." We are quite of her mind. These provisions *are* wholly at variance with the theory of a purely democratic government; and the founders of the Constitution who proposed them, and the people who ratified them, and have quietly enjoyed the protection which they have afforded for more than half a century, have thereby declared that they would not trust an unmixed democracy, but would establish in its place *a constitutional government.* We commend our fair theorist to the attentive study of the French constitution of 1791, which had no provision for a senate, and which limited the judges' term of office to three years. The history of the three years which followed the adoption of that instrument, may give her some new views respecting the comparative wisdom of the measures adopted by the friends of liberty in France, and in the United States.

But these are uncertain guaranties, it may be said, since the Constitution may be altered, and these salutary limitations of the popular power be repealed. So they may, but not at the will of a mere majority. A concurrence of two thirds in both houses of Congress, or of the legislatures of two thirds of the several States, is necessary before an amendment to the Constitution can be formally proposed, and then it must be ratified by not less than three fourths of the States, before it becomes a part of the instrument. This provision

is so complicated that it can scarcely ever take effect, and it is now justly regarded as quite a visionary thing to propose any amendment to the Constitution. The wisdom of throwing so great impediments in the way of making any alterations has been acknowledged in a high quarter; for not many years since, the "Quarterly Review" — no mean authority in Mr. Alison's eyes — regretted the want, in the British Constitution, of "that powerful conservative principle, so wisely embodied in the original frame of the American Constitution." With the exception of a few amendments proposed when the instrument was ratified, and immediately accepted, and which ought, therefore, to be regarded almost as a portion of the original draught, and excepting also an unimportant alteration, adopted in 1804, respecting the mode of voting in the election of a president, the Constitution has remained unchanged from 1788 till the present hour. It would be difficult to mention any state in Europe, which has undergone so little change as this in its fundamental institutions, during the past half century.

The continuance of this form of government during so long a period, and with so little change, whatever may be its fate in future, is a proof that free institutions are practicable. In reply, then, to our author's question, "How has the republican system worked in this, the garden of the world, and the land of promise?" — we say, that the experiment has fully succeeded. It has worked well with a generation that has passed away; and, if it fails in another, the only proper conclusion will be, not that republican institutions are impracticable, but that the men of the present day are not equal to their fathers. In accounting for the comparatively bloodless character of the English revolutions of 1640 and 1688, contrasted with the French revolution of 1789, Mr. Alison justly lays great stress upon the fact, that the English patriots were wont to regard liberty, "not as a boon to be gained, but as a right to be vindicated; not as an invasion of the constitution, but a restoration of its pristine purity. The love of freedom came thus to be inseparably blended with the veneration for antiquity." "The passion for liberty," he continues, "was thus divested of its most dangerous consequence, by being separated from the desire for innovation." By the inestimable inheritance of a Constitution, now consecrated by the lapse of more than half a century,

the Americans of the present day are placed in an equally fortunate position, and their love of the instrument itself has come to be mingled with the reverence due to the memory of its authors. Age is thus every day strengthening its hold on the public mind. Already is it hallowed in some degree with the moral power and interest, which attach to an ancient institution. Already is it the object of that love and veneration, which are due to the expressed will and the embodied wisdom of an elder generation. Party spirit at times may attack its most important provisions; impatience under temporary evils and abuses may lead some to delude themselves with the vain conception of a more perfect instrument; ill-judging philanthropy and enthusiasm may aim serious blows against it, under the false impression that it injures some of those high and sacred objects, of which it is, in reality, the strongest bulwark and support. But these various assaults, exaggerated in appearance by the noisy zeal and intemperate language of those who make them, cannot upheave the broad foundation on which the instrument rests. The Constitution stands like an oak already of mature growth, and, though the tempests of faction may assail it, till the branches creak and even the solid trunk quivers in the furious gust, it remains firmly rooted in the affections of the community; for it is at once the palladium of their liberties, and the safeguard of the people against themselves.

We had purposed to say something of the character of the remarkable man, the account of whose career necessarily occupies so large a portion of the volumes now before us. But our remarks have already exceeded the usual limits of an article, and we forbear. We have commented with perfect freedom on the mistakes which Mr. Alison has committed, and the prejudices which have so evidently warped his judgment in respect to the nature and effects of free institutions, and the condition and prospects of the people of this country. But the most objectionable portions of the work have been selected for this purpose and we should be very sorry to leave the impression on the minds of our readers, that the whole is equally tainted with error. It is, in the main, an able and elaborate performance, the history of an important period skilfully told; and there are few persons who may not find interest and instruction in its pages.

ART. VII. — *Researches concerning the Periodical Meteors of August and November.* By SEARS C. WALKER, A. P. S. Read January 15th, 1841 [before the American Philosophical Society, at Philadelphia, and published in their Transactions]. Philadelphia. 4to. pp. 53.

THE falling star is so familiar to us that it rarely attracts more than a passing notice ; and the attempt to define, distinguish from one another, and classify, such fleeting phenomena has appeared a hopeless undertaking, and has only very recently been made with regular and systematic zeal. Crude hypotheses, atmospheric, volcanic, selenitic, and cosmical, had long been afloat in men's minds ; it had been conjectured that they might be gaseous explosions, electrical sparks, aerolites, or "world-chips." Light and flighty enough for entertaining academic discussion, they could not, however, command the careful research of earnest inquirers, until there was good reason to believe that they were not of the class of the inconstant *ignes fatui*. A multitude of speculations might be enumerated, but so weak and ill-supported that a single fact is enough to disperse them. At the very close of the last century, two college lads, Brandes and Benzenberg, students of Göttingen, instituted a series of exact observations, from which it appeared that these meteors move through the air with the average velocity of twenty miles in a second, as swiftly as the earth in its orbit. This astonishing velocity, which has been confirmed by Brandes's later observations in 1823, Quetelet's in 1824, Twining's in November of 1833, and Boguslawski's in 1836 and 1837, but which is only one tenth part of the speed according to Wartmann's determination in 1838, is altogether too great to have originated in any volcanic eruption, either lunar or terrestrial, or from any conceivable explosion, while it is much too small to be attributed to electricity. It seems, therefore, sufficient of itself to make a clear opening for the cosmical view, although it would be most presumptuous, upon this isolated fact, to build a complicated theory, and to fill space with myriads of little planets. It was also inferred from these different observations, that the velocity was not the same for all the meteors, but that it ranged from ten to two

hundred and fifty miles per second, the least velocity being too great to belong to a satellite of the earth, and the greatest being tenfold more than that which would suffice to throw a body out of the region of the sun's influence. The height of the meteors, moreover, was found to vary from six to six hundred miles. No common character, in short, of any theoretical importance, was detected, and no principle established, which could serve as a means of classification. But, before some of these observations were made, a fortunate occurrence, skilfully improved, led to the discovery of such a principle, and, in 1833, a new view of the meteoric phenomena emanated from New Haven, which has since attracted the serious attention of the whole scientific world.

The great meteoric display of November, 1833, which was the occasion of these recent investigations, was one of the most sublime showers of fire of which we find any record in history. "Above, and all around the firmament," says an observer in Missouri, "thicker than the stars themselves, which were uncommonly bright, large, and beautiful, we beheld innumerable fire-balls, of a pallid color, rushing down, and, to appearance, across the sky, drawing after them long luminous traces, which clothed the whole heaven in majesty, and gave the air and earth a pale and death-like appearance." "It would be difficult," said Mr. Aikin, of Maryland, "for one who had not witnessed the grand exhibition, to conceive the effect of this uninterrupted succession of innumerable meteors, proceeding from a point so nearly vertical towards the whole circumference of the horizon, and this, too, during the stillness of night, and with an atmosphere perfectly transparent. It could only be compared to one grand and continued discharge of fireworks, occupying the whole visible heavens." An observer in Georgia, also, witnessed the phenomenon, and described it, but in such glowing language that we quote only two sentences, in which the most remarkable of the meteors is particularly described.

"By far the most brilliant one which we saw, occurred at a few minutes past five in the morning, and seemed to announce, by its splendor, the *finale* of this grand exhibition of fireworks in the heavens. It seemed to pursue, as near as we could judge, a course from southeast to northwest, the ball being, apparently, five or six inches in diameter, with a train of from thirty to forty

feet in length ; the latter assuming, immediately on the passage of the meteor, a serpentine form, and diffusing a light upon the earth quite equal to that of the full moon, and remaining intense at least for forty or fifty seconds."

Mr. James Sperry, at Henrietta, New York, remarked upon this same meteor, that —

" it left a streak of light apparently as broad as the moon, and extending over at least thirty degrees of the arch of the heavens, which was visible three minutes, shining at first with such splendor that small objects on the earth could be as easily distinguished as at the full of the moon ; it was straight at first, but, after continuing about one minute, contracted and crooked in the middle, — the bend forming nearly a right angle with the other part, — and then gradually grew more dim until it disappeared."

It was also observed, by Professor Olmsted of New Haven, —

" to shoot off in the northwest direction, and explode a little northward of the star Capella, leaving, just behind the place of explosion, a phosphorescent train of peculiar beauty. This line was, at first, nearly straight, but it shortly began to contract in length, to dilate in breadth, and to assume the figure of a serpent drawing itself up, until it appeared like a small luminous cloud of vapor."

Mr. Palmer, of New Haven, —

" from seven o'clock in the evening had noticed a reddish vapor, which first appeared low in the south, but gradually rose up the southern sky to the zenith. It was very thin, but still obscured the smaller stars."

President Humphreys said, that —

" many persons became exceedingly alarmed ; the light was so intense that some were aroused from sleep by the brilliant illumination of their apartments, and were under the apprehension that their dwellings were in flames."

The meteors were visible throughout almost the whole of the United States, from Maine to Louisiana, and from Lake Huron to the Gulf of Mexico ; they were also seen in Mexico, in the islands of Cuba and Jamaica, off the Bermudas, and on board of the brig *Francia* in the Atlantic Ocean, at a distance of three hundred miles northeast of the Bermudas, and five hundred miles from the American coast. Accounts from all quarters were sent to Professor Olmsted, who

took great pains to collect them, arranged them systematically, and published them in the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth volumes of "Silliman's Journal," where the reader may find them, and, however far removed his tastes may be from dry philosophical inquiries, he will be fully rewarded by the entertainment which the perusal of them will afford. The only valuable observations, from a place without the apparent limits of the shower, were made in the Gulf of Mexico; and, since they have given rise to an important difference of opinion, which we shall not consider for the present, we venture to quote them at length.

"The ship *Junior*, Captain Gideon Parker, from Mobile for New York, was in the Gulf of Mexico, latitude 26° north, longitude 85⅓° west. Captain Parker, being on deck a little before three o'clock on the morning of November 13th, noticed several meteors, but not more than he had often seen before. Heavy dark clouds hung low in the northeast, from which the second mate (who held the watch before Captain Parker came on deck) said, that the first meteors he saw seemed to break like lightning. Above the clouds, which were from fifteen degrees to twenty-five degrees high, the sky was clear, and the stars bright as usual. About three o'clock, Captain Parker first noticed the unusual number of falling stars, and began to count their number, but was forced to desist by their rapid increase. For an hour and a half, Captain Parker observed them. During that time they were seen only in the northeast, above the cloud, and the eye at first would take in nearly the whole space of their action, which extended six or seven points along the horizon, and about forty-five degrees in altitude above it; but, towards the latter part of its obscuration, the space was more extended, say, twelve or fourteen points horizontally, and a few degrees higher in altitude. During its whole period of obscuration, *not one was seen in the west;* although Captain Parker looked particularly to this fact, and called the mate's attention to it at the time. Captain Parker distinctly remembers a radiant point in the northeast, from which all the courses were directed, some shooting horizontally, some vertically, and others at all inclinations between the two, but none upwards, — some shot towards the north, and some towards the east. This radiant, at first, held about forty-five degrees of altitude, but seemed to rise five degrees or ten degrees in the period of his observation; without, however, moving from the northeast at all. The meteors resembled common shooting stars, and were mostly as minute in magnitude as the stars themselves, — ten or twelve, however, would compare in size with

the morning star. Some of the larger moved over a space of fifteen degrees to twenty, and some of them seemed to develope themselves not far from the point, and to go behind the cloud. All that descended low enough passed behind the cloud, — not one between the cloud and the observer. Near to the radiant the courses of some that were observed were very short, — not more than two or three degrees. All, both large and small, left a luminous trace, in which no prismatic colors were observed; and no one of the traces was observed to continue visible more than two seconds. The afternoon of the preceding day had been squally, and wind variable; but at the time of observation there was light wind from northeast.

"At nearly half past four, Captain Parker yielded the deck to his mate, who states, that, soon after he came on deck, the stars appeared passing over from the northeast into the west. In the west, their courses were very short, and they seemed 'just to let go their hold.' The ship was heading southeast. He continued on deck till eight o'clock in the forenoon. In the mean time, the meteors increased in number, and spread over the whole heavens, and were most brilliant about six o'clock. The sun rose at half past six." — *American Journal of Science*, Vol. xxv. pp. 399, 400.

The common point of radiation spoken of by Captain Parker, was also noticed by many other competent witnesses of the phenomena, and its existence has been unquestionably established by the collections and observations of Professors Olmsted and Twining. Mr. Olmsted said, that the meteors "commenced their progress at different distances from the radiating point, but their directions were uniformly such that the lines they described, if produced upwards, would all have met in the same part of the heavens. Around this point, or imaginary radiant, was a circular space of several degrees, within which no meteors were observed."

Mr. Twining, of West Point, said, that —

"there was a point a few degrees south and east of the zenith, which was evidently the *directrix* of all the apparent motions; and every luminous body, without exception, of those associated in the phenomenon, obeyed a regimen in relation to that point, which was such that every line and track of motion, if continued backward, would have passed, as nearly as the eye could discern, through that specific point. In the vicinity of that point a few star-like bodies were observed, possessing very little motion, and leaving very little length of trace; but, in their aspect, such as if a small nebula had softly swelled out from the

heavens, gently elongated in its figure, and then as gently subsided. Farther off, the motions were more rapid and the traces longer; and the most rapid of all, and longest in their trace, were those which originated but a few degrees above the horizon and descended down to it. In these, the aspect might be compared to that of flaming sparks, driven swiftly athwart the sky by a strong wind."

President Humphreys remarked, that they "all appeared to move from a common centre, at or near the zenith." Professor Aikin said, that, "instead of the usual intermediate course of such meteors, these described paths in the direction of radii diverging from a central space. It was of no great extent, not longer, perhaps, than a circle ten degrees in diameter, without accurately defined outlines, but perfectly clear. From this centre, as a radiating point, proceeded the meteors, in numbers exceeding the visible stars, and in intensity of light often rivalling the rays of the full moon." The testimony of other observers, of Mr. Barber, of Frederick, Maryland, J. L. R., of Worthington, Ohio, Mr. Palmer, of New Haven, and of many persons in Georgia, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, was equally strong and decisive. This characteristic feature, forming a nucleus about which observations and hypotheses may cluster and crystallize into theory, has given an unexpected impulse to science in this direction. Observers in Europe and America have watched the motions of the shooting stars with renewed zeal; Quetelet abroad, and Herrick at home, have diligently digested the observations; and the result has already been a close approach to demonstrating the proposition, that, *whenever there is an unusual abundance of igneous meteors, the greater proportion of them radiate from a fixed space in the heavens.*

In their meteoric investigations, Biot, Chasles, Herrick, and Quetelet have searched voyages and travels, old records and chronicles, and Quetelet's last catalogue, published in 1841, contains 115 probable instances of great showers of stars before the year 1833. The subject is far from being exhausted even now, for a writer in the *Deutsches Vierteljahrs Schrift* has, from an imperfect examination of Vögel's Leipzig Chronicles, added several to the list. In most of these cases, nothing was recorded but the bare fact of the great numbers of falling stars; and no notice was taken

of their character and direction. Frequently, however, it is stated, that they fell on all sides, which is, at least, an approximation to a common direction, and, in fifteen cases, this common direction is expressly mentioned. Thus, in February, 836, they "fell from east to west"; on the 13th of November, 899, "the stars falling, in Egypt, from northeast to southwest, were extraordinarily agitated, so that no one could fix his eyes upon the heavens." "On the 30th of October, 901, King Ibrahim Ben Ahmet died, and, on the same night, many stars fell, as if they had been thrown into the air, to the right and left, from a culminating point, like rain. Hence this year has been called the 'year of stars.'" On the 15th of October, 1743, in England, "A clear night, great shooting of stars between 9 and 10 o'clock; all shot from S. W. to N. E. One like a comet, in the meridian, very large, and like fire, with a long, broad train after it, which lasted several minutes; after that, was a train like a row of thick small stars for twenty minutes together, which dipt N." "During the great heat which the pestilential malady of the summer of 1798 developed, the shooting stars were incredibly numerous for many nights, near the 9th of August. Almost all proceeded from N. E. to S. W., and succeeded one another so rapidly that the eye of the observer was kept constantly in motion." On the 11th of November, 1799, a most remarkable shower, to which we shall repeatedly refer, was seen by Humboldt and Bonpland in Cumaná, to rise in the northeast and ascend towards the zenith. Upon the nights of the 9th of August, 1799 and 1813, of the 25th of November, 1822, the 11th to the 13th of November, 1832, and the 12th of December, 1830, many meteors fell, most of them passing from the northeast to the southwest. Similar observations were made and recorded on the nights of the 12th of August, 1824, the 3d, the 14th, and 15th of August, 1826, many meteors falling, and, in most cases, passing towards the southwest.

It will be observed, that the meteors which move in a common direction are classed as radiating, on account of the well known principle of perspective, that parallel straight lines will always appear to diverge from a point, which is called their *vanishing point*. Thus, the pole-star is the vanishing point of lines parallel to the earth's axis; and a shower of stars, which shot from north to south, in the

direction of these lines, would appear to radiate from the pole-star. Since the year 1833, observations have been made with more care; it has been determined, that the average number of meteors which may be seen in an hour, on common nights, by a single observer, is about eight; and that, upon the nights of the 12th to the 14th of November, from 1834 to 1838 inclusive, upon those of the 9th to the 11th of August, 1837 to 1842 inclusive, upon those of the 6th of December, 1838, and of the 19th of April, 1839, there were unusual "meteoric abundances," and there seemed to be a common space of radiation. The place at which the meteor began, and that at which it ended its course, have been noted, in many cases, with extreme precision. Nearly 600 of these observations, which have been published, have been patiently and rigidly scrutinized, and we are convinced of the reality of the radiation, although, as will be seen in the sequel, it is of a somewhat different nature from that which is assumed by the partisans of the cosmical theory. From observations made at Königsberg and Berlin, on the nights of the 10th and 11th of August, 1837 and 1839, by Dr. Busch, Professor Erman, and others, it appears that, out of 398 meteors observed and registered, 288, or nearly three fourths of the whole number, radiated from a space in the heavens of about 20 degrees in radius. Such coincidences cannot be accidental, unless all regularity is accident. This uniformity of direction is not apparent upon ordinary nights, when the number of meteors is not unusually great.*

It may be thought, that the observations are still too few to establish so fundamental a proposition as the one proposed, that all meteoric showers radiate; and that it can only be inferred from them, that there are often radiating showers; or, at most, that, upon those nights in which many meteors are seen to radiate, the whole number of meteors is unusually great, so as to leave the unconformable meteors

* Thus, of 34 meteors, observed in 6 hours on the 13th of November, 1839, at the Königsberg observatory, only 11, or about one third, radiated from a space of 20 degrees in radius; and in 4½ hours on the 14th of November, 1826, of 34 meteors registered at Berlin, only 9 partook of such a radiation; only two out of 17 meteors observed in showers on the 12th of November, 1839, at Cölen; and only 15 meteors out of 54 observed in 8 hours on the 12th of November, 1838, by Mr. Birt, at Whitechapel, London.

about as many as they are on ordinary occasions. This would of itself be a most valuable result; but, while we admit, that there are reasonable grounds for hesitating to advance farther with the present *data*, we must urge, as a weighty argument for the higher conclusion, that a large proportion of the many showers which have been observed since 1833 are of the radiating class, while not one has been shown to be of a different character. Farther investigations may modify this result, and prove that the proposition is not universal; but we are strongly inclined to believe, that its claims will be generally admitted, and that it will remain the first great law in this branch of meteorology.

The radiating, or, as more usually styled, the convergent meteors stand, then, as a distinct class, separate from those which are unconformable or *sporadic*. The feature by which they are characterized is to be carefully distinguished from another phenomenon, which, however intimately connected with it in theory, is radically different as a matter of simple observation. It seems to be the opinion of Messrs. Fitch and Herrick, that the average direction of the meteors, on all nights, is from the point towards which the earth is moving; not that many of them proceed from this point, or from the surrounding space, but about as many pass from one side of this point as from the opposite. Such a construction only of the views of these observers could be reconciled with the results of the astronomer Littrow's observations, which were continued nightly for about a year, from 1837 to 1838, without the detection of any convergent point, except upon the nights near the 10th of August, and the 12th of November.

The frequent mention of the two periods of the year just named, in connexion with the showers referred to in this article, may have been noticed by the reader, and he may desire to learn, whether these nights are unusually favored by the shooting stars, or by the star-gazers. Probably by both, at least within the last few years; but this brings us to the most interesting phenomenon connected with the convergent meteors, that of their *annual periodicity*, or regular recurrence at the same seasons of the year. A different kind of periodicity was suggested by Ritter in "Gilbert's Annalen," who attributed all the igneous meteors to atmospheric processes, which come to their highest state of ac-

tivity in periods of nine or ten years, and then abate during the interval; and he brings forward the years 1788, 1798, and 1807, as instances of this unusual activity. Humboldt thus alludes to this hypothesis; "The periodicity of the phenomenon adds to the interest which it inspires. During some months, in our temperate zone, Brandes has counted from 60 to 80 shooting stars in a night; while, in other months, they have exceeded 2000. If one is so brilliant as to have the apparent magnitude of Sirius or Jupiter, it is sure to be succeeded by others. When shooting stars are unusually frequent during one night, this abundance generally lasts for several weeks. It might be said that, in the upper regions of the atmosphere, near the extreme limit where the centrifugal force is balanced by gravity, there is, periodically, a peculiar disposition for the production of fire-balls, shooting stars, and the *aurora borealis*. Does the periodicity of this great phenomenon depend on the state of the atmosphere, or on some foreign substance, which the atmosphere receives as the earth advances in the ecliptic? Of all this we are as ignorant now as at the time of Anaxagoras." Ritter's periodical years, not being sustained by observation, are of little value, and were soon forgotten. Quite different is it with the annual periods, the idea of which was first fully and distinctly conceived and announced by Professor Olmsted. But, as usual in the case of important discoveries, some credit is here due to others. It seems, indeed, when the world is ripe for a new truth, as if nature sowed it broadcast, and its germs are found in various minds, although in one only it may have sprung up and borne fruit. The first thought of periodicity, it seems, occurred in an obscure way to Mr. Palmer, of New Haven, so that he even predicted the splendid display, after which the conception became fully matured. "Being abroad in the earlier parts of the night, and having observed an unusual number of falling stars, he was induced to read over an account of the meteors described by Andrew Ellicott, which occurred November 12th, 1799. This being the same time of year, his curiosity was excited, and he mentioned to members of his family his expectation of a similar phenomenon." The coincidence with the same shower of 1799, as it was observed and described by Humboldt and Bonpland, was also noticed, independently of each other, by Professor Olmsted, by a writer

in the Boston Centinel, and by Mr. Hildreth, of Marietta, Ohio. The development of the idea, however, and its defence, were reserved for Professor Olmsted, and he was ably seconded by Professor Twining and Mr. Herrick. For five years after 1833, meteoric showers were seen, as it was supposed, at New Haven and other places, about the 12th of November. During these five years, also, they were carefully looked for at Philadelphia without success; at the request of Professor Bache, circulars were sent to the different military posts, inquiring if any unusual meteoric display had been witnessed at the anniversary of 1834, to which the replies were, with a single exception, decidedly unfavorable. The November period could not have been sustained against this severe, but thorough and impartial, investigation, particularly as its most zealous partisans admit, that the shower of this period has ceased since 1838, if the way had not been cleared for it by the establishment of the August period. Much of the controversy was undoubtedly verbal, and turned upon the question, How many meteors make a shower? To evade the answer, meteorologists have sacrificed grammatical scruples to necessity, and find less difficulty in maintaining that there were "meteoric abundances" in these five years. These "abundances," altogether inferior to that of 1833, had the distinctive character of convergency, the importance of which did not, from the outset, escape the discernment of Professor Olmsted. The history of the November period before 1833 will probably be received with more favor after the perusal of the stronger evidence for that of August.

The first sure record of the August period is in 1451; after which there is one in 1723, one in 1724, and no other until 1779; but, during the sixty-four succeeding years, down to the present time, a shower of meteors at this season is recorded in thirty-three different years, or more than half of the whole number. Among these are included the six years since the periodicity was first detected, the omission of which would leave fifty-eight previous years, with twenty-seven recorded anniversaries. When it is added, that, during this time, only fifty-two nights were noted in which showers were observed, the proof of this period not only seems complete, but much more than any one could have anticipated, who reflected upon the facility with which these phe-

nomena escape notice. It is also remarkable, that many of the early August showers were observed by men whose distinguished reputation elevates their testimony above all dispute ; such as Sir William Hamilton, Spallanzani, Brandes, Priestley, Forster, Howard, Professor Stevelly, and Chladni. This period is called "Quetelet's" by Walker, who attributes to this philosopher its first announcement in 1836 ; but we perceive that, in a letter to Mr. Paine, it is claimed by Littrow ; and it is worthy of notice, that Mr. Locke, of Cincinnati, in 1834, two years before the discovery of the periodicity, determined the position of the point of radiation.

Returning, now, to the history of the November shower, we find the first distinct record of it in 899, after which it was not noticed till 1602, nor again till the great shower of 1799. The latter was more remarkable for the brilliancy of its meteors, and the extent of country which it visited, than that of 1833 ; it was seen in Cumaná, on the borders of Brazil, in French Guiana, in the Bahama Channel, on the continent of North America, in Labrador, in Greenland, and many shooting stars were noticed on the same day in some places in Germany. During the forty years from 1799 to 1838 inclusive, the shower of this period was observed fourteen times, or nine times during the thirty-five years from 1799 to 1833, in which time only seventeen showers are recorded exclusively of those occurring in August. In the number of its showers, then, Olmsted's period is decidedly inferior to Quetelet's ; and in the character of them, also, excepting the two great exhibitions of 1799 and 1833 ; but, with some hesitation, the scientific world seems so far inclined to its reception that the burden of proof is already thrown upon the negative ; and, for ourselves, we are not disposed to take up the gauntlet in opposition.

Besides these two periods, others have been proposed, with much less evidence to recommend them ; as the 10th of April, at which season a shower was recorded five times within the half century preceding the year 1123, but has since been wholly lost, unless we listen to the unsatisfactory suggestion, that it has been reproduced in modern times at the later period of the 20th of April, of which there are two instances in the present century. There have, also, been five showers, upon dates near the 6th of December,

since the year 1740, and four upon the 2d of January in the years 1835, 1838, 1839, 1840, which, from their proximity to each other, are more interesting, and less likely to be deceptive.

The accurate observations of the August and November periods have elicited another important fact, which is, that the radiating space is the same throughout the night; at different places, and in different years. In November, its centre is in the neck of the constellation Leo, and in August, it is in the right shoulder of Perseus.

The four phenomena of radiation, periodicity, fixedness of the space of radiation, and the great velocity of the meteors, compose the foundation upon which the cosmical theory has been erected, and no attempt has been made to account for them upon any other hypothesis. This theory, which was first proposed in an organized form by Chladni, met with no favor, was abandoned by its author before his death, and afterwards was quite neglected, till it was revived by Olmsted and Twining, in 1833. In the list of its supporters are now enrolled the names of many of the most distinguished astronomers of Europe, as Arago, Biot, Bessel, Olbers, Boguslawski, Littrow, Quetelet, and Erman. It is developed by Mr. Walker of Philadelphia, in the article before us, with sound learning, unbiased, discriminating judgment, and ingenious and original research. This memoir is one of many rich donations which the venerable Philosophical Society of Philadelphia has lately made to the treasury of American science, and is in all respects deserving of the epithet "remarkable," which has been applied to it by the distinguished secretary of the Royal Academy of Brussels.

The rings of Saturn are thought by some of the most judicious astronomers not to be continuous in their structure, but to consist of the union of millions of small bodies. Each of these bodies would be invisible from the earth, if it were separated from the rest, as the whole ring is, when it is presented to us edgewise. Of the whole mass united at Saturn, then, nearly one *per cent.* is in small detached portions revolving about the primary, and the inquiry naturally arises, Is this phenomenon unique, or are there corresponding phenomena in other parts of the solar system? The satellites are common to Jupiter, Herschel, and the

Earth ; but the smaller fragments are nowhere else found in that conglomerate state requisite for their detection. And yet, upon a belief that the Deity has adopted a uniform organic system in the production of the planets, such as is pointed out by the beautiful nebular hypothesis of Herschel and Laplace, we are unwilling to admit that similar small bodies are wholly wanting in other parts of the solar system, and seize with avidity upon the indications of them in our own vicinity, afforded by the aerolites. But the founders of the cosmical theory have gone much farther ; finding in the four telescopic planets, of which the largest has a diameter of only eighty miles, in the comets with their ever separating tails, in the zodiacal light, and in the distant nebulæ, proofs that the celestial spaces are filled with bodies of all varieties of magnitude and density, they venture to include in the same class the fire-balls and falling stars. Having different orbits, they are seen, when they are near the earth, shooting in all directions ; rarely, however, do they tend towards the zenith, because they cannot pass through the solid earth, so that those which are seen to rise, are only the few, which, coming from the other side, approach so near to our planet as not to be beyond the reach of our vision. In the earlier part of the night, too, when the point of the heavens from which the earth is moving, is high above the horizon, the greater portion of those which are seen must have overtaken the earth in its orbit, and, consequently, if they belong to the solar system, their velocities in the direction of the earth must be more than sixteen and a half geographical miles in a second, and less than twenty-three and a half miles. But, in the morning, when the point towards which the earth is moving is elevated, the visible meteors may have any direct motion less than sixteen and a half miles in a second, and any retrograde one more than twenty-three and a half miles. The number of meteors on ordinary nights should, then, increase as the night advances, which is amply confirmed by observation. Their average direction should also agree with our interpretation of Mr. Fitch's views, and be from the point towards which the earth is moving ; or rather, it should, in high northern latitudes, be to the north of this point, and the reverse in southern latitudes. Mr. Walker thinks, that the observed law of distribution of the known comets, by which "four fifths have their perihelia

beneath that of the earth, and three fifths beneath that of Venus," leads, by analogy, to the inference, "that the perihelia of the meteors are gradually aggregated together as the distance from the sun diminishes; that by far the greater part of these bodies never reach the earth's mean distance." He also infers, "that a great portion of those seen on ordinary nights, having their perihelia inferior to Mercury, must, at the time of visibility, be generally near their aphelia, and have a small velocity; and, moving in all directions, the mean relative direction must be nearly opposite the observer's true direction, and the actual velocity of any single meteor, resolved in the plane normal to the observer's direction, must be small, and must exhibit itself as a small discrepancy from the mean convergent point of the evening." This ingenious speculation is supported by the fact, that the comets are resisted while they are within a distance less than that of Venus from the sun; for Mr. Walker's suggestion is most plausible, that the "aggregation of these small asteroids within the mean distance of Mercury may produce a sensible effect in resisting the progress of a body so light as Encke's comet, which the younger Herschel supposes to be incomparably more rare than the thinnest clouds which float in the upper regions of the atmosphere." It seems superfluous, however, to adopt this view into the cosmical theory, in order to account for the average direction and velocity of the meteors. It would, indeed, lead to a more definite phenomenon, — to an imperfect radiation on all nights, which seems to be contradicted by Littrow's observations, but may be hereafter established by a longer series, which has just been commenced, with this object especially in view.

The independent meteors present, however, but one phase of the cosmical theory, and would furnish too small a base for so vast a fabric. The complete development is contained in the following propositions from Mr. Walker's memoir;

"That, while the general law of meteoric distribution prevails in the planetary space, portions of this space have, besides the average number conformable to this law, special clusters, groups, or flocks of great extent, possibly composing entire rings, or lenses, embracing the sun."

"That the individuals composing these clusters have similar elements of elliptic motion, and continue to move round the sun

in a plane, which, for a considerable period, undergoes but little change in space.

"That in such a plane there may be an indefinite number of these irregular groups at various mean distances from the sun; or there may be a tendency to the formation of a continuous, or imperfect and interrupted ring, the ring itself being a conic section, probably an ellipse. The ring of Saturn furnishes such an analogy in a secondary system, and, according to Cassini and Laplace, most probably the zodiacal light in the solar system."

From this simple and comprehensive theory, the phenomena of convergence, periodicity, and fixedness of the radiating space, are direct and obvious corollaries. The shooting stars are raised by it from the class of *ignes fatui* to the dignity of astronomical bodies, whose orbits are to be determined and calculated upon the principles which are applied to planets and comets; they become the subjects of Kepler's laws, and their philosophy is that of the Principia. Most of the planets are visible throughout their orbits, so that the slightest inequality of their motions can be ascertained with numerical precision, and their computation is facilitated by the near approach of their paths to exact circles. The comets are seen for a few weeks or months at a time, are identified in case of their return, and are observed to move in exceedingly elliptical orbits, so that the parabola performs the office of the circle in simplifying the calculations. But the meteors are seen only for a few seconds, are often lost by impinging against the earth, or, if they pass by, leave no trace by which they can be recognised, should they ever chance to reappear. The determination of their orbits would, therefore, at first sight, appear to be a hopeless undertaking. It is not so; their proximity to the earth, which enables us to see them, gives immediately their distance from the sun, which must, at the time of observation, be the same as that of the observer; and thus we obtain, without any labored calculation, one of the most important elements, and usually the most difficult one to be ascertained. The centre of the radiating space shows, moreover, the common direction of the convergent showers, and the only *datum* which remains, in order completely to fix the position of the orbit, is the velocity of the meteors. When the same shooting star has been observed at different places, and the positions of the points of its appearance and disap-

pearance carefully noted, the actual length of its path can often be computed with accuracy, and the duration of its passage gives the desired velocity. Unfortunately, the longest time, during which a meteor is visible, is only about four seconds, and the error of half a second in its observation is, consequently, a very serious one ; so that the computed velocity may be incorrect to an eighth, or even a fourth part of its whole amount. Such was the case with the serpentine meteor of 1833, the observations upon which were collated by Mr. Twining, and he has proved that the length of its visible path differed very little from fifty-five miles, while the estimated duration of its visibility varied from about two and a half to more than three seconds. By adopting three seconds as the most probable estimate, he obtained eighteen and one third miles per second for the meteor's relative velocity. Combining this *datum* with the other observed elements, Mr. Walker has carefully computed the orbit of the November shower, and it follows from his results, that its perihelion distance is only one hundred and ninety thousand miles. But the sun's radius is four hundred and forty-six thousand miles, so that the shower would be obliged to pass directly through the sun. As this cannot be, we are forced to modify Mr. Twining's estimate, and the change of a single mile is enough to escape this difficulty. The time of revolution is also found to be about one hundred and thirty days, which is more than one third of a year. A shorter period than this would be altogether impossible ; we cannot, therefore, meet the same cluster of meteors every November, unless their period is annual, or semi-annual. With the period of a year, Mr. Walker shows that the observed velocity of the meteors should be thirty-three miles per second, and, with that of half a year, twenty-seven miles ; either of which is inconsistent with Mr. Twining's computation, and, therefore, inadmissible. By the cosmical theory, we are thus driven to the hypothesis of a ring of meteors surrounding the sun, as the only possible method of accounting for the recurrence of the November showers.

On the 10th of August, 1837, four meteors were simultaneously observed at Berlin and Breslau, of which the direction was from the radiating space corresponding to that period ; the average length of their paths was forty-six and a half miles, but the duration of their visibility is not known.

To ascertain this point, we resort to the questionable evidence derived from the observations of another, at a different time and place ; "Mr. Custodes found, from ninety-eight shooting stars, seen on the 9th of August, 1837, at Dusseldorf, that the mean duration of visibility was one and a fifth seconds ; that of twenty-eight of the largest size, one and three quarters seconds ; and none over three seconds." Two of the meteors above given were of the first magnitude, one was small, and the fourth was of the average size. Supposing, then, three of them to be of the mean, and one of the longer duration, we obtain one and a third seconds for the average duration, and thirty-five miles per second for the relative velocity. The proper allowance for the earth's velocity leaves for the actual velocity of the meteors twenty-four and a half miles per second, which is sufficient to carry them off to an infinite distance from the sun in a hyperbolic orbit. The relative velocity must, indeed, be less than thirty-three and one third miles per second, which corresponds to a parabolic orbit. The duration of one and three quarters seconds gives a relative velocity of twenty-six and a half miles, an actual velocity of seventeen miles, and a period of revolution which is a little more than a year. The annual period is shown by Mr. Walker to correspond to a relative velocity of twenty-five and one fifth miles, which would give for the average passage of our four meteors about two and six sevenths seconds. This period would then be quite admissible, if it could be reconciled with the observations in the opposite portion of the earth's orbit ; that is, with those made about the 7th of February, at which time not a single shower occurs in Quetelet's catalogue, until they were particularly looked for, and, after this time, only in the year 1840. We do not, therefore, hesitate to reject this period of the year, and also that of the half year, for which Mr. Walker gives the relative velocity of twelve and three quarters miles per second, which would require a duration of nearly four seconds for the four meteors. For the August, as well as the November shower, therefore, the meteoric ring seems the necessary resort for the advocates of the cosmical theory.

Mr. Erman and others contend, that these results are confirmed by some accidental observations of striking obscurations of the sun and shooting stars, seen in the day time,

about the end of February, and the middle of May, at which times we are on the opposite side of the rings, but we regard them as too vague to be valuable as evidence. Mr. Erman has also undertaken to prove, that there is an important diminution of temperature about the 7th of February and the 12th of May, as if a body were at that time interposed between the earth and the sun ; this ingenious attempt has not been sufficiently successful to gain any proselytes to the doctrine, and it is not confirmed by the probable velocity of the August meteors, which indicates that they are superior, and not inferior, to the earth's orbit.

Not without reluctance do we now approach the most ungracious part of our task, that of opposing the cosmical theory, without proposing a substitute. To make a negative argument is proverbially easy, but to persuade men of its truth is difficult ; a state of disbelief and unsettled opinion is so unpleasant and so galling to human pride, that the world is ever ready to fly from it into the arms of any plausible and seductive error. If the wildest hypotheses find advocates who even boast of their spiritual and mystical faith, and who can believe without comprehending, it cannot be surprising that due weight may not have been given to all the objections which might be urged against a theory so ably sustained by facts and philosophy. We begin our attack with disclaiming almost every argument which Mr. Galloway has advanced against the cosmical theory, as trivial and unimportant. First, the fact that, on the periodic nights, meteors are seen to shoot in every direction, is not a substantial objection, for there is just as good reason for the visits of the unconformable meteors on these nights as on any others ; nor, secondly, should we rely upon the probability that they are self-luminous ; for the principal proof of this, the very great height of some of them above the atmosphere, evinces only that they are not of terrestrial origin ; and, thirdly, with regard to the immense velocity, which Wartmann has observed in some instances, while it is too great for a body of the solar system, it is also too great for one derived from the earth, and it shows, perhaps, that, while there are meteors revolving about the planets, and others about the sun, there is still a third class, which move through space, from star to star. Wartmann, it is true, inferred from their rapid progress that they were of electrical origin, which is equiv-

alent to confessing his total ignorance of their nature. Galloway's fourth objection, that they are not oftener attracted to the earth, is unintelligible, but appears to depend upon a false impression, that the shooting stars are supposed to be solid masses, so that they could be discovered if they were to fall to the ground. But his fifth and final objection is of radical importance, that they have been observed by Brandes and Wartmann to move directly from the earth in a path which, being produced backward, would pass directly through it. We do not, however, feel justified in pressing it, since Bessel has "shown, that every instance, in which Brandes's computations gave an upward motion of a meteor, may be made to indicate the reverse, by applying a correction of the observed points of beginning and end of the apparent path of a meteor, not much exceeding the probable error of such observations"; and it is not impossible, that Wartmann's cases will yield to the same method of examination.

The first difficulty which meets us, as a serious obstacle to a belief in the cosmical theory, is the obvious one of the great thickness required for the rings. The November shower occurred in 1813, as early as the 8th of the month, and in 1826, upon the 6th; in 1836, 1837, and 1842, it occurred on the 15th. The August shower, similarly, was seen on the 6th, in the years 1784 and 1819; on the 7th, in 1451 and 1784; on the 8th, in 1781, 1784, 1801, 1835, and 1836, and lasted till the 15th in 1823, 1826, 1827, and 1834. The earth must, then, be nine days in passing through each of these rings, and they must, consequently, be about fifteen million miles thick, or twelve million miles, after allowing for our oblique passage through them. This is an eighth part of the sun's distance, and more than thirteen times the sun's diameter, whereas the thickness of Saturn's rings is only one seven hundredth part of the diameter of the planet. Such immense rings are not impossible, but they are singularly disproportioned to the transient phenomena by which they are indicated.

Our second objection arises from the magnitude of the space from which the meteors appear to radiate. After making every allowance for inaccuracy of observation, we have not been able to reduce this space into dimensions below a circle of forty degrees in diameter; nor has an honest regard to the facts, uninfluenced by any peculiar faith or

skepticism, permitted us to draw a smaller circle, and exclude all those meteors from participation in the phenomena of radiation, whose paths would not, when produced, pass through that circle. Any attempt to do this is sure to leave the number of unconformable meteors unusually great, at the expense of the shower, and the too hastily rejected meteors have a convergent character as earnestly demanding explanation as the primary phenomenon. Of the two hundred and eighty-eight convergent meteors, observed at the August periods in 1837 and 1839, at Königsberg and Berlin, one hundred and four radiated from a space of five degrees in radius ; sixty-four more were added by increasing the radius of the space to ten degrees ; sixty-three more by increasing it to fifteen degrees ; and the remaining fifty-seven, by extending it to twenty degrees. Instead of being precisely parallel, therefore, the relative paths of some of the meteors must make an angle with the mean direction of at least twenty degrees. The meteors are so light, that their mutual influence upon each other's motions must be too small to be appreciable, and the only important difference of their actual directions must, therefore, arise from the essential diversity of their orbits. But no orbit can differ from the mean orbit more than enough to enable the meteor to pass from one side of the ring to the other in the interval of half its period of revolution. Here is a source from which a deviation of four degrees may be derived in the case of the great ring twelve million miles thick. This velocity might be greatly magnified, if the relative velocity of the meteors were small ; but, great as it is, there cannot be an augmentation of more than twenty-five *per cent.*, or one degree. An authority to which we would willingly yield has privately suggested, that the remainder of the deflection may arise from the impinging of the meteors against the surface of the atmosphere. To this we reply, that such an effect should be nearly the same upon all the meteors which strike the atmosphere at the same time, and, consequently, at the same angle, and should vary with the hour of night, so as to give a sensible motion to the point of radiation ; and that the meteor would not be so much affected at the instant of entering the atmosphere, without being afterwards perceptibly retarded and curved in its course. The only way, which we perceive, of accounting for this perplexing phenomenon, is boldly to

quadruple the already enormous thickness of the rings, and, as the deviation of the meteors is equally great in every direction, and upon each night of the observation, the dimensions must likewise be extended in the direction of the sun. What have we now ? A cylindrical ring, of which the section is forty-eight million miles in diameter !

Thirdly, we are not satisfied of the fixedness of the radiating space ; that it is fixed during the night is a fact that seems, indeed, to be tolerably well established, although Mr. Twining's comparison of the observations of 1833 suggests a reasonable doubt even upon this point ; but the radiant does not appear to occupy the same part of the heavens at different places. The demonstration of this has been ably and, as it seems to us, justly exhibited with regard to the shower of November, 1833, by Professor Twining. He has drawn up a table of the declinations of the radiant, given by various observers, or computed independently one of another from their accounts, without any effort at reconciliation. We copy it with the addition of a single column. In the first column is the observer's name, in the second, his latitude, in the third, the declination of his radiant, and in the fourth, a declination which is calculated upon the assumptions, that the New Haven observation is correct, and that the declination increases with the decrease of the latitude of the observer, at the rate of nineteen degrees of declination to ten degrees of latitude.

Observer.	Observer's North Latitude.	N. Declination of Radiant.	Calculated Dec. of Rad.
Mr. D. A. Strong	42° 52′	17°	17°
Mr. F. Merrick	41 33	19¼	19½
Prof. Olmsted	41 18	20	20
Mr. J. L. Riddel	40 4	21⅝	22¼
Prof. Aiken	39 40	23¾	23
Prof. Thomson	34 30	33	33
Capt. Parker	26 0	49	49

The close coincidence of the two last columns of this table is strong evidence of the correctness of the assumed change of declination in the position of the radiant. The accuracy of the observations upon which the table is constructed is shown by Professor Twining to be complete, except in the case of the two last observations, of Professor Thom-

son and Captain Parker. Professor Thomson's observation is changed by Mr. Walker from thirty-three to twenty-three degrees, without any reason being assigned, and that of Captain Parker is wholly set aside by him, as uncertain. But Professor Twining's estimate from Professor Thomson's *data* is only three degrees more than Mr. Dunster's observed declination in 1836 ; and it is singular, that, if it is substituted for Mr. Walker's, it gives, with the omission of Captain Parker's, a mean of twenty-two degrees for November, 1833, which is the same with that obtained by Mr. Walker for the other years. Professor Thomson's statement is, that "the meteors fell towards the earth at an angle of about 75° with the horizon, moving from the east towards the west ;" and he afterwards adds, that "the position of the apparent radiating point may readily be found on a celestial globe by noting the latitude of the place, 34° 30′ north, and the time, namely, five o'clock, A. M., together with the angle of fall above mentioned." Upon which Professor Twining justly observes, that, "from the nature of the *data*, namely, the general course of the meteors and the angle of their descent, it is uncertain whether Professor Thomson intended to be understood as speaking with precision ; yet so much as this is certain, that, if the declination had not varied northward considerably, when compared with the same at New Haven, the course of the meteors at five o'clock would have lain far north of west, and the radiant would have wheeled round rapidly towards the south, as morning approached." The number given in the table for Professor Thomson's declination precisely coincides, it is proper to remark, with his own account. Even without Captain Parker's observation, the other *data* are sufficient for our purpose, but his statement, already given, appears to us so precise, so perfectly consistent with itself and the other observations, and so decidedly at variance with the New Haven position of the radiant, that we are fully persuaded of its correctness, and strenuously oppose its rejection. The New Haven radiant was nearly to the east of Captain Parker, and rose fifteen degrees in the course of an hour ; whereas the declination of the table corresponds most minutely with Captain Parker's account of a point in the northeast, which rose about ten degrees in an hour.

Our position is, therefore, fully sustained by the shower best fitted to test it, from the comparative facility of observation. In confirmation of this local variation of the radiant,

we do not dare to rely upon the constantly observed excess of five degrees in the declination of the New Haven radiant at the November period, over those of New York, West Point, and other places, because we doubt the accuracy of almost all the observations which have been made in this country upon the smaller showers, and of all, indeed, which have been made in any place whatever, without being accurately registered. In all these cases, we are persuaded, that the mind of the observer is influenced by his prejudices, and, however honest and sincere he may be, he is sure to see the meteors radiating from the point which he has previously determined. For the same reason, we do not dwell upon the observations at the Vienna observatory, on November 13th, 1838, when one hundred and sixty-seven meteors were seen in an hour, of which Mr. Littrow "ascribes the convergent point to the earth's motion in space." But Humboldt and Bonpland's description of the great shower of November, 1799, plainly indicates a radiating point far to the north of Captain Parker's, and having a northern declination of at least sixty degrees; for it was below the horizon at a time when the neck of Leo was at an elevation of from ten to forty degrees. "The direction of the meteors," says Humboldt, "was regularly from north to south; they filled a celestial space extending from the northeast thirty degrees to the north and south. Through an amplitude of sixty degrees, they were seen to rise above the horizon at E. N. E. to E., traverse arcs larger or smaller, and fall to the south, after having followed the direction of the meridian. Some attained forty degrees in altitude, all surpassed twenty-five or thirty degrees." The accurate observations of the August period exhibit the same difference in the position of the radiant. Thus, in 1837, it was six degrees farther north at Berlin than at Breslau, and, in 1839 and 1840, four degrees farther north at Königsberg and Philadelphia than at Berlin; this is the comparison of nicely computed results, in most of which, the probable error is supposed by the astronomers to be about two degrees, and in no instance to exceed three degrees.

In August, 1838, Herschel's radiant, at Collingwood in England, was γ Persei, and in 1839 it was β *Camelopardi*; while, in 1840, Schaeffer's radiant at Jamaica was one third of the way from ε to ι *Cassiopeæ*. Such local differences in the position of the radiant are utterly inexplicable upon the cosmical theory.

Our examination of the phenomena has thus led us to the conclusion, that, while no other than the cosmical theory can explain a precise and limited convergence, periodicity, and fixedness of the radiating point, of the shooting stars, each of these three phenomena, as observed, is of so decidedly indefinite a character as to be irreconcilable with this theory, and shows it to be, at the utmost, merely an uncertain approximation to the truth. We have waived some arguments, which might fairly be adduced, from the great velocity with which the meteors have recently been observed to radiate in November; from the striking coincidence, that there is the same point of radiation in the August and December showers, and in that of November, 1841, observed by Quetelet; and from the local character of the meteoric phenomena referred to by Humboldt. He observes that they are more frequent over land than sea, and this seems to be confirmed by many of the facts connected with the showers of 1799 and 1833, the latter of which was magnificent at New York two hours before it was noticed at New Haven, and was witnessed in all its splendor at the Bermudas, Cuba, and in Florida, while it was comparatively small to Captain Parker, in the Gulf of Mexico, and to the captain of a brig in the Atlantic. We have also passed by the objections which occurred to us, when we found that the showers were sometimes seen while the radiant was depressed far below the horizon. Thus, the shower of 1833 commenced at Charleston, South Carolina, and near Augusta, in Georgia, at nine o'clock in the evening, while the radiant was twenty degrees below the horizon. Nor have we alluded to the startling fact, that many shooting stars have been observed, at the November period, to proceed directly towards the radiating space. This was first noticed by Professor Lovering, in 1838; and was exhibited by ten of the thirty-four meteors observed at Königsberg in 1839, by ten of the thirty-four observed at Berlin in 1836, and by eleven of the fifty-four observed at London in 1838. Galloway thought, that the great accumulation of periods, which now occur almost once a month, discredited the whole of them. The objection is, however, more plausible than sound, for, if they are all true periods, they cannot disprove one another; still less can the falsely assumed periods be used as a weapon against the true ones. In order, now,

not to be misunderstood, we unequivocally state our firm belief in the periods, and in the fundamental phenomena upon which the cosmical theory is founded; but we are not convinced of the truth of the theory itself, or of its sufficiency to explain the phenomena.

Another subject of discussion regarding the meteors is the source of their light. It has been generally supposed to be derived from their passage through the air, which is condensed before them, and raised to a high temperature. But the very great difference of the heights at which they are first seen, varying from eight to five hundred miles, is a serious objection to this view, and quite conclusive, if we admit the accuracy of the upper limit, which is given by Wartmann, and which must be far above the surface of the atmosphere. Wartmann and his son have also observed a few meteors, which disappeared in their course, and then reappeared; one, seen by himself, having remained invisible for three fourths of a second. Such a phenomenon seems hardly to be accounted for by the atmospheric hypothesis. As the meteors, when seen, are generally in the earth's shadow, they cannot derive their light from the sun, and it has, therefore, been supposed that they are self-luminous. The luminous train, which is so often left behind, is thought to be in the atmosphere, because it appears to be carried along by the wind. The color of the meteors is very variable, being, in different cases, red, white, blue, and green; and, in some fire-balls, various hues have been observed at the same time. Sound has sometimes been thought to proceed from them, but this fact is very doubtful. Professor Olmsted inclines to the belief, that, in the shower of 1833, "hissing noises, like the rushing of a skyrocket, were heard, or slight explosions, like the bursting of the same bodies. These comparisons occur too uniformly, and in too many instances, to permit us to suppose that they were either imaginary or derived from extraneous sources." These sounds were not, however, heard by Professor Olmsted himself, Dr. Smith, Professor Aiken, and many other observers; and President Humphreys said, that it was "a perfectly silent dance of the stars."

The convergent shooting stars must be carefully distinguished from other meteoric phenomena; not that they may not be theoretically connected with them, but their characteristic

phenomena are essentially different. They are not to be confounded with the aerolites, for these, as far as their motions have been calculated, have been found to have a relative velocity too small to carry them beyond the earth's sphere of attraction, so that they may either be terrestrial satellites, or the products of a lunar volcano. They must also be distinguished from the *aurora borealis ;* which affects the magnetic needle, has the magnetic pole for its radiant, is seen as often at one season as at another, and has a different character of periodicity ; for Mairan has shown, that, after being frequently seen for several successive years, it disappears for a long period. Quetelet and others have, however, thought that these phenomena are connected together, and with storms, earthquakes, &c. But the links or laws of connexion have in no case been discovered, and Quetelet is undoubtedly pursuing the only path which can ever lead to their discovery, that of careful inductive observation. Much time has been wasted in useless speculation, and in vain attempts at solving the obscure problems here involved, by some less wearisome process than that of laborious research. But the Gordian knot can only be cut by the sword of an Alexander ; and the rewards of genius are inexorably denied to the impatient and superficial guesser.

Art. VIII. — 1. *Final Report on the Geology of Massachusetts.* By Edward Hitchcock, LL. D., Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in Amherst College, Geologist to the State of Massachusetts, etc. Amherst : J. S. & C. Adams. Two Volumes. 4to. pp. 831. Plates 55.

2. *Elementary Geology.* By Edward Hitchcock, LL. D. Third Edition, revised and improved. With an Introductory Notice, by John Pye Smith, D. D. New York. 8vo. pp. 348.

The honor of the first movement in the great work of Geological Surveys in the United States belongs to North Carolina. In 1823, at the suggestion of Professor Olmsted, the legislature of that State commissioned him to execute a

Geological Survey. His report was restricted to Economical Geology, and was published, in two parts, in 1824 and 1825. In the following year, South Carolina gave a similar commission to Professor Vanuxem, whose report was published in the newspapers. In 1828, in a review of Professor Olmsted's report, Professor Hitchcock invited the attention of other legislatures to this subject. The survey of North Carolina, he remarked, —

" was attended with great success, and certainly confers much honor upon its projector, and upon the intelligent representatives who provided the means of carrying it into execution. It is a good example, therefore, to hold up before other legislatures, to induce them to adopt a similar course. What an accession would be made to our resources and to a knowledge of our country, were a thorough examination to be instituted into our mineralogical, geological, and even botanical riches! How worthy the genius of our government to have an accurate geological map, with an accompanying report, accessible to all our citizens!" — *American Journal of Science*, Vol. xiv. p. 230.

The example, however, of the Carolinas seemed to be forgotten, and a plan had been matured for a convention of scientific men from various parts of New England, to consider this subject and petition the legislatures. But in the spring of 1830, the legislature of Massachusetts ordered a trigonometrical survey of the State, with a view to the construction of a map; and, at the suggestion of Professor Hitchcock, Governor Lincoln recommended to the legislature to connect with it a Geological Survey, which was accordingly ordered. The surveyor received his commission, and immediately entered upon the work. Enthusiasm in the pursuit of this science had not suffered him to remain idle in previous years, and the fruits of his former labors were immediately available, and constituted no inconsiderable portion of the report made in 1833. In 1832, the first report, which was little more than a preliminary survey, was published in a pamphlet of seventy pages. In 1833, a full and, as was then supposed, a final report was published in an octavo volume of seven hundred and two pages, with a geological map and an atlas of plates. A second edition was printed in the following year. To this report were appended catalogues, formed by several zoölogists, of the animals of the State, and, by the Geological Surveyor, of the native

plants. For an account of this valuable work we refer our readers to a former volume of this Review. *

Although a great number of facts had been collected and arranged, and had led to many important and interesting inferences, it soon appeared, from the discovery of fossil footmarks and of many other new phenomena, that Professor Hitchcock had only commenced the work. In 1836, however, he was persuaded to undertake the survey of the Eastern District of New York. Fortunately for Massachusetts, an ardent desire to continue the exploration of his native State, and feeble health, induced him to send in his resignation. Near the close of 1836, Professor Hitchcock addressed a letter to Governor Everett, urging the importance of further researches in the Geology of the State, and recommending that the departments of Zoölogy and Botany should be committed to the Boston Society of Natural History. This plan was adopted by the legislature, and a new survey was commenced in 1837.

In 1838, a pamphlet on the Economical Geology of the State was published, which, like the first, was intended merely as a *reconnaissance*. During four years, the Geological Survey was carried on with an industry and perseverance which knew no limits, and the materials were collected for the "Final Report." After some unavoidable delay in printing, this at length appeared in the noble quarto volumes which are now before us. It is much to the credit of Massachusetts, that this work, the fruit of the enlightened views of her legislature, and of the efficiency of her executive, has been given to the public in a form worthy of its contents. The volumes relating to the "Natural History of New York" are published in a style equally rich, and it is to be hoped that other States, also, will follow the example, in this respect, of New York and Massachusetts. With greater pecuniary resources, the number of pictorial illustrations, to use a current phrase, might probably have been increased; but, in times of so much zeal for public economy, we could not have expected more. It is a curious circumstance, that one of the principal objects originally contemplated in this undertaking, the coloring of the geological formations on the map to be executed by the Trigonometrical

* See *North American Review*, Vol. XLII. p. 422.

Survey, has not been accomplished, for the obvious reason, that this map is not yet completed.

It will be seen, from some prefatory remarks of the author, that the "Final Report" is not merely a third edition of the first, as may have been anticipated, and as has been inadvertently remarked by the editors of a scientific journal. Even if the work had been enlarged only by some additional observations on subjects previously investigated, the appropriation for a new survey would have been profitably expended. The constitution of soils, and the means of their improvement, which were scarcely noticed in the "First Report," occupy upwards of one hundred pages. We have the results of four hundred analyses, each of which was performed three times, an amount of labor which the chemist only can appreciate. The curious subject of claystones is enriched by the addition of many facts, and has so outgrown the space allotted to it in the first edition as to be scarcely recognizable. Not to mention a great number of discoveries which have been made in the new survey, and which have rendered it necessary to rewrite nearly the whole work, the subject of "Ichnolithology," occupying sixty quarto pages and twenty-two plates, is entirely new, and we may safely affirm, that facts are related of greater interest, respecting this subject, than can be found in any other geological treatise.

The "Final Report" consists of four parts; namely, Economical, Scenographical, Scientific, and Elementary Geology. More than half of the first part is devoted to the soils of Massachusetts, and forms a very valuable contribution to a branch of agricultural science which is yet in its infancy. The old method, of ascertaining merely the amount of organic matter in a soil, is justly regarded as of little practical utility. It is well known, that some soils, such as peat meadows, which contain a large quantity of organic matter, possess comparatively little fertility. The agriculturist, therefore, reasonably inquires, in what condition are the organic constituents of his soil. As the *spongelets*, through which, on the principle of *endosmosis*, the roots of plants receive nourishment from the soil, are permeated by liquid matter only, the first and most important step is taken, when the soluble and insoluble portions of decomposed organic matter are separately ascertained. This has

been done in the analysis of specimens of one hundred and forty-six soils.

It is well known to those who have been watching the progress of organic chemistry, in its application to agriculture, that the attempt to advance beyond this first step, and to investigate the chemical constituents of the organic matter in soils, has been attended with no small difficulty, and very different views on this subject are entertained among eminent chemists. Unfortunately, the real difficulties in the case have been increased by a misunderstanding in the use of terms. The word "geine" has been the source of so much difficulty, from the different senses in which it has been used, that we should gladly see it expunged from the vocabulary of the chemist. Professor Hitchcock, wisely defining the use which he makes of this word, employs it in a comprehensive and popular sense, as denoting all the decomposed organic matter of soils. As our author is uniform in his use of the word, we shall not stop to inquire in what sense it was used by Berzelius. We do not by any means intend to assert, that geine, in the sense in which it is here used, denotes a proper chemical substance. While, together with the valuable suggestions of Dr. S. L. Dana, our author has given us the important results of his own analyses of soluble and insoluble geine, Dr. C. T. Jackson has satisfactorily proved that it is not a chemical substance, and has obtained from it crenic and apocrenic acids, and with these acids he has formed various salts. This distinguished analyst has also detected the existence of these acids in plants. The details of these and numerous other important researches of a similar character, which Dr. Jackson has been for several years accumulating, when published, will throw much light on a very difficult and intricate subject. In the *Rapport Annuel sur les Progrès de la Chimie* for 1841, by Berzelius, made to the Royal Academy of Stockholm, our readers may find a comprehensive view of the researches of Niulder on the constitution and properties of the non-nitrogenous constituents of the organic matter in soils, which are much more numerous than those that contain nitrogen. The latter class, indeed, embraces only the two acids above mentioned.

Professor Hitchcock has shown by his analyses, that all our soils contain phosphates, and he infers, from the examination of a portion of them for phosphate of lime, that this salt

is invariably present. Other chemists have come to the same conclusion in respect to soils generally. This result was anticipated from the fact, that, in many esculent plants, especially in Indian corn, this substance exists in large quantities ; and, since the bones of all vertebrated animals are in a great measure constituted of the same salt, it requires not much prophetic skill to foresee its discovery in the food of every species of these animals.

The remarkable fact is shown by the analyses of Professor Hitchcock, that, with a few exceptions, the soils of the State are entirely destitute of carbonate of lime. On the other hand, it appears that sulphate of lime is almost universally present. The judicious application of these salts is explained and enforced. The analyses of our author also prove, that the fertility of soils does not depend entirely upon the quantity which they contain of the above-named salts and of organic matter. Other circumstances, such as the state of mechanical division, and the power of absorbing and retaining moisture, have an important influence. The details of numerous experiments, on the absorbing and retaining properties of soils, are given in a table.

The general conclusions of a practical nature at which the author arrives, from the consideration of this subject, are the following.

" First : there is, in general, too small a supply of calcareous matter in our soils ; that is, of lime.

" The second great desideratum is an additional supply of geine, or the food of plants.

" Hence, thirdly, the great object of the agricultural chemist should be, to discover new supplies of both these substances ; and suggest means for their proper and successful application by the farmer." — p. 67.

Accordingly, Professor Hitchcock gave particular attention to the discovery of deposits of these substances. Eleven beds of marl are described, and the results of their analyses exhibited. Directions are also given for their use. After describing some other calcareous deposits, our author presents his readers with an account of the limestones of the State, in their relations to agriculture. Another interesting result of the new survey is the discovery of an extensive deposit of green sand, in Duxbury and Marshfield. It differs

essentially from that of New Jersey, in the almost entire absence of potassa, but contains a large per-centage of protoxide of iron, from the presence of which, its utility as a fertilizing agent is rendered probable. The natural sources of vegetable nutriment in peat swamps, marsh mud, and muck sand, and the manner of using them, are pointed out.

The use of muck sand, often called quicksand, is a novelty in agriculture. On the subject of fossil fuel, the most interesting facts have been discovered since the publication of the First Report. The favorable location of the anthracite of Mansfield, near the junction of the railroads which connect Boston, Providence, Taunton, and New Bedford, as well as the number and thickness of the beds of coal, justly excited high expectations in the companies which so successfully commenced their explorations. Whenever a more prosperous time for the capitalists shall admit of the heavy investment which is necessary in the first stages of such an enterprise, there is good reason to hope that the State will no longer be compelled to send abroad annually the amount of two and a half millions of dollars to purchase fuel.

Under the head of "rocks useful for architectural and ornamental purposes," several discoveries have been made since the publication of the Report of 1833. A peculiar variety of soapstone has been found in Andover, which, on account of its hardness, may be used in external architecture. The inexhaustible quantity of the serpentine of Lynnfield, its vicinity to Salem and Boston, and the facility with which it may be wrought, must eventually render it of great value. The importance of the most economical methods of burning lime is duly appreciated by our author. Various modes of doing it are described, and illustrated with plates. It is a curious fact, which is one of the innumerable illustrations of the value and the deficiency of geological information in the community, that, in most of the towns in Berkshire county which have been most noted for burning lime, "no ledges of limestone occur; but dependence has been placed entirely on the loose blocks that diluvial action has driven thither from the neighbouring towns. And I have been assured, that the inhabitants of some towns, which are based upon good limestone, transport most of the lime that they use from quarries in towns where very little exists in ledges,

under an idea that they have no limestone where they live that is worth burning."

The Second Part, or Scenographical Geology, has been enriched by the addition of a great number of wood-cuts and plates, from drawings which were gratuitously furnished by several artists. Many new and remarkable features in the striking scenery of Berkshire county are described in a manner which is itself a practical illustration of the intimate connexion between geological pursuits and the love of the beautiful and sublime in nature. We find the following description of a projecting precipice on Mount Washington, near the western line of the State.

"Let the observer either follow back the rough path he has just trodden on the south side of the stream, or follow, by a circuitous route, the north bank, until he reaches the spot above the upper falls, where he first entered the gorge, and there he will find a steep footpath, which will conduct him to the top of the precipice that overhangs these falls. This is mostly covered by bushes; yet in one place he can advance to its very edge, and, as the edge projects upwards a little, it is well adapted to prevent one from falling over. On letting down a stone from this spot, with a string attached, I found that it required a length of 194 feet before the water was reached. I have scarcely ever felt such a creeping and shrinking of the nerves, and disposition to draw back, as here. Even though I took hold of bushes with both hands, I could not comfortably keep my eyes turned long into the frightful and yawning gulf; for it seemed as if it needed only a stamp of the foot, or perchance only my weight, to cause the rock on which I stood to follow the example of multitudes of the same kind that were strewed at its base." — p. 292.

Part Third, or Scientific Geology, is the most voluminous, occupying 414 pages. We can glance only at a few of the more interesting subjects which have been developed since the publication of the First Report. Following the same order, in the description of the formations, which was noticed on a former occasion, our author commences at the surface with alluvial deposits and agencies.

For one of the most remarkable of the recent discoveries in Palæontology we are indebted to the celebrated Prussian zoölogist, Ehrenberg, who has shown, that some alluvial deposits, as well as extensive strata in the older formations, are composed of the shields, or flint-shells, of fossil

animalcules. Professor Bailey, of West Point, was the first in this country to detect these microscopic remains, and his subsequent researches on living and fossil infusoria are replete with interest.

"How very singular," says Professor Hitchcock, "that animals so very minute should perform so important an office in the geological changes that are taking place on the globe! Here we have deposites several feet thick, extending over hundreds of acres, made up entirely of the remains of animals, of which hundreds of thousands are requisite to form a single cubic inch! We have long been accustomed to admire the process by which the minute polyparia rear the extensive structures, known by the name of coral reefs, stretching over hundreds of leagues in the tropical seas. But now we find, that, within our own observation, we may see effects no less marvellous, produced by animals of a still more diminutive size, — too small, indeed, to be discovered by the naked eye." — pp. 310, 311.

These deposits are of a grayish white color, and are almost impalpable, like magnesia. One of the most extensive is in Andover, and is seventeen feet thick, and covers an area of six acres. Professor Hitchcock has inserted a valuable communication from Professor Bailey, in which are described five genera and numerous species of these curious relics of ancient animalcules.

In the next formation, diluvium or drift, a great number of interesting facts were described in the First Report, and the additional facts here presented do not lead to any farther generalization. But the numerous theories which have been offered by various writers, in order to settle the vexed question of the origin of drift, have rendered it expedient to enlarge and modify the theoretical remarks. For many years, Professor Hitchcock labored almost alone in this very difficult department of Geology, while others had given so little attention to many of the leading facts, that they supposed the phenomena in question to be chiefly the fruit of a strong imagination. Hence, the details which were given in the Report of 1833, and which the author had been accumulating for ten years, were obviously described with little reference to other geological works. It was not then known in this country, that the rounded hills and excavations of drift, which the admirers of the *Études sur les Glaciers* now call *moraines*, and the diluvial furrows on the surface of rocks,

existed in Europe to any considerable extent. Accordingly, we find Professor Hitchcock, in 1835, using the following language; "But so far as I can judge, from the accounts which European Geologists have given us of diluvial action in that quarter of the globe, I doubt exceedingly whether it has left traces by any means as striking as in this country." "Such language implies that these traces are by no means common, as in this country." Very recently, however, European Geologists have given to this long neglected formation that attention which its peculiar difficulties require. But it is not a little remarkable, that, in their allusions to the kindred facts observed in this country, they represent them as *recently* discovered, although ten years had elapsed since Professor Hitchcock described and figured them. Whatever opinions may be entertained respecting the hypothetical views of our author, it is quite too late to deny him the merit of having first thoroughly explored this difficult subject.

In the First Report, we find our author maintaining that the accumulations of drift could not have been the product of any transient deluge, but that they were the result of various agencies operating through indefinite periods of time, and that they were finally "modified by a powerful deluge, sweeping from the north and northwest over every part of the State, not excepting the highest mountains." It was conjectured, that "this deluge might have been produced by the elevation of an extensive portion of the bottom of the arctic ocean." But whatever may have been the primary causes of diluvial action, the following inferences, in the Final Report, are considered as legitimate.

"1. The highest parts of New England, and in fact all the northern parts of our continent, have been swept over by a powerful current from the northwest to the southeast." "In Massachusetts, we have Mount Everett, not less than two thousand six hundred feet high, and Wachusett, three thousand feet high, and, in New Hampshire, Monadnoc, three thousand two hundred and fifty feet high, all bearing marks of powerful erosion, and all of them standing as insulated peaks, hundreds of feet above the surrounding country; and, in Maine, Dr. C. T. Jackson describes Mount Ktaadin as showing diluvial action on its summit, which is five thousand three hundred feet above the ocean."

In the third edition of the Elementary Geology, Professor

Hitchcock gives the result of a recent visit to the White Mountains, with a figure of the rounded and water-worn rocks on Mount Washington, which are found at the height of five thousand feet. This is the highest part of the mountain on which any rock is found *in situ*.

"2. The diluvial waters must have been oceanic. What other aqueous agency could have produced a current two thousand miles in width, I am unable to conceive." [For we are told that it has swept over the whole country from Nova Scotia to Missouri, and over the tops of the highest mountains.]

"3. There is no reason to suppose that the inequalities of surface, which now exist, were essentially different at the epoch of diluvial action. Minor changes were, indeed, produced by that action, as well as by subsequent alluvial agency. But the great outlines remain unchanged. For we find the bowlders to have been obstructed just as they would have been, if the present mountains then existed; and, in some cases, the current was deflected just as it would be now. But the fact that has struck me as most decisive is this: Where large surfaces, often several square rods, and sometimes many acres, are smoothed and scratched, I have never seen any evidence of a change in the relative levels of different portions of that surface.

"4. Diluvial action in New England appears not to have taken place, till the continent had been raised nearly to its present height above the ocean. The counter supposition is, that it took place when the present surface formed the bed of the ocean, or was gradually rising above it."

But our limits will not permit us to transcribe the forcible arguments by which our author maintains his position, and overthrows the opposing theory.

"5. It is difficult to explain all the phenomena of diluvial action, without calling in the aid of icebergs, or some other agent, by which masses of rock could be floated along the surface of the waters; yet, after all, those icebergs will explain but a small part of the effects of this action.

"6. The phenomena of diluvial action in this country far transcend the effects of any agencies now operating, without admitting a great increase of intensity in their action." — pp. 397 – 401.

After these well-sustained inferences, our author very cautiously embarks on the ocean of hypothesis, in order to discover the cause of diluvial action. Several hypotheses, among them the now celebrated glacial theory of Agassiz,

are examined and rejected. The theory to which preference is given is the following ; " That an extensive elevation of the bottom of the Arctic Ocean threw its waters, loaded with ice and detritus, southerly, over the American and also the Eastern continent. It supposes that there may have been a succession of elevatory movements." Against this hypothesis, however, Professor Hitchcock urges some serious objections, and remarks, " To my mind, therefore, no theory of diluvial action, hitherto proposed, is so free from objections that I feel satisfied with it." " I do not feel prepared to propose any regular theory of this agency, in which I place much confidence."

During the long period which elapsed while the Final Report was in press, a copy of the *Études sur les Glaciers*, by Agassiz, found its way to New Haven, and our author, with his usual zeal, went to that place to become better acquainted with its contents. The result is given at length in a postscript, which contains his views, as they were presented in his Address at Philadelphia, in April, 1841, before the Association of American Geologists. The first impressions of Professor Hitchcock, in favor of the theory of Agassiz, were certainly very sanguine. " Henceforth glacial action must form an important chapter in geology. While reading this work, and the abstracts of some papers by Agassiz, Buckland, and Lyell, on the evidence of ancient glaciers in Scotland and England, I seemed to be acquiring a new geological sense."

It is obvious, however, as we proceed, that even under the strong impulse of these first impressions, our author could not adopt this theory without important modifications ; for, after stating with his usual candor the arguments for and against it, he concludes his examination of this theory with the following remarks. " But I can hardly doubt that *glacio-aqueous* action has been the controlling power in producing the phenomena of drift. Having hovered so long over the shoreless and troubled ocean of uncertainty and doubt, I may be too ready to alight on what looks like *terra firma*. But, should it prove a Delos, I have only to plume my wings again, when it sinks beneath the waves."

The darkness which formerly brooded over this difficult subject, and the illustrious name of Agassiz, conspired to gain for the glacial theory an enthusiastic reception from many

eminent geologists, which, under other circumstances, it would not have obtained. It is, therefore, certainly no more than justice to the opinions of Professor Hitchcock, that they should be inferred from his impartial examination of this theory as a whole, and from his concluding remarks, rather than from the general and complimentary expressions with which the theory is introduced. Thus understood, his Address harmonizes with his remarks published, at nearly the same time, in the second edition of the Elementary Geology.

Professor Hitchcock had formerly described certain beds of clay as a deposit of the "Newest Tertiary." But, within a few years, numerous instances have been found in which this clay overlies, or is "interstratified" with, drift. Our author, therefore, calls it diluvial clay, and says, that "whenever valleys of any considerable extent existed in the State at the period of diluvial action, and these were cut off from the ocean by some barrier, I find this clay and sand." It is supposed, that the deposition took place during the subsequent gradual drainage of the waters.

The most remarkable circumstance connected with diluvial clay is the existence of the "clay-stones," which are found in it. One of the most common forms of these singular concretions is that of a sphere, much flattened, and resembling a coin with the edges rounded. Similar concretions have been observed, although but in few localities, in Europe, and their nature does not appear to be generally understood. We are informed in a note, that a specimen from the Kimmeridge clay was forwarded to Professor Hitchcock by an able English geologist, with this label; "Kimmeridge coal money, (use and age unknown,) found abundantly in the Kimmeridge clay, Dorset coast." On the authority of Mr. Frederick Tamnau, Jr., a distinguished Prussian mineralogist, we are informed, that, in Sweden, the scientific men believe these clay-stones to be the remains of some kind of Mollusca. Mr. Tamnau is of opinion, that they are concretions, like those of Massachusetts, and Professor Hitchcock pronounces the specimens received from Nykoping to be "precisely like the clay-stones of Massachusetts." The original researches, therefore, of our author on this subject, showing the chemical constitution of these concretions, their six predominant types of form, of which the modifications are innumerable, and their other physical

characters, are both valuable and well-timed. His conclusions are, "that these concretions were formed by the accretion of carbonate of lime around certain centres of attraction in the clay; which, although pervious to the solution of cementing matter, does not appear to have been removed from its original position"; that, "if we conceive of modifications in the form and consistency of the clay, and the carbonate of lime in solution, we can give a probable explanation of the varieties of form"; and "that these concretions are produced by laws as definite as those of crystallography." Not the least striking feature in the appearance of many of the clay-stones is their rude and burlesque resemblance of certain animals or artificial objects, some having the outline of various birds, quadrupeds, and reptiles, and others, of Pagan images, spectacles, teapot covers, and broad-brimmed hats.

Passing by many subjects, which are not entirely new to the Final Report, we come to the most important of Professor Hitchcock's numerous discoveries in geology, — the fossil foot-marks in the new red sandstone of the Connecticut valley. These impressions were discovered soon after the publication of the second edition of the First Report. To the review of that Report we refer our readers for a synopsis of the facts, which were first presented to the public by our author in the "American Journal of Science." It was stated by Professor Hitchcock himself, that his attention was first called to this subject by Dr. James Dean of Greenfield, who forwarded to him a cast of a specimen. Neither at that time, however, nor for some years afterwards, had Dr. Dean given any attention to these relics of the sandstone pedestrians, farther than by rendering aid, in the localities of his vicinity, to our author's extremely laborious researches. In one sense, indeed, the merit of the discovery is his, unless, as is not improbable, it belongs, in the same sense, to some unknown third person. For how many of their discoveries in science have the learned been indebted to the accidental observations of intelligent friends, who, for the want of time, perhaps of scientific information, or even of pecuniary resources, were not able to prosecute the researches, to which they have given the clue! Invariable usage has long since decided, that the merit of a discovery belongs, not to him who may have accidentally

found a specimen, but to him who first investigates and makes known its scientific characters and relations. While very great praise is due to Dr. Dean, the honor of the discovery, as a matter of science, must be awarded to our author. Having thus spoken of this gentleman, we add, with pleasure, that his own recent researches on this subject have been rewarded with the discovery of some new species. For several years, the very natural incredulity of geologists and others, in regard to the sandstone tracks, left Professor Hitchcock to bear, with little encouragement, except from his brethren in Europe, the ridicule which the extraordinary announcement occasioned. But now, when a Committee appointed by the American Association of Geologists have, with the most praiseworthy candor, yielded to the force of evidence, and explicitly declared that "the evidence entirely favors the views of Professor Hitchcock," and no one doubts that these impressions are the veritable tracks of animals, it is rather late to say that he is not the discoverer of them.

In his first publication on this subject, seven species of tracks were described, under the name of "Ornithichnites." This name, however, was understood to affirm that the animals were birds. Our author has, therefore, changed the name to "Ornithoidichnites," a sub-order of "Dipodichnites," which embraces seventeen species. Ten species are referred to a new sub-order, "Sauroidichnites." Each of the species is minutely described, and accurately figured. The circumstances of their situation, and all the collateral facts, are narrated, and illustrated with figures. The reader is thus prepared to form an independent judgment respecting the following conclusions.

"In the first place, these impressions are the tracks of animals, made while the materials composing the rock were in a yielding state.

"In the second place, these tracks were probably made upon the margin of an estuary or lake, where the waters experienced considerable changes of level; with intervals; and in a climate subject to the alternations of wet and dry seasons.

"In the third place, most of the tracks that have been described were made by bipeds.

"In the fourth place, I infer that most of the tracks that have been described were made by birds." — p. 508–510.

The writer sustains these positions by a great variety of cogent arguments. In presenting a garbled statement of them, we should only do him injustice, and we must refer our readers to the work itself.

The geologist finds himself greatly perplexed by the position of the limestone of Berkshire county, and of the adjacent formations, where the older strata appear to lie upon those which are more recent. This inverted position occurs between the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain, and extends as far as Canada; and it seems probable, from the Reports on the Geology of other States, that it extends in the opposite direction into those States. Several hypotheses to account for this extraordinary inversion are examined and rejected.

"The only remaining theory is, that these rocks have actually been thrown over into an inverted position; or rather have been so contorted by a force acting laterally, that one or more folded axes have been produced. This theory I did, indeed, mention in my Report of 1835; but it then appeared to me too improbable to be admitted. Subsequent reflection and examination have led me to view it in a much more favorable light." — p. 577.

We can give but a very imperfect synopsis of the argument. In the first place, it is shown, by a particular application of this theory to the position of the several formations, illustrated by figures, that it would satisfactorily account for their inversion. In the second place, it explains why the strata of the valleys generally have a less dip, and are more irregular in their dip, than the strata on the mountains. Thirdly, thermal springs and the *dolomitization* of the limestone render it probable that there are extensive fractures in the direction of the strata. It is generally conceded, that similar disturbances have taken place on a small scale; and, finally, Beaumont's theory, of the plication of the crust of the earth in consequence of the contraction of its heated, but cooling, nucleus, presents an adequate force. The difficulty, however, of conceiving such an immense and terrific convulsion, reaching from Hoosac mountain to the Hudson river, without reference to its extent from Canada to Tennessee, is fully admitted by our author. "I confess," he says, "that my mind has staggered under the mighty thought, and I have involuntarily exclaimed, that such a work could

have been performed only by Him ' who meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.' "

In close connexion with this theory of inversion is that of the *dolomitization* of much of the limestone of Berkshire county. It has been found in other countries, that, when carbonate of lime is in contact with some unstratified rocks, or is in the vicinity of dislocated strata, it is impregnated with magnesia, or, in other words, it has been converted into Dolomite. The change is supposed to have taken place while the limestone was in a state of fusion, or, at least, softened by heat, and permeable to the gaseous sublimation of carbonate of magnesia. After describing the Dolomite of Berkshire, and the evidences of its change from the original limestone, our author observes ; " Such are some of the marks of the powerful action of internal heat upon the rocks of Berkshire county. To the geologist and chemist they are as striking and convincing, almost, as the lava and smoke of Vesuvius are to the common observer. But, though this agency must have been powerful, when vast masses of limestone were melted and converted into Dolomite, and huge masses of slate impregnated with carbon, yet the only agency now exerted by these almost smothered solfataras is, to raise a few degrees the temperature of two or three springs."

Part Fourth consists of an abridgment of the " Elementary Geology," of which we have noticed a first and a second edition on former occasions. We have now the pleasure of announcing a third edition. The very short period, in which the second was exhausted, is sufficient evidence that our commendation is quite unnecessary.

ART. IX. — 1. *A Message from the President of the United States, transmitting to the Senate a Treaty with Great Britain, and the Correspondence between* MR. WEBSTER *and* LORD ASHBURTON. Washington. 1842.

2. *Speech on the Treaty with Great Britain, delivered in the United States Senate.* By WILLIAM C. RIVES. August 17th and 19th, 1842.

3. *Speech in the Senate, on the Treaty of Washington.* By JOHN C. CALHOUN. August, 1842.

4. *Speech on the Ratification of the Treaty with Great Britain, delivered in the Senate of the United States.* By JAMES BUCHANAN. August 19th, 1842.

5. *Speech in the Senate, in Opposition to the Treaty.* By THOMAS H. BENTON. August 18th, 1842.

6. *Speech in the Senate, on Several Points arising in the Discussion of the Treaty with England.* By LEVI WOODBURY. August, 1842.

IT is one of the fortunate results of modern civilization, and of the clearer understanding of international law which goes hand in hand with it, that the differences between nations are more easily adjusted, and the causes of them less frequent, than in former times, when this law was not so perfectly defined, and when war was the pastime of restless and ambitious rulers, eager for plunder, for fame, or an extension of power. Discords among nations have their origin in two sources, opposite interests and contested rights. By a reasonable exercise of candor, clashing interests may be reconciled on the common principles of justice and mutual advantage ; but where a right, or a supposed right, is involved in the dispute, it is then encumbered with new difficulties, because it touches the spring of national honor. Unhappily, the late misunderstanding between Great Britain and the United States, respecting the Northeastern Boundary, partook of this character. Hence, the longer it was discussed, the more vehemently each party insisted on its claims, and the more were the obstacles to an amicable arrangement enlarged and multiplied. It is not our purpose to investigate the details of this controversy, nor to reiterate the arguments which have been so often repeated. We shall confine our remarks to such a statement of the case, as may show on what grounds the

question stood at the time when the negotiation of the late Treaty began, and to the principles and substance of the Treaty itself.

When it is considered how extremely little was known of the geography of the country in 1783, it cannot be a matter of surprise, that the framers of the treaty of peace should fail to define a boundary line of nearly two thousand miles in extent, with such precision as to leave no room for doubt and difference of opinion in the interpretation of their language. The part of the treaty, which has given rise to the dispute, and nearly brought the two nations into a conflict of arms, is contained in the following words. It is said that the boundary shall proceed "from the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, namely, that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix River to the highlands, along the said highlands, which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the northwesternmost head of Connecticut River." And, in another part of the same article, it is added, "east by a line to be drawn along the middle of the River St. Croix, from its mouth in the Bay of Fundy to its source, and from its source directly north to the aforesaid highlands, which divide the rivers that fall into the Atlantic Ocean from those which fall into the River St. Lawrence." The meaning of these words has been the great point at issue.

As a proof of the deficiency of geographical knowledge at this time, it needs only to be stated, that, almost immediately after the ratification of the treaty, a dispute arose as to the identity of the St. Croix River. It appeared, that there were three rivers emptying themselves into the Passamaquoddy Bay, which had respectively been called by that name. The British claimed the most western, and the Americans the most eastern, as the one intended by the treaty. The difference was important, because it affected not only the line of boundary formed by the river itself, but the position of the northern line throughout its whole extent to the highlands. The question remained unsettled, till, by the Treaty of London, commonly called Jay's Treaty, it was provided that commissioners should be appointed by the two governments to examine and decide which was the true St. Croix. In this decision, the claim of the United States was sustained,

and the dispute was settled. The testimony of Mr. Adams and Mr. Jay on this subject undoubtedly had much weight. A monument was erected at the source of the St. Croix, to denote the boundary at that place.

It still remained to find the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, which was to be sought somewhere in the line running due north from the monument, and at the point where this line should cross the highlands dividing streams which empty themselves into the St. Lawrence from those which run into the Atlantic Ocean. The line along those highlands to the head waters of the Connecticut River was also to be ascertained. And here it should be recollected, that the commissioners, who framed the treaty of 1783, did not pretend to describe a line which had before been surveyed or delineated, nor to define an angle which had been ascertained with mathematical exactness by actual measurement. It was known only, that Nova Scotia was bounded on the west and north by lines which must meet in an angle somewhere, and it was presumed that this angle was at the summit of certain highlands. The intention is supposed to have been, that this northeastern boundary should correspond with the old boundary between New England, Nova Scotia, and Canada; yet this had never been surveyed, or even described, except in the vague and general language of charters, commissions to governors, and proclamations. Hence, whatever may have been the intention of the negotiators, we see the reason why they expressed themselves with so much looseness and uncertainty. They could not describe with precision what was unknown. Yet the question rested entirely on a practical interpretation of their language, with such aids as could be derived from a more accurate knowledge of the topography of the country. If they had simply added to the word *highlands*, "north of the St. John," or "south of the St. John," the obscurity would have vanished at once, and there could have been but one opinion as to their meaning.

Again, there was a doubt concerning the particular branch of the Connecticut River intended by the treaty, and the line on the forty-fifth degree of latitude, between that river and the St. Lawrence, which was said to have been inaccurately surveyed. Moreover, the long line extending from this latter point to the Lake of the Woods and the head of the Mississippi, running through lakes and rivers, and wind-

ing among islands, had never been determined. In this unsettled state was the important question of boundaries at the close of the last war. By the treaty of Ghent, the preliminary steps were taken for an amicable adjustment of the whole line. Four separate commissions were agreed upon, to each of which was to be assigned a part of the boundary. The first was to determine the line between the islands in the Passamaquoddy Bay ; the second was to take in hand the formidable task of defining the line from the source of the St. Croix to the point in the St. Lawrence, which is cut by the forty-fifth degree of latitude ; the third was to begin the line at this point, and pursue it to the outlet of Lake Superior, and "decide to which of the two parties the several islands lying in the lakes, water communications, and rivers forming the said boundary, do respectively belong" ; and the fourth was to decide the same from the outlet of Lake Superior to the northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods. Each of the governments was to appoint one commissioner for each of the commissions, and, in case these should disagree, the subject of difference was to be referred to some friendly sovereign or state, whose decision was to be final and conclusive. Commissioners were accordingly appointed for all these objects.

The first commission, for apportioning the islands in the Passamaquoddy Bay, was successful ; but not so the second. The primary object was, to find out the northwest angle of Nova Scotia. The commissioners commenced their survey at the monument, and proceeded in a due north line about forty miles, till they came to an eminence called Mars Hill. Here the British commissioner stopped short, and declared he had reached the highlands, and found the long-desired angle. This hill is far south of the river St. John, and more than a hundred miles from the nearest source of any of the streams flowing into the St. Lawrence, where, according to the words of the treaty, the highland boundary was to be met by a line running north from the St. Croix. From this time the dispute assumed a definite shape, each party claiming a different range of highlands, as answering the terms of the treaty, one at the north and the other at the south of the St. John.

From its mouth upward, the St. John takes a northwesterly direction, till after it crosses the line running north from the

St. Croix, and then it sweeps off to the southwest, and receives its head waters near the sources of the Penobscot. The tributaries of all large rivers have their fountains in highlands on each side, forming a basin through which the main stream passes. Thus it is with the St. John, and this basin, west of the north line so often mentioned, was the territory in dispute, of a triangular form, consisting of about twelve thousand square miles, or more than seven and a half millions of acres, and almost equally divided by the River St. John. Whether this territory belonged to Maine or Great Britain depended on the point at which should be fixed the northwest angle of Nova Scotia. It is not necessary now to examine the merits of the controversy. It is enough to say, that the further it has been pursued, the more perplexed it has become, and the less likelihood there has been of an agreement. Down to the last, both parties have maintained their claim with equal pertinacity and apparent conviction. Lord Ashburton avows his firm belief, that the British right to the whole territory is incontestable ; and Mr. Webster declares, very justly, that no opinion was ever more unanimously adopted, both by the Congress and people of the United States, than the equity of the American claim to its fullest extent. Since all the facts are open to both parties, it is certainly remarkable that they should lead to such opposite conclusions.

As a clue to some of the difficulties of the case, we will say a few words on the attempts that have been made to find the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, on which pivot the whole controversy turns, since the highland boundary must begin at that angle. We have mentioned the discovery of the British commissioner at Mars Hill ; and his government afterwards maintained that there was the true angle of Nova Scotia. A construction so much at variance with what seemed to be the obvious sense of the treaty, however, was discountenanced by others, even in Great Britain. The report of Messrs. Mudge and Featherstonhaugh carries the angle considerably further north, about half way between Mars Hill and the St. John. It is true, they lay little stress upon this angle, because they argue that it ought to be placed further west on a line running north from the source of a stream emptying itself into the Schoodic Lakes, which they pronounce to be the genuine St. Croix. Again, Mr. Charles

Buller, member of Parliament, wrote an able and ingenious paper,* chiefly to prove that the angle ought to be pushed up across the St. John to a point near the source of the Ristagouche, which runs northeasterly and falls into the Bay of Chaleurs. In his opinion, likewise, the words, "along the highlands," were not employed to denote a line running in a crooked direction along the sinuosities of any particular mountain range, but a straight line passing over the mountainous region between the northwest angle of Nova Scotia and the head waters of the Connecticut River. Mr. Buller accordingly confutes the argument in favor of the southern highlands, and the Mars Hill angle, which he says is "no angle at all of Nova Scotia," but a point in the middle of the western side of that province. If our information be correct, and we have no doubt it is, that Mr. Buller's paper was read and approved by Lord Palmerston before it was published, we have a striking proof of the little confidence reposed by the British government in the arguments which had been used to establish the angle at Mars Hill, and in favor of the southern highlands. Here, then, we have four angles, on the British side, and yet there cannot possibly be more than one true angle, and that a single point with a fixed locality. To assume two, or three, or any other number of angles, remote from each other, and to argue that the one or the other may or must be the angle of the treaty, is, in fact, to abandon the question, and to rest upon nothing.

If we turn to the American side, the conclusion will be nearly the same. The angle uniformly insisted on by the American negotiators is the point on the Canadian highlands, where the ridge of those highlands is cut by a line running due north from the source of the St. Croix. Yet other opinions have been advanced. In the instructions of the old Congress to the commissioners for negotiating the treaty of peace, the northwest angle of Nova Scotia is mentioned as being near the source of the St. John. It is supposed that they may have alluded to the Madawaska branch of that river, and this idea is thrown out by the Commissioners of Maine, in their reply to one of Lord Ashburton's communications to Mr. Webster; but still this supposition would carry the angle at least fifty miles too far west. Mr. Hale, in a

* See *Westminster Review* for June, 1840.

paper published in the *American Almanac* for 1840, written with ability and remarkable clearness, has taken the ground, that the true angle is a few miles north of the St. John, near the sources of the Ristagouche. He thinks our negotiators have erred in adhering so strenuously to the summit of the northern highlands. This angle corresponds exactly with that of Mr. Buller, although the inferences drawn by these two writers, in regard to the boundary, are essentially different.

What shall we say to this singular discordance of opinion, not only between the parties, but between the supporters of each party, respecting this vital element of the controversy? Can we say any thing else, than that there is an impenetrable obscurity in the thing itself, and that the words of the treaty do not admit of that clear and satisfactory interpretation which some have imagined? If we look a little further, and glance at another cardinal point, the position of the highlands, our embarrassment will not be relieved. The treaty defines these highlands as dividing waters which "empty themselves into the St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean." According to the American construction, the only chain of highlands answering to this description is the one north of the St. John, and between that river and the St. Lawrence. The British contend, on the contrary, that the St. John falls into the Bay of Fundy, and not into the Atlantic Ocean, as intended by the above words of the treaty; and they cite other parts of the treaty to show, that what the commissioners meant in this place by the Atlantic Ocean was the part of the sea west of the St. Croix. Moreover, from the portion of the highlands, where the Americans fix their angle, the waters flow off in an easterly direction, and empty themselves through the Ristagouche into the Bay of Chaleurs, which, it is said, cannot be designated by the general phrase, Atlantic Ocean; so that the waters at that place are not divided as required by the words of the treaty. Mr. Webster has endeavoured to set aside this objection by a new and forcible argument. He says, that in the construction of treaties, and other instruments of this nature, where there is certainty on one side and doubt on the other, the certainty must rule the doubt. It is certain that the north line must proceed to highlands, from which the waters are thrown into the St. Lawrence.

It follows, that the streams running the other way must be regarded as flowing into the Atlantic, although in their course they may pass through bays and gulfs. Lord Ashburton replies to this argument, but he does not answer it. He contents himself with citing the opinion of the King of the Netherlands, who looked upon it as *hazardous* to class the Ristagouche with the streams falling into the Atlantic, and his Lordship adds his own opinion, that such an idea would be "most absurd." This blunt phrase was not relished by the Maine Commissioners, and they have taken some pains to turn the tables upon his Lordship, by confronting his assertions with additional arguments. Mr. Hale removes this obstacle, by assuming the angle to be at the source of the Ristagouche, as we have seen, and then running a line along the highlands which separate the waters of that river from those of the St. John, till it reaches the Canadian highlands at a point considerably farther west than the angle claimed by the American negotiators. The objection to this line is, that it supposes the Ristagouche to be among the rivers falling into the St. Lawrence, in the sense of the treaty, which is more *hazardous*, as it seems to us, than to class it with the streams that empty themselves into the Atlantic Ocean.

These difficulties, according to the British view of the subject, render it impossible to explain the treaty by seeking for the boundary to the north of the valley of the St. John, and yet, since highlands are expressly mentioned, and more than once, they must be found somewhere. The southern range is selected as the only one that remains, and the hard task is undertaken of making it conform to the language of the treaty. Between the sources of the Connecticut and the St. John the case is clear enough. Here a mountain range divides the waters of the St. Lawrence from those running into the Atlantic. But, from the head of the St. John to Mars Hill, a distance of more than a hundred miles, although they flow into the Atlantic on one side, yet, on the other, they empty themselves into the St. John, and not into the St. Lawrence, as they ought to do, if we keep to the words of the treaty. We are to be reconciled to this apparent contradiction by the forced inference, that the framers of the treaty meant their description to apply to the principal range west of the basin of the St. John, and that this

southern chain is a continuation of the other, and necessarily included as a part of the whole. If we are still dissatisfied, we are brought at once to the last resort; namely, that the treaty cannot be executed by any intelligible or practicable rules of interpretation.

Such is a brief state of the controversy as to the two principal points, the northwest angle and the highlands, upon which all the other points depend. Without taking a step in the inquiry, whether the negotiators of the treaty of 1783 really understood the boundary they described, or the meaning of their own language, whether they had in view the old colonial boundary, or intended a new line, the question may emphatically be asked, whether, at the stage at which the discussion had arrived through this maze of conflicting opinions and contradictory arguments, it was possible for the parties ever to agree upon any construction of the treaty, with a rigid adherence to the claim of right, or for an arbitrator to come to any decision, on the grounds of the treaty, aided by all the lights with which he could be furnished. The answer is most conclusively in the negative. A compromise, with the aim of conciliation, afforded the only hope of an amicable, or even a practicable, arrangement. Nor could there have been the least chance for such a compromise, without breaking, at the outset, the toils of the old controversy, throwing aside the treaty, and taking up the subject anew, with the single purpose of establishing a conventional line, suited to the convenience of the parties, if not meeting all their expectations. This was the grave task which engaged the wisdom and skill of the negotiators at Washington, and which they were so fortunate as successfully to execute.

The experiment of one arbitration had failed. The case was referred to the King of the Netherlands; documents and maps were laid before him, and agents were sent from the two countries to afford the necessary explanations. It cannot be doubted, that the arbitrator bestowed all the attention on the subject which its importance demanded, as affecting the peace, honor, and interests of the two nations, which had confided their cause to his charge. After a full inquiry, however, he confessed himself unable to decide the matter in dispute; nevertheless, that he might present a ground of reconciliation, he proposed a new boundary line, which he thought would meet the equity of the case. By this line,

the disputed territory was so divided as to assign nearly two thirds of it to Maine, and the remainder to Great Britain. Mr. Preble, the American minister appointed to superintend the business of the arbitration, immediately entered a protest against this award, because the arbitrator had transcended his powers, by which he was authorized and requested only to determine the true line of the treaty, and not to make a new one. The legislature of Maine sustained this protest, and refused to accept the award. It was likewise rejected by the Senate of the United States, although President Jackson was in favor of its being received; and he was so much inclined to an adjustment on this basis, that he proposed a provisional arrangement, by which the United States should grant a million of acres of western lands to Maine, as an indemnity for the part of the disputed territory assigned to Great Britain. This proposal was rejected; and here we must acquit the legislature of Maine of the suspicion of being influenced by pecuniary motives, since the lands thus offered, at the minimum price of sales, were worth a million and a quarter of dollars, an amount far beyond any value that could possibly be attached to the portion of territory they were solicited to relinquish. Great Britain acquiesced in the decision of the King of the Netherlands, but, as the United States declined to yield their assent, the two countries were thrown back to the position in which they stood before the reference.

The history of subsequent events needs not be narrated. Whilst the governments were deliberating, and repeating their arguments, the borderers resorted to arms, and a feverish excitement was beginning to pervade the public mind, portending future discords and troubles. Every day afforded additional proofs, that a speedy settlement of the dispute was of the utmost importance to the two countries. Some progress was made towards maturing a plan for a new arbitration. At this juncture, the British government, in an honorable and praiseworthy spirit of conciliation, appointed a special minister to proceed to the United States, with powers to adjust all the questions of boundary on such terms as should give mutual satisfaction. It is needless to say, that this advance was met by the government of the United States in the same spirit. The choice of the minister was judicious and fortunate. The name and character of Lord

Ashburton were known in this country, and were such as not only to inspire public confidence, but to raise a general and strong hope, that his mission of amity and peace would not prove abortive. And no American could for a moment distrust the ability, knowledge, and patriotism of Mr. Webster, or doubt what course he would pursue in whatever concerned the dignity and rights of his country. It was, therefore, a matter of universal congratulation, that the affair, so weighty in itself, and so momentous in its consequences, had fallen into the hands of these negotiators. We shall now attempt a brief sketch of their proceedings.

In his first communication, Lord Ashburton proposed not to renew the "interminable discussion," as he called it, on general grounds, but to come directly to the matter in hand; to which Mr. Webster acceded. Yet his Lordship could not refrain from deviating so far from the course he had prescribed, as to touch upon this discussion in a manner, that called out a reply from Mr. Webster, and tempted the Maine Commissioners to open upon his Lordship the whole battery of the old controversy. By a wise forbearance, however, there was a lucky escape from this snare. Some degree of sensitiveness is observable, also, on both sides, as to the light in which the concessions they were about to make should be regarded. They seem strenuous to have it appear, that they are not to be understood as conceding any thing, that their claims are indisputable, and that whatever each may grant to the other must be taken as a voluntary sacrifice to the desire of conciliation. We remember a similar show of sensitiveness in the negotiation of the treaty of 1783. The British ministry were extremely reluctant to frame the treaty in such a form, that independence should seem to be conceded to the United States without an equivalent; as if it were something in their possession, which they were about to bargain away. They would exchange it as the price of peace. The Americans claimed it as their right. Hence many of the difficulties and the long delays attending the preliminaries of that negotiation. In the present instance, we perceive symptoms of a similar feeling. Perhaps it is natural; and yet, it looks more like a shadow than a substance, especially when the object is conciliation on the basis of a compromise.

No essential embarrassments, however, were interposed

by these considerations. Lord Ashburton first suggested a boundary line, which should run due north from the St. Croix to the St. John, and thence along that river to some one of its sources ; with the exception of the Madawaska settlements, situate on both sides of the river ; and here he required the line to be drawn so far south as to include all these settlements within the British possessions. He is sentimental on this point, and seems almost to make it a *sine qua non*. " There would be evident hardship, I might say cruelty," he observes, " in separating this now happy and contented village. I cannot in any case abandon the obvious interests of these people." Moreover, they had " lately sent a petition to the Queen," imploring her Majesty's protection, and deprecating the hard fate of being surrendered to the United States. His Lordship does not inform us, at whose instance the petition was procured. One would think these poor people were to be consigned over to Turkey or Morocco, or forced under the dominion of barbarians. The Commissioners of Maine, callous to this pathetic appeal, put the question at rest, by declaring, in positive terms, that they would not in any event agree to bring the line at this place south of the St. John. Mr. Webster was equally decided. Making all due allowance for his Lordship's sympathies, he could not admit, " as far as political relations are concerned," that there was any *cruelty* in the case. In fact, these sympathies were of recent origin. By the award of the King of the Netherlands, the line was to separate these settlements ; and yet the British government acceded to that award without making any reservation to soften the hardship of the settlers, who would be so unfortunate as to fall under the jurisdiction of the United States. As a part of his first proposition, also, the British negotiator said he was prepared to concede the right of navigating the St. John.

After this primary stage of the negotiation, we learn little of the details. The business was transacted chiefly by conferences, the particulars of which are presumed not to have been recorded. The principles, reasons, and results, are sufficiently explained by the treaty itself, and by the published documents. The northeastern boundary, as finally agreed upon, proceeds in a due north line from the monument to the river St. John, thence up that river to the mouth of the St. Francis, and along the St. Francis to its outlet from the

Lake Pohenagamook. It then turns southwesterly, and runs mostly in a straight line, in a direction nearly parallel with the St. John, to the Matjarmette portage between the head waters of the Penobscot and Chaudière rivers, and from that place along the crest of the highlands to the Connecticut River. As a territorial division, this line is more favorable to Great Britain, than that designated by the King of the Netherlands, since it leaves on the British side, at the foot of the highlands west of the St. Francis, somewhat over half a million of acres more than was assigned by the award. It is estimated, however, that the portion south of the present dividing line, and within the limits of Maine, is, in value, at least four fifths of the whole. The lands north of the St. John are sterile, little fitted for cultivation, and almost destitute of lumber; whereas the territory at the south, particularly the valley of the Aroostook, is rich and fertile, and covered with a heavy growth of good timber. This consideration, however, is of small moment, compared with the national interests involved in the question; and, although Lord Ashburton puts it in as a makeweight, it evidently went but little way towards reconciling the Commissioners of Maine to the new dividing line. A right in perpetuity to the navigation of the St. John for all the products of the forest and of agriculture, with precisely the same privileges that are allowed to similar products in New Brunswick, may of itself be regarded as an equivalent for the barren lands ceded on the north of that river. And in this equivalent Massachusetts participates, for the lands owned by that State within the territory will be increased in value by having this outlet for their products.

Such is the bearing of this part of the treaty on the States most intimately concerned. Let us follow it farther in its application to the United States. By the treaty of 1783, the boundary line was to run to the "northwesternmost head" of the Connecticut River, down that river to the forty-fifth degree of latitude, and along that parallel of latitude to the River St. Lawrence. There was a dispute as to which branch of the Connecticut was intended, the British claiming the main branch, and the Americans one farther west, called "Hall's Stream." The space between them contained a tract of one hundred thousand acres. Again,

the parallel of forty-five degrees was the old boundary of Canada, which had been surveyed before the Revolution. By more recent surveys, it was ascertained that this line was erroneous, and that the true line coincided with it only at one point near the St. Lawrence, and then diverged southerly through its whole course to the Connecticut River, where the distance between them was three quarters of a mile, thus cutting off a triangular strip from New York and Vermont, including Rouse's Point near the north end of Lake Champlain. This point had been selected by the American government as a military post of great importance, on account of its commanding the entrance into the lake from the River Richelieu ; and, at the close of the last war, a fortification was erected there at a heavy expense to the nation.

In the reference to the King of the Netherlands, three distinct points were submitted to his arbitration. First, the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, and the highlands mentioned in the treaty ; secondly, the northwesternmost head of the Connecticut River ; thirdly, the line which should be adopted as the parallel of forty-five degrees. We have seen how he disposed of the first. The two others he decided in favor of Great Britain, cutting off one hundred thousand acres of land from New Hampshire, and, according to an estimate by Mr. Benton, about forty thousand from Vermont and New York ; or fifty-seven thousand as estimated by Mr. Choate ; reserving Rouse's Point, however, and a small tract around it, to the United States. As the award was not accepted, the dispute still existed, and the British claim to the triangular strip, and to Rouse's Point, with the fortification standing upon it, was demonstrable. To bring the boundary down from the mountain ridge into the sterile region between the St. Francis and the head waters of the St. John, with the view, no doubt, of pushing it as far as he could from Quebec, Lord Ashburton consented to cede the triangular strip, and relinquish the claim to the disputed tract at the head of the Connecticut. This was proposed on condition that Maine should acquiesce in the boundary throughout, as it has already been described. And here we have the equivalent for the three hundred thousand dollars paid by the United States to Maine and Massachusetts, as an indemnity for the half million of acres given up at the foot of the highlands.

This acquisition, on the north of New York and Vermont, is of very great value to the nation. Incidentally those two States are gainers by it; and the people, inhabiting the land in question, are retained within their country. But the possession of Rouse's Point is of a vastly higher consideration. In the opinion of all military men, this post is more important than any other on the whole line of the frontier. The history of the wars in America, during the last century, teems with memorable events that occurred on the waters and the borders of Lake Champlain. It is true enough, that Great Britain will never invade the United States from Canada for the purpose of conquest, but, with Rouse's Point at her command, her armed vessels would at all times have access to Lake Champlain, and in a few hours an army might be transported into the very heart of the country, and within two days' march of Albany. Hence, in the event of a war, it would be necessary to keep a large military force constantly in that neighbourhood for defence, at a charge, for a single campaign, much beyond the amount paid by the nation to our own citizens as an equivalent in adjusting the late disputes. The acquisition of this military post, therefore, viewed prospectively, cannot fail to strike every thinking mind as most valuable and important.

The negotiation did not stop here. The boundary, running through the rivers and lakes beyond the point where it meets the St. Lawrence, had been partly arranged by the commissioners acting under the treaty of Ghent, to the mutual satisfaction of the two governments. Upon a few important points they could not agree, and these were left unsettled. Islands, and channels, and a territory of four millions of acres northwest of Lake Superior, were still in dispute. The negotiators undertook a revision of the whole line, with the aim of permanently adjusting it throughout, and of putting it beyond the hazard of further controversy. In regard to this part of the negotiation, Mr. Rives, in his speech before the Senate, justly remarks, that "a question of disputed boundary between adjacent territories, now rapidly filling up with a hardy and enterprising population, is attended with constant danger to the peace of the two nations. The acts of ill-advised individuals, of small detachments of troops, or of subordinate local authorities, may at any moment bring on a conflict, in which the two countries would

be committed to the stern issues of war, against their own deliberate policy and will." If we consider the long extent of this line, therefore, the proximity of the inhabitants in many places on the two sides of it, and their constantly increasing numbers, this adjustment will appear by no means the least important part of the treaty. A valuable island, called St. George's, or Sugar Island, in the water communication connecting Lake Huron with Lake Superior, said to contain more than twenty-five thousand acres of fertile land, and also Isle Royal, near the northern extremity of Lake Superior, both of which were claimed by the British commissioner, have been confirmed to the United States ; as likewise the disputed tract of four millions of acres beyond the lake, a rocky and barren region, reputed to be of no great value for agriculture, but from which the President, in his message to the Senate, anticipates considerable benefit as a mining district. Again, by the treaty of 1783, the line was to run through the middle of the rivers and lakes. This naturally left the only navigable channel in several places on one side, and no provision was made for the common use of these waters. Serious inconveniences and altercations might, therefore, happen, if either party should practically insist on its title of right. To prevent such consequences, remove all occasions of discord, and encourage mutual harmony and good feeling among the borderers, these channels are now thrown open to the free navigation of the citizens and subjects of both countries.

From the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains the boundary had already been decided. We thus have a complete boundary throughout our eastern and northern borders, well defined, after a long series of careful and accurate surveys, extending more than three thousand miles from the St. Croix to the Rocky Mountains, satisfactory to both parties, and established by the solemn pledges of a treaty. If the negotiators at Washington had accomplished no other achievement than this, it would be enough to secure to them the unqualified praise and lasting gratitude of their countrymen.

We shall now touch upon a subject, which demands notice not so much on account of its intrinsic importance at present, as because it has been made a prolific theme of discussion since the treaty was ratified. We mean the unattrac-

tive controversy about maps. It would seem, that, while the treaty was before the Senate for the action of that body, the Secretary of State communicated to Mr. Rives, Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations, the copy of a letter from Dr. Franklin to Count de Vergennes, with the copy of a map, the originals of both of which had been seen by Mr. Sparks in one of the public offices in Paris; and also an extract from a letter which he had written on the subject to the Secretary of State. These papers were considered of sufficient consequence to be produced in the Senate during the debate on the treaty. The following is the extract from Mr. Sparks's letter, (dated February 15th, 1842,) as published in Mr. Rives's speech.

"While pursuing my researches among the voluminous papers relating to the American Revolution in the *Archives des Affaires Étrangères* in Paris, I found in one of the bound volumes an original letter from Dr. Franklin to Count de Vergennes, of which the following is an exact transcript.

'Passy, December 6th, 1782.

'Sir; I have the honor of returning herewith the map your Excellency sent me yesterday. I have marked with a strong red line, according to your desire, the limits of the United States, as settled in the preliminaries between the British and American plenipotentiaries.

'With great respect, I am, &c.

'B. Franklin.'

"This letter was written six days after the preliminaries were signed; and, if we could procure the identical map mentioned by Franklin, it would seem to afford conclusive evidence as to the meaning affixed by the commissioners to the language of the treaty on the subject of the boundaries. You may well suppose that I lost no time in making inquiry for the map, not doubting that it would confirm all my previous opinions respecting the validity of our claim. In the geographical department of the Archives are sixty thousand maps and charts; but so well arranged with catalogues and indexes, that any one of them may be easily found. After a little research in the American division, with the aid of the keeper, I came upon a map of North America, by D'Anville, dated 1746, in size about eighteen inches square, on which was drawn a *strong red line* throughout the entire boundary of the United States, answering precisely to Franklin's description. The line is bold and distinct in every part, made with red ink, and apparently drawn with a hair-

pencil, or a pen with a blunt point. There is no other coloring on any part of the map.

"Imagine my surprise on discovering that this line runs wholly south of the St. John, and between the head waters of that river and those of the Penobscot and Kennebec. In short, it is exactly the line now contended for by Great Britain, except that it concedes more than is claimed. The north line, after departing from the source of the St. Croix, instead of proceeding to Mars Hill, stops far short of that point, and turns off to the west, so as to leave on the British side all the streams which flow into the St. John, between the source of the St. Croix and Mars Hill. It is evident, that the line, from the St. Croix to the Canadian highlands, is intended to exclude *all the waters* running into the St. John.

"There is no positive proof that this map is actually the one marked by Franklin; yet, upon any other supposition, it would be difficult to explain the circumstances of its agreeing so perfectly with his description, and of its being preserved in the place where it would naturally be deposited by Count de Vergennes. I also found another map in the Archives, on which the same boundary was traced in a dotted red line with a pen, apparently copied from the other.

"I enclose herewith a map of Maine, on which I have drawn a strong black line, corresponding with the red one above mentioned."

Mr. Rives then remarks, "I am far from intimating that the documents discovered by Mr. Sparks, curious and well worthy of consideration as they undoubtedly are, are of weight sufficient to shake the title of the United States, founded on the positive language of the treaty of peace. But they could not fail, in the event of another reference, to give increased confidence and emphasis to the pretensions of Great Britain, and to exert a corresponding influence upon the mind of the arbiter." While Mr. Rives was still speaking, another map was brought forward by Mr. Benton, the senator from Missouri, with the view, as Mr. Rives understood it, of confronting and invalidating the map alluded to in the above extract, but, as Mr. Benton afterwards said, for the purpose of showing that the red lines were no secret. Be this as it may, the map turned out to be of such a character as to excite some degree of surprise in the Senate. After describing it in general terms, Mr. Rives adds,

"Here, then, is a most remarkable and unforeseen confirmation of the map of Mr. Sparks, and by another map of a most

imposing character, and bearing every mark of high authenticity. It was printed and published in Paris in 1784, (the year after the conclusion of the peace,) by Lattré, *graveur du Roi*, (engraver of maps, &c., to the King.) It is formally entitled, on its face, a 'Map of the United States of America, *according to the Treaty of Peace of* 1783.'—(*Carte des États Unis de l'Amérique, suivant le traité de paix de* 1783.) It is 'dedicated and presented' (*dediée et presentée*) 'to his Excellency Benjamin Franklin, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, near the court of France,' and while Dr. Franklin yet remained in Paris; for he did not return to the United States till the spring of the year 1785. Is there not, then, the most plausible ground to argue, that this map, professing to be one constructed 'according to the Treaty of Peace of 1783,' and being 'dedicated and *presented*' to Dr. Franklin, the leading negotiator who concluded that treaty, and who yet remained in Paris while the map was published, was made out with his knowledge, and by his directions; and that, corresponding as it does *identically* with the map found by Mr. Sparks in the Archives of the Foreign Affairs in Paris, they both partake of the same presumptions in favor of their authenticity?"

The coincidence between these two maps is certainly remarkable; but we would observe, that Mr. Sparks does not intimate that he saw any writing or other marks on the map mentioned by him, except the red boundary line, from which it could be even inferred, that this was the identical map alluded to in Franklin's letter. There is nothing like positive proof, therefore, in the case, though the presumptive evidence is strong. Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Benton, Mr. Woodbury, and other senators, who spoke against the treaty, made light of this map, as the tenor of their arguments required, calling it an old map, and a French map, adding, that on all the old French maps the southern boundary of Canada is pushed too far down. But we are authorized to say, that this red line has no connexion whatever with any old boundary of Canada; that it is a line drawn by hand with remarkable distinctness and precision, not upon an engraved line, and not merely along the highlands south of the St. John, but throughout the entire circuit of the United States, in exact conformity with the treaty, even running out to sea, and pursuing its direction, at the adjudged distance of twenty leagues, parallel with the coast, from the mouth of the St. Mary to that of the St. Croix. There is another circum-

stance, also, which shows the care with which this red line was drawn. On D'Anville's map, the latitude of forty-five degrees runs much too far south, coming down in fact almost to Crown Point. Now the red line, after descending the Connecticut River for some distance, turns off to the west before it reaches the latitude of forty-five degrees on the map, and proceeds in a direct course to the St. Lawrence, so as to pass near the head of Lake Champlain, which is the true position. This is a proof, that the person who drew the line knew the geography of that part of the country, saw the error of the map, and corrected it.

As to Lattré's map, described by Mr. Rives, there is no certainty of its having been seen by Dr. Franklin before its publication. It is probable, and that is all. As far as this probability goes, it may strengthen the presumption, that the map in the Archives is the one sent by Franklin to Count de Vergennes. In each case, we have no more than presumptive testimony. The fact, that such maps exist, however, of so early a date, is a consideration of some moment.

There are other maps of a similar character, which could not have originated in the same source. A revised edition of De Lisle's Map of Canada, published in Paris in the year 1783, purports to exhibit the northern boundary of the United States. The title of this map boasts of its having been corrected and improved from many printed and manuscript materials (*un grand nombre de relations imprimées ou manuscrites*). The boundary line, from the source of the St. Croix to the Canadian highlands, is drawn south of the St. John, and in such a manner as to exclude all the waters of that river from the territory of the United States. It is a dotted line, engraved, and distinctly marked by a red border on the British side, and a green one on the American, running in contact with each other. After arriving at the highlands near the head waters of the St. John, this line takes a devious course, winding its way into Canada as far as the River St. François, and thence in a southeasterly direction to Lake Champlain, which it crosses a full degree too far south. In all this part it is extremely inaccurate, and could not have depended on any information derived from Franklin, although he was then in Paris. By what authority the line was made to run south of the St. John can only be conjectured.

There is, likewise, a copy of Mitchell's map, which formerly belonged to Baron Steuben, but which, we believe, is now in the possession of the government. On this map, the boundary of the United States is delineated, throughout, by a broad and bold red mark, drawn by hand, and it runs south of the St. John; made with less precision, indeed, than the line on the map in the Paris archives, but it is substantially the same. A gentleman now living saw this map fifty years ago in the library of Baron Steuben, with the red line then existing as it now appears. It could not have been copied from either of the French maps mentioned above, for, in such case, the part of the line in question would have been executed with more exactness.

We have before us a curious German map of the United States, by Güssefeld, ("Charte über die XIII. Vereinigte Staaten von Nord-America,") published at Nuremberg, in 1784, in which the boundary is very distinctly drawn, and follows the highlands south of the St. John. The author says, in a French note engraved on the margin, that he had constructed it from the best English maps (*d'après les meilleures et speciales cartes Anglaises*). This was the year after the ratification of the treaty, and it is the more remarkable, as we believe no English map has been found, of an earlier date than 1785, in which the boundary does not run on the northern highlands, as claimed by the United States. The line in question could hardly have been copied from Lattré's map, because, although it is in all essential points the same, it is by no means identical with it.

Faden's map, of 1785, is the earliest English authority of this kind, as far as our knowledge extends, which has been produced in vindication of the British claim. On this map, the boundary runs south of the St. John. A copy of it, brought over by Lord Ashburton, was exhibited for the edification of the Maine Commissioners. They seem neither to have been captivated with its charms, nor convinced by its red or black lines. They call it a "small one, and of small pretensions," and allow themselves to utter a hard insinuation against the motives of its author, the King's Geographer. But this is not much to the purpose, since the line is there notwithstanding, and is acknowledged to have been put there when the map was made.

Mr. Featherstonhaugh, in his recent pamphlet on the

Treaty of Washington, lets us into the secret of another "ancient map discovered in one of the public offices in London, after the departure of Lord Ashburton, which had been apparently hid away for nearly sixty years, with a *red line* drawn upon it exactly conforming to the British claim." He says, "No doubt was entertained, that this was one of the maps used by the negotiators of 1783, and that the *red line* marked upon it designated the direction of the boundary they had established. But this map was not signed, *and could not be authenticated.*" We are left to infer, that this was the reason why it was not sent over to Lord Ashburton, to aid him in the negotiation.

Such is the testimony of maps on one side. We now turn to the other. In the first place, there were at least four distinct maps of the United States, expressly designed to show the boundaries, published in London during the interval between the signing of the preliminaries and the ratification of the treaty by Great Britain. These were Sayer and Bennet's, Bew's, Willis's, and Cary's. All these maps exhibit the boundaries exactly as claimed by the United States. The first two were issued a few days before the debate in Parliament on the preliminary articles, and it cannot be doubted that they were known to the members, and understood by them as presenting an accurate delineation of the boundaries. Not a word to the contrary appears in any one of the speeches, although the large extent of the boundaries was made a topic of severe comment by some of the opposition members.

But a map worthy of more consideration, perhaps, than either of these, is that published in London in the year 1783, by the same William Faden, who, two years afterwards, perpetrated the act of sending into the world the "small map" to which the Commissioners of Maine took such exceptions. His first map, of which we are now speaking, is stated on the face of it to be drawn "*according to the treaty*"; the engraved and colored lines are designed for this special object. It was probably published before the signature of the definitive treaty, or at least soon afterwards, for that event took place in September of the same year. It is about two feet square, and the boundaries marked on it correspond with the greatest exactness to the American construction of the treaty. As a proof that the attention of the delineator was drawn particularly to the northeastern boundary, we have

only to cite the following printed note, attached, among others, to the margin of the map ; "The Province of Sagadahock is a *new concession*." The tract intended by this "new concession" is colored green, and stretches across the basin of the St. John to the ridge of the Canadian highlands. There are many other notes on the margin, explaining the boundary in different places, all tending to show that the work was executed with extreme care. And perhaps no man in England was more competent to such a task. He was eminent in his profession, and had engraved nearly all the maps and plans, published by authority, illustrative of the movements of the British army during the war of the Revolution. He could not, therefore, be ignorant of American geography. He even takes the trouble to exhibit an estimate, in figures, of the extent of territory conceded in various parts to the United States by the treaty, beyond what belonged to the Colonies under the old charters. Putting all these circumstances together, we are bound to regard this map as conclusive evidence of the state of opinion on the subject at that time in England, among those who were the most capable of forming a correct judgment.

Besides the maps here enumerated, Mr. Gallatin speaks of seven others, made within two years after the signature of the preliminary articles, all of which agree with these five ; and, as we have before observed, no map published in England within the same period has been produced, which gives countenance to any other line of boundary. We deem these facts the more weighty, as Mr. Oswald, the British Commissioner for negotiating the treaty, was in London when the earliest maps were made ; and there is the strongest probability that he was consulted by the map-makers on a subject of this nature ; quite as strong as that Dr. Franklin was consulted for the same purpose in Paris ; or, at all events, that Mr. Oswald would take care, by some public manifestation, to correct errors of so grave an aspect derived from a false construction of the treaty. Nor would these errors, if they were such, have been overlooked by the ministers, who were vehemently assailed on account of the large concession of boundaries. We hear of no such correction from any quarter, nor of any assertion or insinuation, that the maps were erroneous.

When we descend to later dates, we still find English

maps, of the highest authority, containing the same boundary, notwithstanding the example of Faden's second effort. And these are even copied by some of the best French maps, in defiance of Lattré and the amended edition of De Lisle. In the *Atlas Universel*, by Robert, published at Paris in 1757, there is a map of Canada, on which the northern and eastern boundary of New England is laid down as since claimed by the United States under the treaty of 1783. Some time after the negotiation of that treaty, a new edition of the Atlas was published, with additions and alterations ; but the boundary line in question remains the same, although the editor, under the head of *Limites des Etats Unis*, quotes the second article of the Treaty, which relates to the boundaries, and implies that he considered no change of the first edition of the map necessary, in order to meet the terms of that instrument. On our table lie three maps of the United States by Tardieu, published at different times in Paris, one of them on a large scale, on each of which the boundary is drawn as claimed by the United States, with a slight deviation in one part. The north and south line, after crossing the St. John, and reaching the source of the Ristagouche, turns a little to the west, and seeks its way to the Canadian highlands, so as to avoid the head waters of that river. This is in exact accordance with Mr. Hale's line, and with Mr. Buller's northwest angle. We have also before us an elegantly executed German map of the United States, by Reichard, belonging to the Ebeling Collection in Harvard College, published at Nuremberg in 1809, which gives the boundary exactly as claimed by the Americans. And, indeed, innumerable testimonies might be accumulated to show, that such has been the general sense of European geographers, as well on the continent as in England.

We shall here dismiss this subject of the conflict of maps. It has run to a greater length than we intended. We confess it is extraordinary, nor shall we venture upon the hopeless task of explaining or reconciling its difficulties, or of bringing light out of darkness. As far as it goes, however, the weight of the argument from this source preponderates heavily on the American side ; immeasurably so, if we estimate it by the number of maps ; but less so, it may be conceded, if the relative authority of the principal ones only be regarded. We must hold to the conviction, nevertheless,

that Mr. Oswald, or the British ministers, or both, were consulted in the execution of the first English maps. The presumption is so strong, that nothing short of absolute demonstration to the contrary can weaken this belief. We allow it is probable, and nothing more, that Franklin was consulted for a similar object in Paris. An idea has been thrown out, on the supposition of the red line on D'Anville's map having been drawn by Franklin, that he was mistaken. This is an easy way of solving the problem, if the fact could be proved. If this red line rested on Franklin's authority alone, such an idea might possibly be more than a shadow. As we have only probabilities in the case, it is, in our opinion, much more probable that he did not draw the line, than that he should not understand the treaty, six days after it was signed, which he had been as many months in negotiating. But what shall we do with the four maps, emanating from different sources, of which it is not pretended that Franklin had any knowledge? These are all separate authorities, and they accord with the supposed Franklinian red line. Besides, why should we conjecture Franklin to have been mistaken, any more than Mr. Oswald, or the British ministers, or the English map-makers? Since we must admit an error on one side or the other, and admit, also, that we know nothing more about it, let us do justice to both parties, and at least allow them the grace of dividing the mistake between themselves, until we can place it on the right shoulders by some clear and indisputable evidence. It is a matter of serious regret, that the opinions of Mr. John Adams and Mr. Jay, in regard to this boundary dispute, were never publicly expressed. The former lived twelve years, and the latter fifteen, after the Treaty of Ghent, and yet nothing has been communicated to the world, from which their sentiments can be known or even inferred. This silence is the more remarkable, as they had given their testimony in the case of the St. Croix; and, if similar testimony had been proffered in relation to the northeastern boundary, it could hardly have failed to produce a speedy settlement of the question. Until the opinions of these commissioners can be ascertained, from undoubted authority, it is neither just nor reasonable to throw the burden of error upon Dr. Franklin.

In escaping from this labyrinth of conflicting maps, we shall remark only, that it affords another proof of the wisdom of the course adopted by the negotiators, in setting aside the

old controversy, and seeking a new arrangement upon the untried and pacific principles of a compromise.

We have a word to say on the topic, to which public attention has been called since the ratification of the treaty. Some of the English and Canadian journals, in language which it would not adorn our pages to repeat, and which we are by no means in a humor to retort, have censured the American negotiator for withholding from Lord Ashburton a knowledge of Franklin's letter and the map seen by Mr. Sparks in the Paris Archives. What foundation can there be, on the grounds of equity, reason, or courtesy, for this censure? It was neither agreed nor understood by the negotiators, that each should show to the other all the materials in his possession. What could have been more unwise or indiscreet than such a proceeding? It would have plunged them at once into the Serbonian bog of the old controversy, from which they might never extricate themselves, and which they were taking all possible pains to shun. With this "gulf profound" before his eyes, Lord Ashburton very prudently kept back the "volume of additional matter" which he had brought with him, although he did venture to produce a map in favor of his own side. Even this experiment was somewhat perilous, for it roused the belligerent spirit, instead of cooling the ardent zeal, of the Maine Commissioners. Besides, this Paris map was unauthenticated; and, for this reason, if for no other, it could not have been formally introduced into the negotiation. The same reason operated against transmitting to Lord Ashburton the map discovered in the British offices after his departure. If this map could not be considered as valid testimony, why should another of precisely the same character? It is possible, nay, highly probable, that there are papers and maps in the British offices favorable to the American claim; but no one ever dreamed that Lord Ashburton was bound to produce such materials, even if they were among the contents of his portfolio.

Again, suppose the disclosure to have been made, and Lord Ashburton to have attached the importance to the Paris map and letter, which some persons have since imagined them to deserve. Could he have negotiated at all? Must he not have said, that these were new facts, unknown to the ministers at the time his instructions were given, and that his duty required him not to proceed without communicating them for consideration? And if the ministry had viewed

them as of sufficient weight to add an essential advantage to the British claim, would they or could they have authorized a treaty on the basis of their first instructions? We ask these questions on the supposition, that the knowledge should have been deemed important. If it were not so deemed, it was of no moment whether it was communicated or not. All the world knows, that a treaty more favorable to England could not, in any event, have been obtained. In the treaty, as it now stands, the Commissioners of Maine, with all the facts before them, were brought to acquiesce with a reluctance amounting almost to a refusal. Their last note to Mr. Webster, in which their final decision was to be embodied, is an argument against the treaty; and the reader is taken by an agreeable surprise to find their assent in a short paragraph at the end, apparently at variance with their own convictions. It would seem, as if they had determined at first to reject the treaty, although they were informed that it was the best they could hope to procure, and had drawn up their paper accordingly; but, changing their minds afterwards, and unwilling to lose so good an argument, they concluded to yield their assent, coupled as it was with their reasons to the contrary. However this may be, it is perfectly certain that any arrangement less favorable to Maine would not have been listened to for a moment by the Commissioners or the people of that State. If Mr. Webster had taken a course, therefore, which should have aided and strengthened the British claim, and raised higher the demands of the British government, besides the absurdity of such a step, the treaty must inevitably have failed. And what would have been said of such a result, brought about in such a manner? Would not the whole world have cried out against it, as the most consummate folly that a wise or weak man, in his senses or out of them, could be guilty of? It was not a private bargain which the American negotiator had to transact. A responsibility of a much more solemn nature rested upon him. He had the opinions, the will, and sensitive feelings of a great people to consult, their rights to maintain, and their interests to protect. Was it ever known, that two negotiators came together, and commenced their work by disclosing, each to the other, a new collection of facts or materials which should weaken his own cause? If it can be conceived, that ambitious motives might tempt them privately to connive at such an act, for the sake of success in their undertaking, would

they stand justified in the eyes of the government and people of the respective countries, whose claims they were deputed to assert and support? We repeat, it was not a bargain between individuals, in which each party could do as he pleased, and take into view personal considerations only; it was a national trust of the highest character, which was to be fulfilled with strict fidelity to the interests of those who had placed it in the negotiators' charge.

In this sense, and in every sense, Mr. Webster's course was dictated by scrupulous propriety, by usage in similar cases, and by the soundest wisdom and discretion. He laid before the Maine Commissioners all the facts, from which they might understand the true position in which the controversy would be placed, if it were renewed and continued. This disclosure was due to them, as representatives of that portion of the country most deeply concerned in the negotiation. It was due to the nation, as the means of promoting an amicable compromise. Nor can there be any doubt, that the Commissioners of Maine were influenced to a considerable extent by the Paris letter and map; for, whatever might be their real value, since they were open to the discovery of the British government, they might have been used with effect in another arbitration. Mr. Calhoun expressed his conviction, in the Senate, that in such an event they were "calculated to add no small weight to the British claim"; and, if the treaty should fall to the ground, a second reference would be the only resort. To have shown these papers to Lord Ashburton could not possibly have done any good, and it might have done infinite mischief; to show them to the Commissioners of Maine was giving them information which they had a right to possess, and by which they were enabled to act with intelligence for the honor and best interests of their immediate constituents and of their country. The advantage, whatever it might be, of this mode of proceeding was in reality as much on the side of Great Britain as on that of the United States. Lord Ashburton himself, and the British ministry, if they attach any importance to this information, must be thankful that it was withheld from them, and that the hazard of again stirring up and embroiling all the old difficulties, with a worse prospect than ever for the future, was thus happily avoided. A treaty, meeting the approbation of a large majority of both nations, has been negotiated and confirmed; tranquillity has been restored to

the public mind ; and a breach, which at one time threatened alarming consequences, has been healed and closed for ever. This has been done, in part at least, and perhaps in the turning point, by the admirable judgment of the American negotiator in the use of his materials, without injury to either party, and with incalculable benefits to both.

Again, some of the British journalists, in a spirit of querulous discontent, take exceptions to a part of one of Mr. Webster's letters to Lord Ashburton, because, as they will have it, he expresses a confidence in the validity of the American claim, not consistent with his knowledge of the Paris map. If any one imagines there is the least weight in this charge, we would only recommend to him a perusal of the correspondence. In the able argument, to which we have before alluded, Mr. Webster confines himself to the single point of interpreting the language of the treaty of 1783, and expressly abstains from "all historical facts, contemporaneous expositions, and external circumstances." It is his sole aim to show, by a condensed and logical train of reasoning, founded on the words of the treaty itself, that the most obvious sense of these words clearly supports the American claim. Surely such an argument may be allowed to stand on its own merits, without subjecting its author to censure for not mingling with it the hopeless controversy about maps, or encumbering it with extraneous facts and conjectures, with neither of which was it in any manner connected.*

We come now to another branch of the treaty, which cannot be more applauded for its object, than for the well-defined and strict rules of reciprocity upon which it is constructed. By the Treaty of Ghent it was declared, that the traffic in slaves is "irreconcilable with the principles of humanity and justice," and the contracting parties agreed to use their best endeavours to accomplish its abolition. In conformity to this declaration and agreement, a law was passed by Congress denouncing this infamous traffic as piracy, and threatening the penalties of that crime to any citizen of the United States, who should be detected in prosecuting it. The example has been followed by Great

* We have been favored with the perusal of a manuscript paper, written by Mr. Grattan, the British Consul in Boston, in which the argument on the British side of the boundary question is stated with more method, clearness, and force, than we have anywhere seen in print.

Britain and other countries. Treaties have likewise been entered into between Great Britain and some of the principal maritime powers of Europe, for the purpose of a mutual coöperation in the suppression of the slave trade. By these treaties, the right is conceded to each party of boarding and searching merchant vessels sailing under the flag of the others in the African seas, with the view of ascertaining whether they are concerned in the slave trade, made illegal by the special laws of the respective parties. This is solely a right of compact, and not pretended to be derived from the laws of nations. For reasons, which we have no room here to explain, but which have been abundantly elucidated by our statesmen, the government of the United States declined joining in an arrangement which should subject merchant vessels, bearing the flag of the Union, to be searched and detained in their voyage on the high seas by the armed cruisers of other powers. These reasons were ably enforced more than twenty years ago by Mr. Adams, in his correspondence with Mr. Stratford Canning. As the laws of the United States, however, prohibited the slave trade under the severest penalties, it was desirable and requisite that a public force should be employed on the coast of Africa for this object, as far as it could be done without weakening the naval armaments necessary for protecting our commerce in other parts of the world. In fact, such has been the employment of a portion of the navy for many years. An arrangement with any power, therefore, by which the object should be more speedily and effectually attained, under such regulations as would secure the independence of our flag, could not but be deemed exceedingly important. A stipulation to this effect, between Great Britain and the United States, on the principle of mutual coöperation, constitutes the eighth article of the Treaty of Washington, in the following words.

"The parties mutually stipulate, that each shall prepare, equip, and maintain in service, on the coast of Africa, a sufficient and adequate squadron, or naval force of vessels, of suitable numbers and descriptions, to carry in all not less than eighty guns, to enforce, separately and respectively, the laws, rights, and obligations of each of the two countries, for the suppression of the slave trade; the said squadrons to be independent of each other, but the two governments stipulating, nevertheless, to give

such orders to the officers commanding their respective forces, as shall enable them most effectually to act in concert and coöperation, upon mutual consultation, as exigencies may arise, for the attainment of the true object of this article; copies of all such orders to be communicated by each government to the other respectively."

These words are so precise and explicit, that it is scarcely possible for two persons to form different ideas of their exact and literal meaning; yet the President of the United States is supposed to have drawn an inference from them, which Sir Robert Peel, as the organ of the British government, has thought proper to disavow. The merits of the question, in all its bearings, we shall not attempt to discuss. A brief outline of its principal features will be enough for the general purpose of explanation.

The British government, in carrying into effect their treaties with other powers, and executing their own laws against the slave trade, assumed the novel right, and adopted the practice, of boarding and searching vessels sailing under the American flag, which were suspected, by the commanders of British cruisers, of being concerned in this traffic. The consequence was, that several American vessels, engaged in lawful commerce, were interrupted and detained on their voyage, and some of them seized and turned over to the British tribunals for adjudication. A proceeding so unjustifiable naturally brought out complaints and remonstrances. These were laid before the British government by Mr. Stevenson, the American minister in London. In the correspondence on this subject, Lord Palmerston, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, advanced doctrines which at first sight presented a startling aspect. He seemed to claim the right for the officers of British armed cruisers, under the instructions of their government, to board and search American vessels on the high seas in time of peace, and to decide whether they were or were not engaged in a lawful trade; although, in his subsequent communications, he modified his expressions in such a way as to imply that the right he meant was that of *visitation*, or of *inquiry*, and not of *search*. Mr. Stevenson, however, could not perceive that his Lordship's distinctions amounted to a difference. The substance and reality of the thing itself is not altered by giving it various names. He insists that "they are essential-

ly the same," and that the distinction is "wholly fictitious." Mr. Wheaton maintains the same ground in his learned treatise on the right of search, in which he investigates thoroughly and with much discrimination the laws and usages of nations upon these points. Mr. Duponceau defines the difference to be that between "fair lady" and "lady fair," and practically this is not a forced definition. The solid part of the objection is not against the mere act of visiting and searching, but against its purpose and consequences. It may be granted, that going upon a vessel's deck and reading her papers, or summoning the crew, breaking open the hatches, and inspecting the cargo, are not acts in themselves of precisely the same nature; but, if the object, intention, and consequences are the same in each case, we beg to know by what art of logic, or application of names, a real difference can be shown to exist. The visit is intended for something or nothing. If for nothing, it is an obtrusive and useless formality. If otherwise, it cannot be of the least importance, in principle or effect, whether the visiter searches the ship and inspects the cargo, or only examines the papers. It is left entirely to his judgment, after either of these acts, to decide upon the character of the vessel; and cases may occur where the papers are suspicious, in the opinion of the visiting officer, and an inspection of the vessel would prove that all was right. If the visit is necessary at all, a search is much more so, as affording the means of a proper judgment. In every view of the case, it would seem to be a more safe course, and one more likely to prevent mistakes and the consequent mischiefs, to allow the officer the right of search, than to require him to make up his mind upon the bare inspection of papers, and from general appearances. If he is to be the sole judge in so responsible and delicate an affair, as that of seizing and detaining a vessel sailing on the broad ocean under the flag of an independent power, it is certainly desirable that every possible source of knowledge should be open to him. Whatever distinction may be discovered, therefore, by a refined diplomacy, between the meaning of the words *visit* and *search*, it is perfectly obvious that, in their practical application, they are the same thing; or, if there is any difference, it is in favor of search, because it enables the officer to decide with more intelligence and better opportunities of ascertaining the truth. At any rate,

it is an unwarrantable stretch of sophistry to attempt to hide the deformity of the thing itself under the specious garb of attractive names.

Lord Aberdeen inherited the controversy from his predecessor in office ; and he endeavoured to smooth over the harsh features of the claim of right which had been set up ; but still he adheres to the claim, and undertakes to justify it upon broad principles. He says, it has been the invariable practice of the British navy "to ascertain by visit the real nationality of merchant vessels met with on the high seas, if there be good reason to apprehend their illegal character." If such has been the practice, it would appear to be a direct violation of the laws of nations, as expounded by one of the highest authorities in the British courts. Lord Stowell asserts, "that no authority can be found, which gives any right of *visitation* or *interruption* over the vessels and navigation of other states, on the high seas, except what the right of war gives to belligerents against neutrals." And such has been the practical interpretation by the British government in cases where their own interests were concerned. About four years ago, a law was passed in Hayti, by which vessels sailing under any flag, whether that of Hayti or of any other country, if found to be trading in slaves, were to be seized and taken into a port of the Republic for adjudication. The British government remonstrated against this law, on the ground, in the words of the official communication, "that, in time of peace, no ships belonging to one state have a right to search and detain ships sailing under the flag of, and belonging to, another state, *without the permission of such state*, which permission is generally signified by treaty." Now this is the identical ground upon which the United States resist the British pretension. We have only to put Great Britain in the place of Hayti, and the cases become exactly the same. But what is the *illegal character* on the high seas, mentioned by Lord Aberdeen, as recognized by all nations ? Piracy only ; piracy *by the laws of nations*, and not by the municipal laws of any particular country. Because Great Britain has declared the slave trade to be piracy, this declaration gives no right to stop and search the vessels of other nations upon the mere suspicion that they are violating this law. The slave trade is not piracy by the law of nations, nor can it be so till the maritime powers

shall generally, and by mutual agreement, recognize it as such. Any government may unquestionably instruct its cruisers to detain and examine vessels within its own waters suspected of smuggling. But this is a local right, and not applicable to the high seas. Nor is it the right of search in the case either of piracy or smuggling, which is resisted or questioned by the United States. The British government claims the right of searching vessels sailing under the flag of other nations, not upon the suspicion of piracy or smuggling, but as being engaged in a traffic unauthorized by the municipal laws of Great Britain; and not within her jurisdiction only, but on the high seas; and the argument used for this extraordinary practice is, that it is *necessary* for the execution of her own laws, and not the laws of nations. Such a pretension may well excite alarm; for where will it end? If the plea of necessity will sanction this proceeding for the execution of one set of laws, why not of another, till the ocean becomes the domain of the strongest naval power, over which jurisdiction may be exercised in the same manner as within the acknowledged waters of that power? Nor is this a theoretical discussion about the abstract principles of law; it is a downright practical matter of fact. True enough, the mere act of visit is nothing in substance. It is an insult, and that is all. So a stranger may open your door and look into your house. No harm is done. It is a piece of rudeness, and nothing more. If he enters, and disturbs your family, and breaks your furniture, you may then prosecute him for a trespass, and claim damages, and call in the laws to your aid. You may perhaps procure an *indemnity*, if you have patience enough to endure the vexations of a lawsuit. Is it not better that the conventional rules of society should be observed, and that strangers should not thrust themselves into your house without your consent?

But Lord Aberdeen tells us, "It is not *as American* that such vessels are ever visited." And, again, in the letter to Mr. Fox, he repeats, that Great Britain does not pretend to interfere with vessels of the United States, "*known or believed to be such.*" Let the case stand thus, and what then? The vessels are visited, nevertheless, while under the American flag, *not as pirates or smugglers*, but on *suspicion of violating a British law*, while traversing the broad ocean, where British laws can no more interfere with them than in

the harbour from which they sailed. Neither the breach of international law, nor the injury, is lessened in the least degree by supposing or believing them to have any other character than that indicated by the flag. When a vessel, engaged in lawful commerce, is visited, detained, and seized, what possible difference can it make to the owner, whether it is seized on suspicion of being one thing or another? Just as well might the commander of an armed cruiser of any nation visit, detain, and seize every English merchantman he should find on the ocean, and then say that the vessel was not visited *as English*, but on suspicion of violating some law of the country to which the cruiser belongs. What consolation can it be to an American trader, engaged in fair commerce, after he has been seized, taken into a British port in Africa, his cargo perishing, his crew falling victims to the climate, his voyage broken up, to be told that he was not seized as *an American*, but on suspicion of being concerned in a traffic not authorized by the laws of England? The British minister adds another consolation. He shall have an *indemnity*. Where will he find it, and when will it come to him? Why should he be subjected to the delays, vexations, and uncertainty of procuring such a relief? Recent examples would afford but poor encouragement to his hopes on this score. Besides, if he were successful, would this soften the outrage, or atone for the abuse, or restore the dignity of a violated flag? No nation, in time of peace, can submit to such an exercise of power by another, whether under the name of a pretended right, or any other name, without sacrificing its independence, and bowing to the will of a superior. Most assuredly it can never be submitted to by the United States; nor acquiesced in, unless by a mutual compact, implying a virtual renunciation, or at least a silent abandonment of the claim *as a matter of right*.

Lord Aberdeen's letter to Mr. Everett is regarded by the British government as the most plausible defence of this pretension, which has been put forth, if we may judge from Sir Robert Peel's speech in Parliament on the "Address." It does not remove the substantial objections, however, nor even diminish their weight. He only polishes a little the stone, which his predecessor had left rough-hewn. And we may further remark, that it was either not very courteous,

or a strange oversight, or defect of memory, in Sir Robert Peel, to declare and repeat, as he did in Parliament, that this letter had "remained fourteen months unacknowledged and unanswered," with a show of triumph in assuming that it was too much to be grappled with by the American minister in London, and the American Secretary of State. This same boast is likewise made to figure in the official letter to Mr. Fox. From the published correspondence, it appears, that the reception of the letter was acknowledged by Mr. Everett three days after it was written, and that he then gave notice of his intention soon to prepare a more formal answer, from which he was dissuaded by Lord Aberdeen himself, who said Lord Ashburton was furnished with full powers to treat on this question in Washington, and it was therefore unnecessary and inexpedient to discuss it further in London.

The President, in his message to Congress at the beginning of the last session, after alluding to the eighth article of the Treaty, and to his sentiments expressed in a former message against the right of search, proceeds to say; "From this it will be seen, that the ground assumed in the message has been fully maintained, at the same time that the stipulations of the Treaty of Ghent are to be carried out in good faith by the two countries, and that all pretence is removed for interference with our commerce for any purpose whatever by a foreign government." From this passage it has been inferred in England, that the President supposed the pretension to the right of search had been given up by the British government. We doubt if this be a fair inference. It does unquestionably imply a conviction, that the so called right *would not be exercised* on American commerce while the Treaty existed and its stipulations were fulfilled; and we presume this was the sense in which it was generally understood in this country. It would not be easy to assign any motives, on the part of the United States, for entering into such a treaty, if the special duties and service of the American squadron on the coast of Africa were to be interfered with by the British cruisers, any farther than such interference should be mutual, as authorized by the instructions of the two governments, according to the terms of the Treaty. Nothing is said about the abandonment of this darling right by the British government; and while it stands a barren tree, producing no fruit, with however much aversion it

may be regarded in America, it will hardly be looked upon with an eye of jealousy or apprehension. We cannot help thinking, therefore, that Sir Robert Peel's harangue in Parliament on this subject was gratuitous, and that the formal letter from Lord Aberdeen to Mr. Fox, read with so much apparent solemnity to the Secretary of State, was ill-suited to the occasion. They have naturally excited the suspicion, that the practice of searching American vessels is to continue as before. If such should be the result, we feel convinced it will breed troubles and mischief, and defeat the valuable ends which have been anticipated from this arrangement, founded, as believed in the United States, on the principles of a scrupulous reciprocity and the pledges of a mutual good faith. The plain construction of the Treaty is, that each nation, for the time stipulated, is to execute its own laws against the slave trade on the coast of Africa; that is, as provided in the eleventh article of the Treaty, for five years from the date of exchanging the ratifications, and afterwards, until one or the other of the parties shall signify a wish for the agreement to cease.

That this was the understanding of the American government, at the time of the negotiation, is declared by the President in his message to Congress communicating the correspondence concerning the Treaty. "I regarded the eighth article," he says, "as removing all possible pretext, on the ground of mere necessity, to visit and detain our ships on the African coast because of any alleged abuse of our flag by slave traders of other nations." And, again, "Denying, as we did, all color of right to exercise any such general police over the flag of independent nations, we did not demand of Great Britain any formal renunciation of her pretension; still less had we the idea of yielding any thing ourselves in that respect. We chose to make a practical settlement of the question." Such is the obvious purport of the Treaty itself, "a *practical* settlement of the question," while the Treaty continues at least, by a compact between the two nations to join with each other in executing the laws of each respectively for a common object. No pretension to a theoretical right, on either side, is meddled with; and, we repeat, it is unfortunate, that the British government should at the present time force in this pretension anew, and in a tone and manner by no means calculated to promote the spirit of con-

ciliation and the good feeling so essential to an effectual execution of the Treaty.

It can scarcely be doubted, however, that some arrangement between the two governments, by which the cruisers of each nation, under proper limitations and restrictions, should be authorized, while the two squadrons are acting together, to ascertain the genuineness of the flag of the other borne by a suspected vessel on the coast of Africa, would facilitate the means adopted for the suppression of the slave trade, which both countries have so much at heart. Any reasonable temporary sacrifice for so desirable an end, consistent with national honor, dignity, and independence, should not be refused. But the recent pretexts and practices of Great Britain, connected with historical incidents of the gravest character, must render any such arrangement extremely difficult, perhaps impracticable. It could only be accomplished by a compact, framed on the basis of entire reciprocity, for a limited and definite time, and with every possible guard against abuse. We say a limited time, for if it were to last "*for ever*," which Lord Aberdeen says is to be the duration of what he calls the "holy alliance" formed by the famous Quintuple Treaty, it may be safely affirmed, that neither the government nor a single individual of the United States would tolerate such an idea for a moment. We hope, indeed, that the slave trade is not to continue for ever.

If Great Britain finds the Americans indocile or intractable in this matter of maritime regulations, she must look for the cause to her past history and conduct. It is not alone the jealousy of the growing magnitude of her naval power, so often suggested by British writers, which has produced the sensitiveness that unquestionably exists in the breast of every citizen of the United States, in relation to this subject. Let her look back to her enormous encroachments upon our neutral commerce during her last European wars, her haughty bearing on the ocean, her blunted sense of justice, and her repeated violation of international laws, and she will see many sober realities, which have not been forgotten, and cannot be forgotten. If she was driven to these extremes in retaliation upon her foes, this may afford a feeble justification to herself, but it cannot obliterate the impressions that were deeply stamped by deliberate and aggravated injuries. To

treat friends as enemies is not the way to secure their confidence, or subdue their spirit. We have no desire to revive these recollections ; we recur to them only as an index to the principal reasons for the cautious reserve of the government and people of the United States in lending an ear to any propositions touching the maritime power of Great Britain. To these causes add the preposterous claim to the allegiance of our adopted citizens, many of whom she has encouraged to leave their native land and seek a better heritage in a foreign country ; add, again, the consequent practice of impressment, that barbarous relic of a barbarous age, scarcely less odious and detestable than the slave trade itself ; and we shall have reasons enough, without travelling further, for the jealousy of the naval power of England on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Webster's able, searching, and eloquent argument against this practice, communicated to Lord Ashburton, embodies opinions universally entertained in America. For the peace and future good understanding between the two countries, these opinions ought not to be overlooked or slightly regarded by the British government and nation. Impressment of seamen, under the flag of the United States, has lighted the torch and kindled up the flames of one war ; it will be the immediate cause of another, whenever it shall be repeated. A powder-magazine would not explode more instantaneously at the touch of a living coal, than would the whole people of the United States fly to arms to avenge such an aggression. We hazard nothing in affirming, that this sentiment is universal ; it pervades every mind and every heart ; and it is too deeply seated to be loosened by theories and precedents drawn from usages in the times of feudal vassalage and regal oppressions. It is a practical, enduring, and inflexible conviction, which time may strengthen, but never change. A writer of certain papers in the *London Morning Chronicle*, on what is there called the " Ashburton Capitulation," reputed to have been a high functionary in the late administration, informs his countrymen in one of those papers, that " The Americans, when it suits their purpose, can invent the strangest doctrines of international law." If the claim to protect their seamen under their country's flag be one of these strange doctrines, it does undoubtedly suit their purpose, and, without taking any merit to themselves for the

invention, it is the last they will ever cease to support and defend.

We forbear making any further remarks on these fruitful topics of the right of search and impressment, both because our space is limited, and because we propose to recur to them on some future occasion.

The tenth article of the Treaty provides for the delivering up of criminals who escape from justice, upon the requisition of the authorities of the country from which they have fled. The crimes enumerated are murder, assault with the intent to commit murder, piracy, arson, robbery, forgery, and the utterance of forged papers. An arrangement so favorable to the cause of justice cannot but be essentially beneficial to both countries. It does not include political offenders or fugitive slaves. An article in Jay's Treaty contained a similar provision in respect to two crimes only, those of murder and forgery, to continue in force for twelve years. The provision in the present Treaty is to cease whenever either of the parties shall signify a wish to that effect, and not before.

In reviewing the advantages of the Treaty of Washington, immediate and prospective, it is scarcely possible to estimate them too highly, or to bestow extravagant praise on the skill and good management of the negotiators, by whom so fortunate a result has been effected. It is, in fact, a treaty of peace, as well as of compromise. Larger interests have been at stake between nations, more extended objects have been compassed by negotiation, but rarely has a harder knot of difficulties been encountered, or points more perplexing been submitted for adjustment. Under a constitution like that of the American Union, by which each State claims the right of sovereignty over its own soil, no question can be more embarrassing than that involved in a dispute about the boundaries between the individual States and the territory of a foreign power. The disturbing forces of two or more parties are here to be brought to a central action, and into concert with the general government, before that government, the organ of the Union, and the only one recognized by foreign states, can be put in a condition to negotiate. In the present instance, not only Maine and Massachusetts, but New Hampshire, Vermont, and New York, had a negative voice, and each might have interposed,

if its claims had not been satisfied either by concession or an equivalent. The task of Mr. Webster, therefore, was vastly more formidable than that of his associate, and, view it as we may, it was not one of easy accomplishment under any circumstances. The questions at issue had been a prolific source of irritation for years; they had driven the two countries to the verge of a war; and the settlement of them, not for the present only, but on a basis which prevents their ever being renewed, must surely be regarded by all considerate men as a great and lasting benefit to the nation.

We have only to inquire, whether the gain is adequate to the loss. Has the national honor been preserved? Has any thing been extorted from us? Have improper sacrifices been made? As to the first, we think the most fastidious patriot can have no reason to complain; and, on a point like this, we would have every American fastidious. The advance was made by Great Britain, in the spirit of amity, not in a tone of demand; she complimented us by sending a special minister to negotiate in our own capital; and in the history of the negotiation we find nothing at variance with the spirit thus professed and shown. Our concessions were voluntary; yielded not because they were claimed, but because we believed our interests to be promoted by granting them. Our national honor, therefore, is safe. In regard to the equivalents, they who are the most deeply concerned may be presumed to be the best qualified to form a correct judgment. The Commissioners of Maine accepted the Treaty, and their constituents have acquiesced with great unanimity. The option was allowed them of taking the award of the King of the Netherlands, submitting to a new arbitration, or abiding by the Treaty. In their Report to the Legislature of Maine, they have given good reasons for preferring the last. The other States, whose border rights were blended in the controversy, are satisfied. What more can be asked or desired? Without satisfying all these States, a compromise was out of the question, and no one can imagine that they would assent to an arrangement, which would require or imply a sacrifice of their rights, or unreasonable concessions.

We think it due to Mr. Webster, that all, who would understand and properly estimate the difficulties of the

negotiation, should turn their attention particularly to the part of it, in which he succeeded in gaining the previous assent of Maine and Massachusetts. This was both a difficult and delicate point. The universal opinion in these States that their claim was just to its fullest extent, the deliberate and repeated acts of the legislatures, amounting almost to a declaration and pledge that this claim would be sustained at all hazards, and the popular feeling in accordance with these acts, presented obstacles not to be overcome without circumspection, address, and judgment. By the exercise of these qualities, with a prudent caution and penetrating foresight, the obstacles were removed, and the end was attained. It was an untried experiment, which would have failed in less skilful and less practised hands. A single false step, a single broken link in the chain of progress, a want of deference to the will or even the prejudices of a sovereign State, an ill-timed reserve, a tone of assurance, or an injudicious use of materials, might at any moment have broken off the negotiation and ruined the Treaty. The wisdom of Mr. Webster's course, throughout, has been proved by its success ; it has in the amplest manner fulfilled the high expectation, which his commanding talents, his character, and his long experience in public life, had taught the country to entertain.

The free navigation of the St. John is a new privilege, ceded in perpetuity to the United States. It operates for the immediate benefit of Maine ; but it has heretofore been deemed of so much importance to the commercial interests of the Union, that the grant of it has more than once been solicited from Great Britain. The lumber and agricultural products, bordering on all the waters of the St. John, are allowed to be transported down that river, without any other duties, or restrictions, than such as are laid on similar products, the growth of New Brunswick. Lord Ashburton says, in one of his notes to Mr. Webster, that these products, when "once at the mouth of the St. John, will have the privilege of reaching the British as well as other markets" ; and the same declaration has since been repeated in Parliament by Lord Stanley, the Minister for the Colonies. It is favorable to this arrangement, that it is by no means adverse to the interests of New Brunswick, and will tend to cement and strengthen, rather than to weaken, the harmony between the people of that Province and of Maine.

From the constant presence of an American squadron on the coast of Africa, many advantages may be expected, in addition to that of its immediate and highest service for the suppression of the slave trade. According to a recent Report of the Secretary of the Navy, "the lawful commerce of our citizens with all parts of the coast is rapidly increasing, and already employs a very large capital." We regret to learn from the same authority, that, during the past year, no squadron has been on the coast, and that, chiefly in consequence of this want of protection, "several of our vessels have been captured by the natives, and their crews barbarously murdered." This consideration alone is enough to sanction all the provisions of the eighth article of the Treaty, besides the duty, which the nation owes to itself, of redeeming the solemn pledges it has made to the world, by the execution of its laws against a most infamous traffic, which has for centuries afflicted, degraded, and disgraced humanity. To Great Britain, for her noble and unwearied efforts in this sacred cause, and for her generous sacrifices in its behalf, every philanthropist will cheerfully render the homage of unqualified praise. She is suspected of having ulterior aims; of being influenced as much, at least, by motives of aggrandizement, as by a love for an oppressed and benighted race of human beings. Herein we shall not assume the office of judge, content to weigh the motives by the deeds. Let her have credit for the good she has done, and is doing. If time removes a mask, and reveals the deformities of a deceptive and selfish design, of a grasping ambition and aggressive power, let judgment and retribution follow. The aid and countenance which our squadron may incidentally afford to the colonies of American emigrants on the coast of Africa, by protecting and encouraging their trade, are not among the least benefits which may be anticipated from its service. These colonies present one of the most interesting features in the history of the passing age. Established on the broadest principles of humanity and benevolence, and intended to ascertain by a fair experiment the capacity of the colored race for civilization, enlightened government, and self-culture, they have hitherto more than answered the sanguine hopes of their founders and benefactors. An experiment so well begun, and for so high an object, and opening so bright a promise, deserves not only good wishes, but a steady and active support.

If any other evidence of the value of the Treaty, than that to which we have called the attention of our readers, were needed, it would be found in the triumph it has gained over public opinion. Rarely has a treaty in any country, involving such grave and complicated matters of dispute, been approved by so unanimous a voice. Look back to Jay's Treaty, which turned out to be highly advantageous to the nation, and call to mind the bitter hostility with which it was everywhere assailed, the ferment, the public meetings composed of all political parties, the denunciations and remonstrances, which almost shook the firmness of Washington himself; and then compare these events with the tranquillity, and even the rejoicings, of the whole land, when the results of the late negotiation were sent abroad. This impulse of approbation has been confirmed by eight months of deliberate inquiry and calm thought. That there should be opposition in some quarters is not strange; antagonist principles, and antagonist parties, exist in all free countries; and a public measure of this magnitude will never fail to call them into action. But, after all, the effective opposition, as manifested in the national legislature, was inconsiderable. In the vote upon the bill making appropriations for the execution of the Treaty, there were only four negative voices in the Senate, and about forty in the other House; a unanimity almost without a parallel in any vote upon a measure of great national interest.

The Senators who spoke against the Treaty, and whose speeches have been printed, seem to have taken the ground, that the United States were wholly right, and Great Britain wholly wrong, and that Mr. Webster had nothing to do but to insist peremptorily upon every demand he chose to make. An argument built upon this assumption would be equally strong against any treaty that could possibly have been effected. They moreover complain, that all the differences between the two countries were not reconciled and settled. What grain of sound policy, wisdom, or practical sense, can be detected in this objection? Shall we never begin a good work, because we cannot complete it, at once, to our entire satisfaction? Is it not a great and substantial gain to remove some of the bars to peace, harmony, and reciprocal intercourse, although others may remain, and await the issue of more favorable circumstances? Shall we do nothing, be-

cause we cannot do every thing, and do all in our own way ? In some of these arguments, also, the spirit of party is seen to be working so rifely at bottom, as to take away much of the force they might otherwise possess, and to show that honest convictions, when derived through this medium, may receive their shape and hue from prejudice and preconceived opinions. This is to be regretted, since, to whatever extent the ebullitions of party spirit may be endured in our domestic affairs, it should never be suffered to raise its hydra head in our relations with foreign countries. Wherever these relations are concerned, there should be but one party, and that party the whole nation, animated and moved by one heart and one soul. The Treaty has sustained itself against all these assaults. By the discussions to which they have given life, its real merits have been more conspicuously brought to light, and more deeply impressed on the public mind ; and experience will every day prove, that what is now regarded as an honorable and fortunate achievement, will have a permanent and salutary influence on the prosperity of the country.

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The Neighbours; a Story of Every-day Life.* By Frederika Bremer. Translated from the Swedish. By Mary Howitt. In Two Volumes. 12mo. Boston: James Munroe and Company.

We are glad to meet with a readable edition of this charming book, — one, in which the type and paper suggest no notion of a conspiracy between the oculist and the printer, each playing into the other's hands, and each levying a per centage upon the other's receipts. We hope that the publishers will have no occasion to regret their enterprise in issuing it, after so many thousands of the newspaper edition had already been circulated; a form of printing which seems likely to take from the regular booksellers all their occupation in republishing English books, and which, we understand, has already wrought some astonishing conversions on the subject of International Copyright among the signers of the publishers' Memorial. What an excellent manufacturer of spectacles is self-interest, and how full of "moral suasion" are its dulcet tones!

The great popularity which this novel has enjoyed, and is enjoying, and which makes it unnecessary for us to enter into any detailed analysis of the story, or to point out with any minuteness its claims to favorable regard, is a compliment alike to the good taste of our people and the merits of the book itself. For, although the favor with which it has been received is to be ascribed partly to the new scenes and forms of life which it delineates, and partly to the fact that it describes a state of society and manner of living not unlike those of New England, yet we think, that its success rests not so much upon these elements as upon its truth, its simplicity, its naturalness, and its pure moral feeling; and it has been a source of gratification to us, that the power of appreciating these good qualities remains unimpaired in a community which has been so drugged with copious doses of Bulwer, Marryatt, and D'Israeli.

The scene of this novel is laid in Sweden, in the country, in our own age, and among persons in the middle ranks of life; consequently, the author relies upon the fidelity of her pictures, and the accuracy of her sketches, to awaken and keep alive the interest of the reader, and derives no aid from either the softening haze of antiquity, or the dazzling atmosphere of high life. It was an experiment of some boldness, but one in which her success has been complete. Her work is a new proof of the

power, with which genius is clothed, of finding the materials for poetry, and the elements of romantic fiction, in the life that lies around us, and in those joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, that bloom, like wild flowers, along that common highway that leads from the cradle to the grave. She has taught us to apprehend the force of Goethe's remark, that "Life outweighs all things, if love lies within it."

It begins, where most novels end, with a marriage. A physician, in the autumn of his life, selects for his wife a lady no longer young; and the early chapters describe, with great simplicity and beauty, the journey of the new married couple to their home, and their first experiments in housekeeping. As is not unfrequently the case in the Old World, it is a union brought about more by mutual esteem and confidence than by love; and the gradual unfolding of a warmer feeling in the breast of the grateful and conscientious wife is very pleasingly and naturally traced. The writer has not taken any considerable pains with the construction of her story, and many of her incidents are mere episodes, contributing nothing to the *dénouement* of the plot. It is rather an imaginary journal than any thing else, kept by a clever, observant, and warm-hearted woman, in which she sketches, for the amusement of an absent friend, the characters of her neighbours, and relates the events of her own tranquil home, and the occurrences that take place around her. The highest charm of the work, in our apprehension, dwells, from first to last, in the humble home of the hero and heroine, if we may so call them; a home dignified by tranquil virtue, blest with serene contentment, and bright with the sunshine of confiding love. Nor are we at all displeased with the occasional glimpses, which the young housekeeper gives us, into the flour-barrel and the store-closet, though, on one or two occasions, we confess, a fastidious taste might object that the principle of unreserve has been carried a little too far. The character of the husband, Dr. Werner, (we acknowledge that we grow a little weary of his *soubriquet* of "Bear"), is very happily conceived and executed; and, though perfectly natural, is by no means a commonplace one. His various excellences of mind and heart are gradually unfolded, and with no violations of probability; so that, though we begin with nothing more than respect, we end with reverence and admiration. And the artless simplicity and unaffected modesty with which the writer speaks of herself, her errors, her mistakes, her short-comings, her unreasonable fears, and her self-distrust, interest us also warmly in her, and give us assurance, that the good Doctor has chosen for his helpmate a loving and yet a strong nature, who will judge herself

with more severity than any one else, who will bear cheerfully her part of the burdens of life, and is only in danger of carrying the principle of self-sacrifice too far. The simple, homely beauty, and perfect naturalness, of some of the passages in their domestic life, can hardly be surpassed, and they touch, at once, the source of smiles and tears.

The most elaborately drawn character, and, on the whole, a very successful one, is that of the widowed mother-in-law. The combination which she presents, of high and stern qualities of character and resolute strength of will, with the homely virtues of thrift, order, punctuality, and good housekeeping, though not very uncommon in real life, is yet a difficult one for a writer of fiction to manage. When the attempt is made, the result is apt to be a sort of hybrid monster, in which the blending of the two classes of qualities is as violent and unnatural as the union of the two parts of a centaur or a mermaid. But this is not the case with "*Ma chère mère*," whose character is a harmonious whole, well proportioned and symmetrically developed. The conception is quite original, and it is very well executed and sustained. Her strong sense, her energy of will, her sternness, her fierce explosions of temper, her superficial harshness and real kindness of nature, her depth of feeling, and stoical power of suppressing all expressions of it, her excellent management of her household affairs, her economy, and practical knowledge of life, all conspire to produce a very impressive picture, which becomes more and more striking to the last. Her speeches and proverbs are rather too long and too frequent, and her severity of tongue seems sometimes carried too far. We confess, too, that we like her better in the quiet and every-day scenes, such as those in which she scolds and manages her froward daughters-in-law, than in those more impassioned ones, in which the deeper chords of her nature are struck, and which the author has most carefully elaborated. The scene immediately following the detection of her son's fault seems a little overdone, and the effects produced are rather disproportioned to the cause; but, on the other hand, the pathetic beauty of the reconciliation is of the highest order, and the heart of him is little to be envied who can read it unmoved. The incident, too, of her discovery of her own blindness, is strikingly and naturally told; and the softening influence of her revived affection for her son upon her stern nature is beautifully delineated. We feel that we owe an obligation to the writer, who has enriched the gallery of fiction with a portrait of a character at once so original and so natural, and which we may contemplate with the mind's eye with the highest satisfaction, though, in real life,

it might be somewhat of an inconvenience to have so formidable a person within visiting distance.

The writer has evidently labored the character of Bruno very much; but here her success has not been so great. She is not so much at home in the dark, the terrible, and the tragic, as in the gentle, the domestic, and the feminine. He does not seem to be in unison with the rest of the picture; and the tranquil landscape, into which he is thrown, forms hardly an appropriate background for the wild and stormy grandeur of a figure like his. The impression, which the character as a whole leaves upon us, is that it is not a perfectly natural one. There is too much of stage effect in him, and too many elements of the melo-dramatic hero, made up of starts and burnt cork. There is so much that is dangerous in his nature, that we cannot stifle a vague feeling of apprehension as to the happiness of the gentle and lovely being whose fate becomes linked with his. It seems like the lamb lying down with the lion, and we cannot but fear that his very caresses may draw blood. The incident of his killing the horse is a gratuitous piece of barbarity, for which we can hardly forgive him or the author. But we would not be understood by these criticisms as saying, that the character is a failure. Such is by no means the case, for it has great, though not unqualified, merit. We are provoked into making these unfavorable comparisons by the admirable skill with which the other characters are drawn; and what we say in disparagement of Bruno must be taken as a compliment to the rest of the book. We wish that Hagar had been entirely omitted. She seems, from first to last, an unseemly excrescence; and the tragedy with which she interrupts the "golden wedding" of the Dahls appears out of keeping and in bad taste. And, in spite of her death-bed confessions, we have some ugly misgivings on the subject of her relations with Bruno, and as to how far they may or may not have made him unworthy of Serena.

And Serena; how shall we adequately express our sense of her serene and tranquil beauty, of that water-lily grace and purity that float softly around her, of that mild lunar light that beams from her gentle brow and eyes? She recalls one of whom an English poet so beautifully sings;

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command;
> And yet a spirit still, and bright
> With something of an angel light."

Again do we thank the author for this fine picture of feminine excellence, in which we see so admirably harmonized and blended all the best attributes of a womanly nature; imagina-

tion, sensibility, taste, high sense of duty, religious faith, cultivation, united with warm affections, practical good sense, knowledge of common things, a cheerful temperament, and the daily, unrepining discharge of lowly duties. There is always danger that a character like hers, in the hands of a writer of fiction, will degenerate into insipidity. But from that danger our author has most happily escaped, and she has made her as interesting as she is innocent and lovely; thanks to the touch of a pencil at once firm, delicate, and discriminating. She glides from house to house, and from scene to scene, like a sunbeam, making every one feel that they are nearer heaven, while she is with them. As we lay down the book, we feel as if she must be a person whom we had known and loved, who had given us a new sense of the capacities of humanity, and we involuntarily call down a benediction upon her head, and pray that her "life may be all poetry."

There are many other characters, drawn with more or less excellence, and all giving us that impression of reality, which is so sure a test of the creative hand of genius. There are also many lively and entertaining scenes, described with great spirit and truth, showing an uncommon power of observation, a strong, though well-regulated, perception of the ludicrous, and a marked talent for satirical painting. And on almost every page, we find a casual remark, a reflection, a little trait of human goodness or of human weakness, which fairly startles us by its truth, and by its reminding us of something in our own experience. What a touch of nature, for instance, there is in the self-distrust with which Madame Werner goes to visit the Dahls, (vol. I. p. 154,) feeling that she will be no more welcome than a dun, and then, when she is so warmly and cordially received, saying to herself, with all the alacrity of self-disparagement, that it is all on her husband's account! How perfectly natural, too, is the breaking up of the party at the Dahls', (vol. II. p. 180,) where "*Ma chère mère*," after all the guests are shawled and cloaked for their departure, seizes her violin and plays a merry tune, and all the company begin dancing in their strange costume! Who has not marked the same reluctance to leave a pleasant party, when the spirits are all attuned to enjoyment, and a light form is seen to bound into the drawing-room to take a farewell whirl in her cloak and moccasins? These little touches, like Shakspeare's Cæsar asking Antony to pass round and to speak to him in the other ear, because he was deaf on one side, mark, more than any thing else, the master hand.

The impression which the book, as a whole, leaves upon us,

is one of great truth and fidelity to nature in all its essential elements. We have remarked, that it delineates a kind of life not unlike our own in New England, the resemblance being suggested by the long winters, the indoor occupations, the general cultivation, and the absence of any marked differences of rank and fortune. But in one respect, there is an emphatic distinction, and a similarity to the manners and social habits delineated in German works of fiction. There is a great deal more of the expression of feeling of all kinds. Emotions lie much nearer the surface than among us, where something of coldness and reserve characterizes the intercourse of friends and relatives. Tears, kisses, embraces, claspings of the hand, and enthusiastic speeches, are in much more common circulation than with us. There are many things described as taking place, which, judged by our standard, would seem extravagant and unnatural, not to say in bad taste or even ludicrous; and some of the communications which the new-married wife makes to her correspondent startle us as being very unreserved. But we must be careful not to judge of these things by our own standard, till we are assured that this is the true one, and that we do not err towards the other extreme of apathy, coldness, and reserve. We can have no question, that these things are perfectly natural to a Swede or a German, and that our habits would strike him as singular and repulsive.

But the highest charm of the book is its pure and healthy tone of moral feeling. The lessons which it teaches are weighty, and impressively conveyed. It shows us how much better a contented spirit is than houses and lands, — what pure and unfailing sources of happiness are to be found in that culture of the moral, intellectual, and social nature, from which no human being is excluded. It gives cheerful and animating views of human life and the Providence that governs it, and teaches us that no life can be unhappy, which is dedicated to duty and quickened by the affections. It proclaims the value of those simple and natural pleasures which lie scattered at our feet, and which may be freely enjoyed without wealth, or conspicuous station, or high endowments. The author's mind is an eminently healthy one, and such is the tone of her book. It breathes over the mind with a bracing and invigorating influence, akin to that of the mountain wind upon the bodily frame. She has looked at the world through no false and distorting medium of pride or gloom. We hear no voice of whining discontent, or sullen misanthropy, or querulous distress. And, above all, we recognize with peculiar pleasure her emphatic testimony against the pestilent doctrine, that great powers necessarily produce

great misery, that susceptibility to beauty is only productive of keener pangs of disappointment, and that the more finely attuned souls must of necessity be jangled into harsher discord. High gifts, superior endowments, fine susceptibilities, are increased means of enjoyment; and it is only from the abuse and perversion of them, that misery and discontent arise. It is from the indulgence of the selfish passions, that most of the unhappiness of life springs. The first rule, to insure happiness, is, to forget one's self, and the second is, to remember others; and we honor and feel grateful to the author of "The Neighbours," for the power and beauty with which she has enforced these truths.

We hope to have the remaining works of Miss Bremer presented to us in an English dress. If they are as good as this one, they will prove permanent and valuable accessions to our literature, taking their place side by side with our best novels of domestic life. The task of the translator seems to have been performed in some haste, for we have noticed some careless, and a few clumsy, expressions, which might easily have been improved. Can it be true, that the book was translated directly from the Swedish? From some phrases, we should infer a German original.

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2. — *Commentaries on the Law of Bills of Exchange, Foreign and Inland, as administered in England and America; with Occasional Illustrations from the Commercial Law of the Nations of Continental Europe.* By Joseph Story, L.L. D., one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University. Boston: Little & Brown. 1843. 8vo. pp. 608.

Another work from Mr. Justice Story comes before us. Volume presses after volume, filling us with amazement at the productiveness and learning of the author. On some future occasion we hope to consider at length the merits of these works, and to endeavour to form an estimate of the position of the writer. For the present, we confine ourselves to a brief notice of the book before us.

On the threshold, we are met by a peculiarity in the treatment of the subject, which is worthy of attention. The Law of Bills of Exchange is presented separate from that of Promissory Notes, and other negotiable securities of a kindred nature. This plan differs essentially from that adopted by all the English elemen-

tary writers upon the same subject. In the standard works of Mr. Chitty and Mr. Baron Bayley, the doctrines respecting Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes are intermixed in the same treatise, and the incautious student is not unfrequently misled by fancied analogies between the two, which do not in reality exist. The method of our author is the result of a more careful scientific analysis of the subject. It appears, that his attention was attracted to the practical inconvenience of the former treatment of it in the course of his instruction of the law students in Harvard University.

If the health of the author should permit, he proposes, in another volume, to present a full review of the law relating to Promissory Notes, Checks, and other negotiable instruments. The two distinct treatises of Mr. Justice Story will cover the ground which has been occupied by a single treatise, according to the method of English authors.

The present work embodies much learning derived from foreign sources, usually unexplored by the writers and practisers of Westminster Hall. Among the most important of these are the volumes of Savary, Pothier, Pardessus, and Heineccius. From the latter most distinguished jurist, the author has borrowed a motto, which declares the existence, to a certain extent, of a *common law* on the subject of Bills of Exchange throughout the civilized world; "*Quamvis vero tot Gentium, Civitatumque Leges Cambiales non per omnia conveniant, sunt tamen quædam omnibus communia.*" The circumstance, that the principles which govern Bills of Exchange are common to so many nations, gives a treatise on this subject a value beyond that which attaches to the treatment of merely municipal jurisprudence.

The present work, though not so large as that of Mr. Chitty, contains all the essential doctrines on the subject, carefully arranged, and established on their proper principles. Nothing is more grateful to the student of the law, than to be able to discern the reason on which rules are founded. Then he may truly hail "the gladsome light of jurisprudence," which his great master, Lord Coke, was so fond of contemplating. In the treatise before us, as in all that have preceded it from the same source, the author has constantly aimed to present the principles of the law. But the work has the additional practical value derived from the collection and proper arrangement of the authorities bearing on the subject.

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AGRICULTURE.

The Farmer's Encyclopædia, and Dictionary of Rural Affairs. By Cuthbert W. Johnson, Esq. Adapted to the United States by a Practical Farmer. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart.

BIOGRAPHY.

Dawnings of Genius; or, the Early Lives of Some Eminent Persons of the Last Century. By Anne Pratt, Author of "Flowers and their Associations," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo.

Life and Writings of Ebenezer Porter Mason; Interspersed with Hints to Parents and Instructors on the Training and Education of a Child of Genius. By Denison Olmsted, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Yale College. New York: Dayton and Newman. 12mo. pp. 252.

EDUCATION.

Education. Part I. History of Education, Ancient and Modern. Part II. A Plan of Culture and Instruction, Based on Christian Principles, and Designed to Aid in the Right Education of Youth, Physically, Intellectually, and Morally. By H. J. Smith, A. M. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 340.

Edward's First Lessons in Grammar. By the Author of "Theory of Teaching." Boston: Thomas H. Webb & Co. 12mo. pp. 108.

The former work of this author showed so much reflection, taste, and even genius, that we took up this little volume, confident that we should find the obscurity of the subject illuminated by original remarks and illustrations, and made interesting by the skilful mode of treatment. We have not been disappointed. We have read the book through, though it was intended for the very youngest class of pupils, with a lively gratification, and even a higher sense of the author's intellectual powers, than we had from her former work. She makes the pupil learn for himself all that is requisite to a clear understanding of the nature of the different parts of speech, which so many little victims have hopelessly sighed over, and gives him, or makes him give, practical examples, closing each particular part with a passage of interest and merit, which, of itself, cannot but attract the curious and searching mind of the pupil. He is thus pleasantly carried forward, his interest heightening at every step, until, after a few lessons, which have entertained him without fatigue, he has gained more knowledge of the principles of English grammar, than was formerly acquired by years of drudgery over the unintelligible names once in use.

We have a little fault to find, like thorough-paced critics as we are. The author repeats, on page 95, the old and whimsical explanation of the con-

junction *and*, that it was originally the imperative of *anan*, *to add*. The relation expressed by this conjunction is one of the first and simplest that would be perceived by human beings, forming a language. The idea of the imperative *add*, is compounded of several subordinate ideas, and would naturally come much later in the order of time, than the other. An idea so natural and simple as this conjunction conveys, we may be sure, would be among the primitive conceptions, and would be expressed by a primitive word. Looking into other languages, we find this is the fact; looking into our own, we find the word *and* runs back as far as any other word in the language; it is *and* in the Anglo-Saxon, *und* in German, and, in the ancient German, *enti*, *ent*, and *unt*; clearly an underived term.

So, too, on page 105, the old and most erroneous theory of the termination *s* in the possessive case is repeated. *John's book*, it is said, was originally *John his book*, the *s* final being only a contraction of the word *his*. Nothing is clearer than that the possessive or genitive case in *s* was derived from the ancient Greek, or the Pelasgic and Sanscrit, the parents of the Greek, and transmitted through the Latin, Gothic, old German, and Saxon languages, to the modern German, Swedish, Danish, and English; and it has nothing to do with the pronoun *his*. Indeed, this may be seen by changing the gender or number of the noun; as, *Eliza her book*, *the men their book*, and so on.

The Lectures delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, at New Bedford, August 17, 1842. Published under the Direction of the Board of Censors. Boston: William D. Ticknor. 12mo.

The Primary School Reader. Part First. By William D. Swan, Principal of the Mayhew Grammar School, Boston. Boston: C. C. Little & James Brown. 12mo. pp. 36.

Greek Lessons, adapted to the Author's Greek Grammar; for the Use of Beginners. By E. A. Sophocles, A. M. Hartford: H. Huntington. 12mo. pp. 116.

This is a useful work for beginners in the Greek Grammar. It contains a series of well selected sentences to illustrate the grammatical forms, followed by brief notes, and a vocabulary of the words used. The arrangement is judicious, and the book is marked by the author's usual precision, terseness, and skill.

HISTORY.

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Vol. VIII. of the Third Series. Boston: C. C. Little & James Brown. 8vo.

The History of Political Parties in the State of New York, from the Ratification of the Federal Constitution, to December, 1840. By Jabez D. Hammond. Albany: C. Van Benthuysen. In Two Volumes. 8vo. pp. 588 and 551.

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